Mar. 17, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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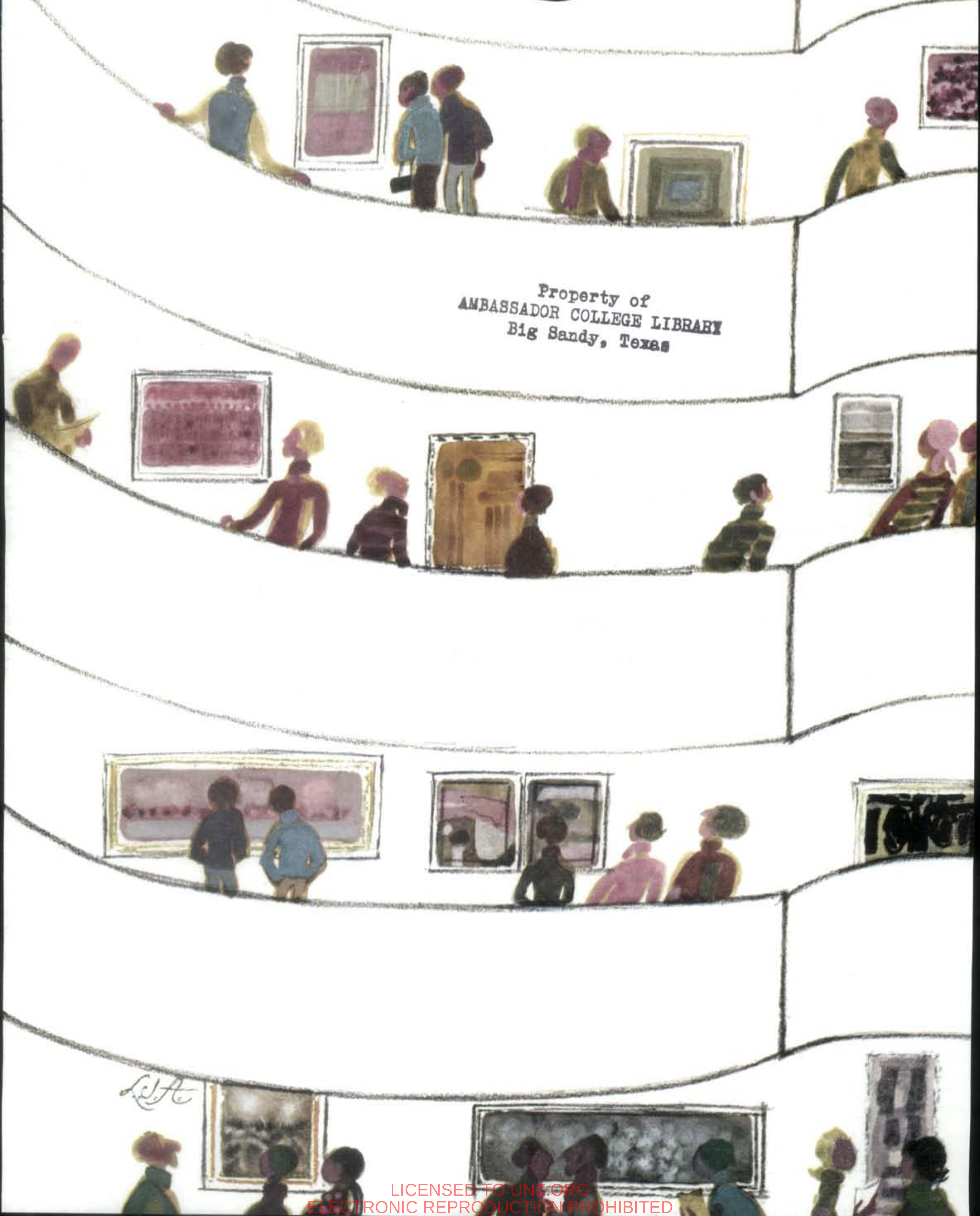

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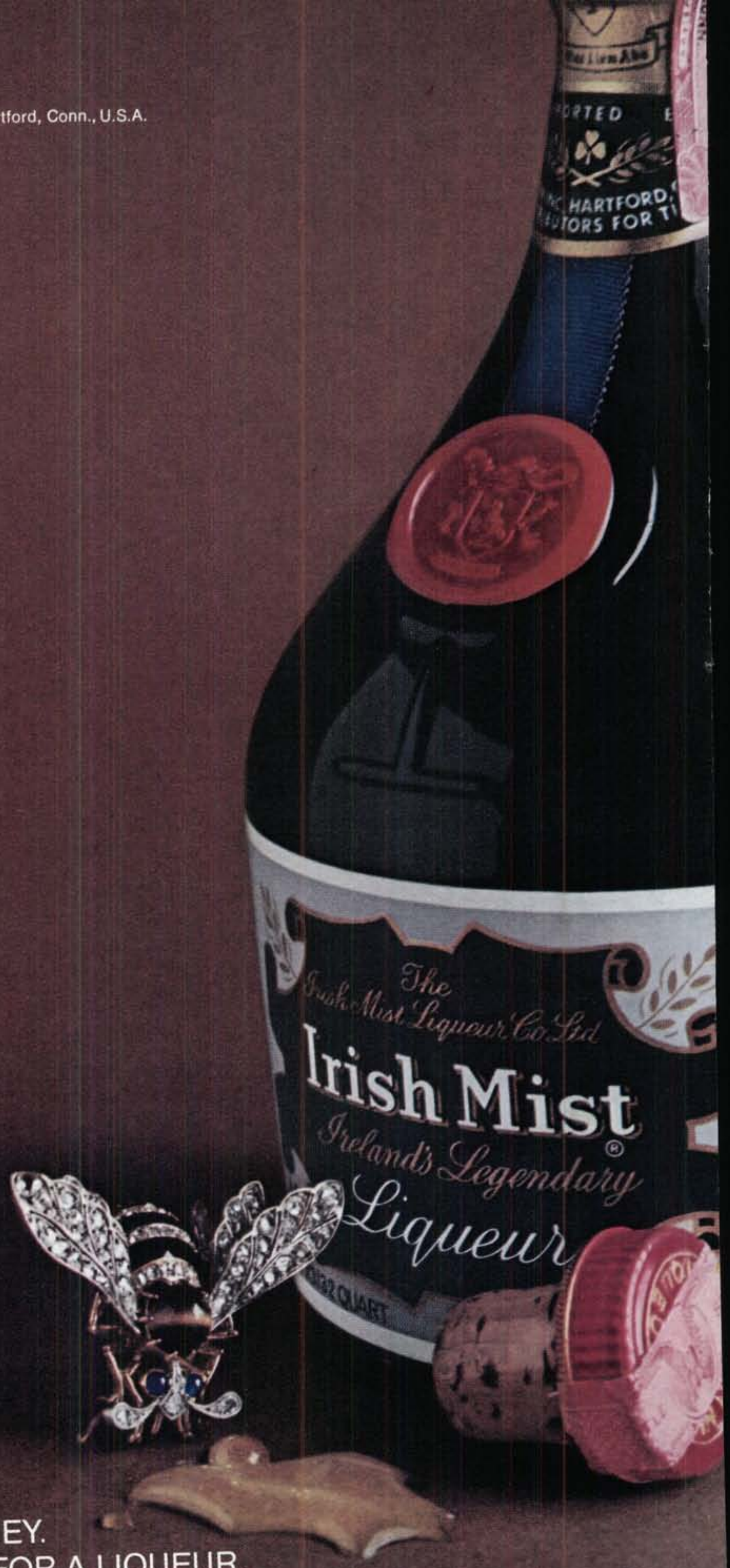
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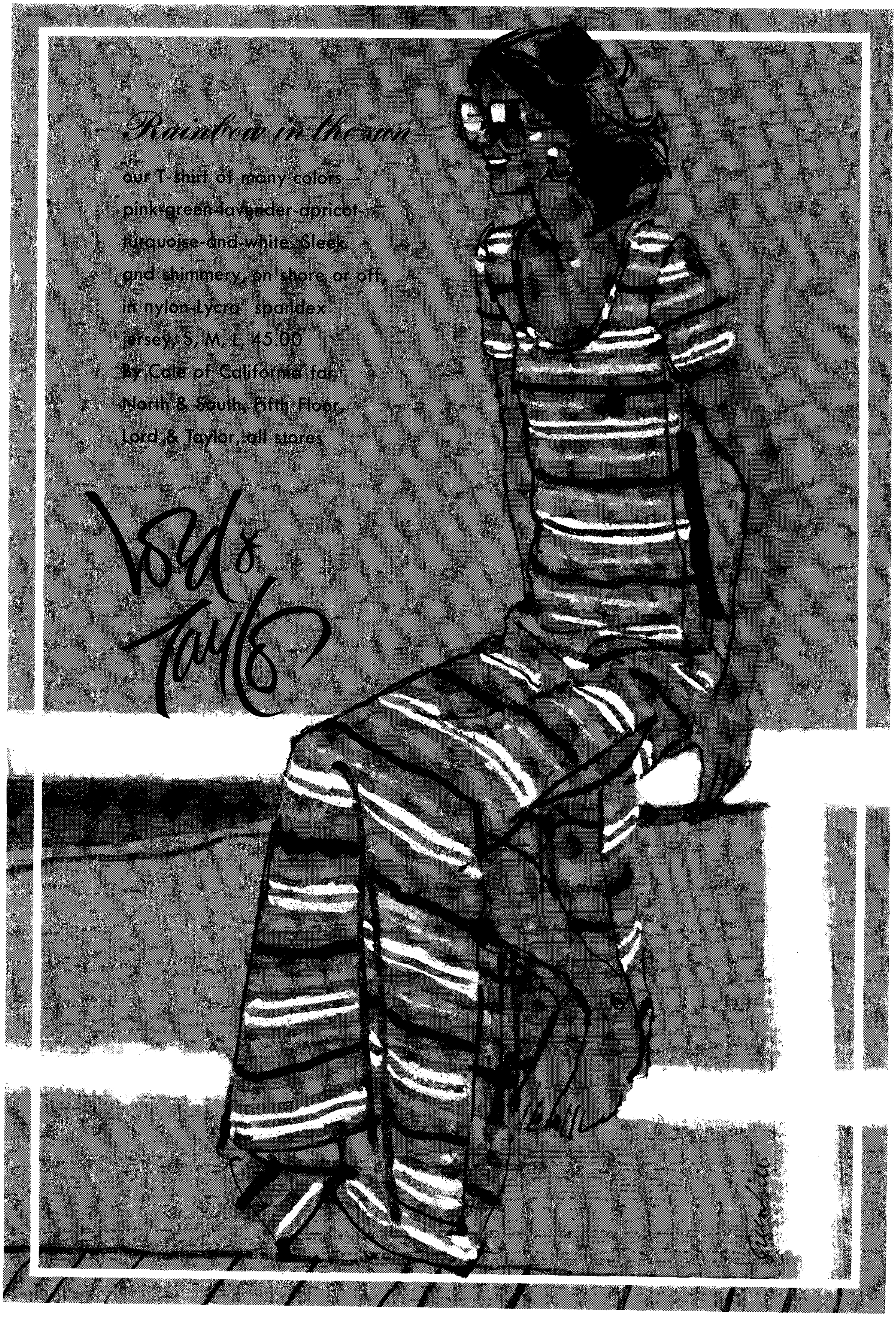

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Fritz Weaver, Sandy Dennis, Larry Blyden, Geraldine Page, Tony Roberts, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS—Trish Van Devere in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's 1924 play. George C. Scott is the director. Previews through Wednesday, March 19. Opens officially on Thursday, March 20, and will run through Sunday, May 25. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ALL OVER TOWN—A carelessly carpentered, not very funny farce by Murray Schisgal. Direction by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BONE ROOM—A three-character musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt. (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Fridays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

CLARENCE DARROW—Henry Fonda alone on a stage amounts to a big and stunning cast. His portrait of Darrow is a highly affecting one. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

DANCE WITH ME—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci, who also plays the lead. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

DIAMOND STUDS—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE—Liv Ullmann and Sam Waterston are admirably lively in an otherwise plodding production of the Ibsen manifesto. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, March 19, at 2.)

DON'T CALL BACK—Arlene Francis in a thriller by Russell O'Neil. Directed by Len Cariou. Previews through Monday, March 17. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 18. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 19, and Saturdays at 2.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the Rodgers-Laurents-Sondheim musical DO I HEAR A WALTZ? is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre. 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 23. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EQUUS—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE FIRST BREEZE OF SUMMER—The Negro Ensemble Company has opened its season with a wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterful direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, a young man called Reyno, and Mr. W. himself especially so. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 575-5860. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

GOD'S FAVORITE—A grossly inept retelling of the Book of Job, in what the author, Neil Simon, thinks of as a comedy about a rich Jewish family on Long Island. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GOODTIME CHARLEY—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking struggle valiantly but in vain to save this failed musical. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

IN PRAISE OF LOVE—A sentimental comedy by Terence Rattigan, worth going to see for Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, Martin Gabel, and a set by Jo Mielziner. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A LETTER FOR QUEEN VICTORIA—An opera written and directed by Robert Wilson, and in which he also appears. Alan Lloyd composed the score. Previews Wednesday through Friday, March 19-21. Opens officially on Saturday, March 22. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE LIEUTENANT—A rock opera with a book, music, and lyrics by Gene Curty, Nitra Scharfman, and Chuck Strand. William Martin directed a cast headed by Eddie Mekka. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—In spite of the title, the time is May Day. That's Shakespeare for you. A rambunctious and often very funny version of a lovely comedy. (*Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.* Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

THE MISANTHROPE—The National Theatre of

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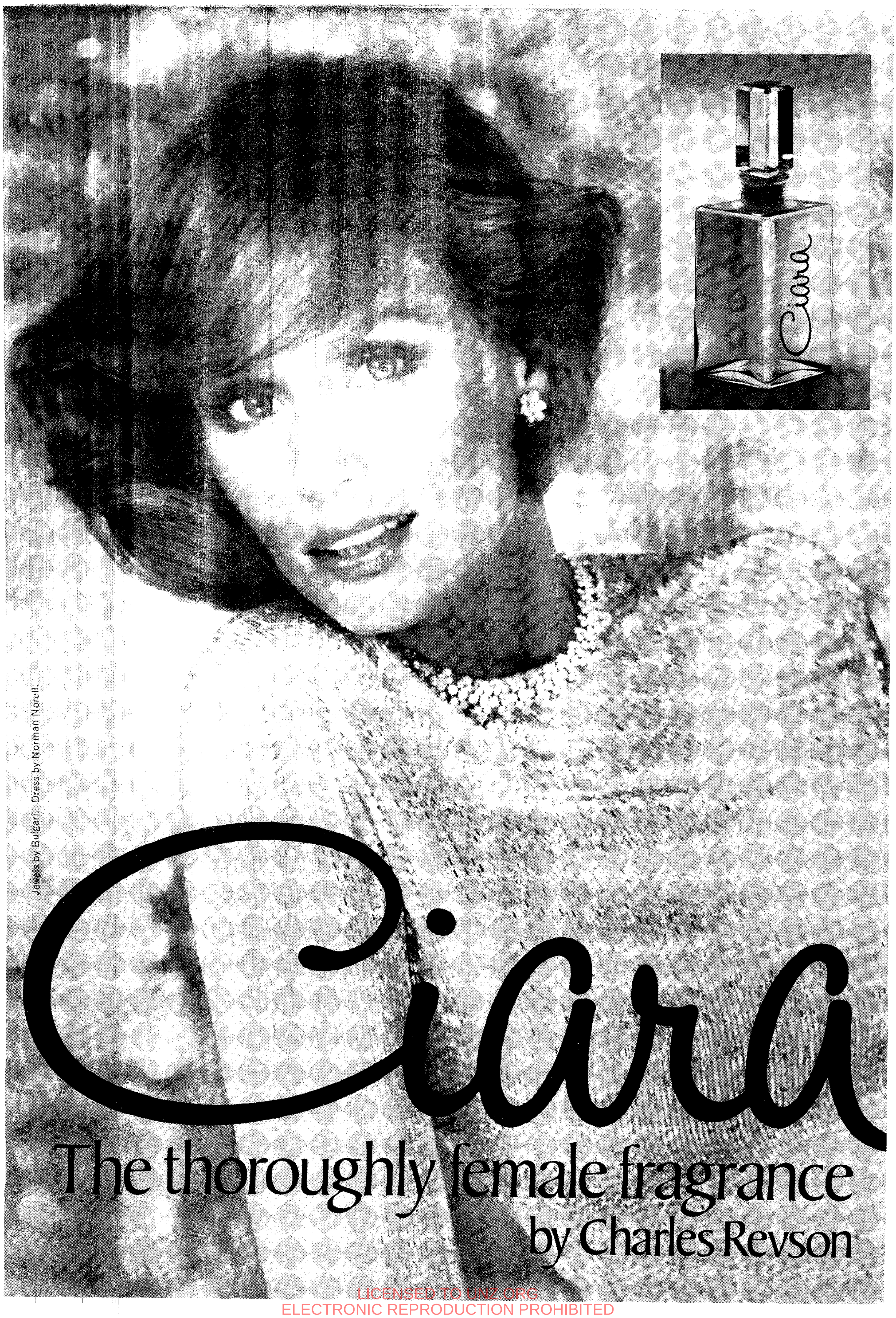
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by Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Great Britain's production of Molière's play, adapted by Tony Harrison and starring Diana Rigg and Alec McCowen. John Dexter directed. Opens Wednesday, March 12, and will run through Saturday, May 31. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, March 13.)

The Night That Made America Famous—Harry Chapin, a sort of Brooklyn cowboy, sings many sad ballads. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Pretzels—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Private Lives—A rollicking revival of Noël Coward's dazzling gloss on the old saying "The course of true love never did run smooth." With Maggie Smith and John Standing, directed by John Gielgud. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Ritz—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, March 20, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rocky Horror Show—Frantic and mostly silly caperings in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—A seven-week engagement that will end Sunday, April 6. After a brief hiatus, performances will resume on Tuesday, March 18, with **LEAR**, a shortened version of Shakespeare's tragedy. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays and Thursday, March 20, at 2.)

Same Time, Next Year—A comedy by Bernard Slade, with Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. Directed by Gene Saks. Previews Wednesday, March 12. Opens officially on Thursday, March 13. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Santa Anita '42—Allan Knee's rather scattered and puzzling little play about a Japanese family in Los Angeles before and during the Second World War. It is well performed by all concerned, and especially by Conrad Yama in a supporting role. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

The Seagull and **Our Late Night**—An unsuccessful production of Chekhov's great play, and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. **OUR LATE NIGHT**: Wednesday and Thursday, March 12-13, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 7:30 and 9:30. . . . **THE SEAGULL**: Tuesday through Saturday, March 18-22, at 7:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. EN 2-7611.)

Seascape—A lyrical, sunlit comedy, which says a firm yes to every perhaps. With Deborah Kerr, Barry Nelson, Frank Langella, and Maureen Anderman. Written and directed by Edward Albee. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

Shenandoah—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—The great detective is played with incomparable finesse by John Wood, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5:30. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

Straws in the Wind: A Theatrical Look Ahead—A revue, with script contributions by, among others, Donald Barthelme and Peter Stone, plus songs by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Cy Coleman, and others. Directed by Phyllis Newman. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

The Taking of Miss Janie—A play by Ed Bullins. Opens Thursday, March 13, and will run through Sunday, March 23. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

The Wiz—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE**: Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,193 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 989-3295. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA**: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE**: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 247-0429. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN**: A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **RAISIN**: A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "The Dream," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Moves," "Confetti," "As Time Goes By," and "Deuce Coupe II.". . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Jeu de Cartes," and "Pulcinella.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "Jeu de Cartes," "Valentine," "As Time Goes By," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 16, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "The Clowns. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 16, at 7:30: "Jeu de Cartes," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Tuesday, March 18, at 8: "The Big City," "Monotones II," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8: "Moves," "As Time Goes By," "The Big City," and "Façade.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Pas des Déesses," and "Deuce Coupe II.". . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Jeu de Cartes," "Remembrances," and "Deuce Coupe II.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "Jeu de Cartes," "As Time Goes By," "Pas des Déesses," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "The Dream," "Monotones I and II," and "Façade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, March 23.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—Thursday, March 13, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 16, at 2: "Madrigalesco," "Concerto Grosso," "Adagio Hammerklavier" (New York première), and "Opus Lemaitre.". . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8: "Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers," "After Eden," and "Scotch Symphony." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"Swan Lake," "Go for Barocco," and other ballets. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. Fridays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, March 30. For tickets, call 989-5240.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Rashied Ali—Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten to three. Thursdays through Sundays.

David Amram—St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343). French horn, guitar, piano, and wooden flutes, with a combo. Friday through Sunday, March 14-16, at ten.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Jaki Byard—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just

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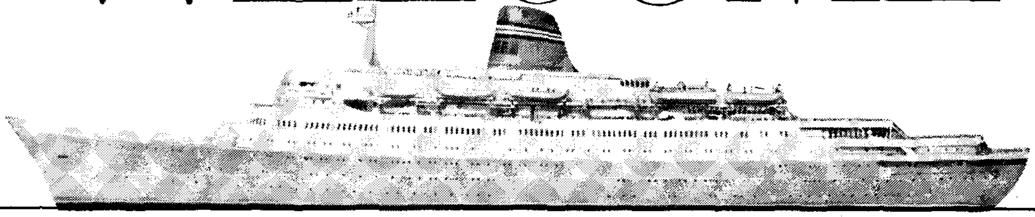

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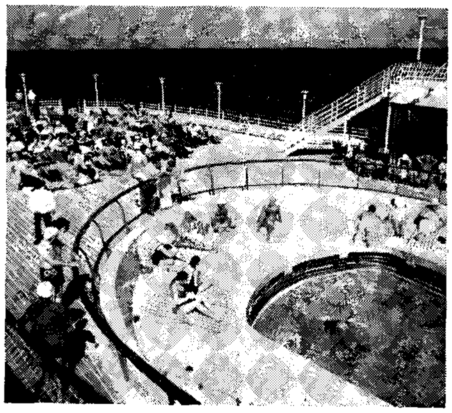

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CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS 1975

THREE WEST INDIES CRUISES. April 10 from New York, 16 days, 8 ports; April 12 & 26 from Port Everglades, 14 days, 8 ports; May 10 from Port Everglades, 7 days, 3 ports. Vistaford. SPRING HOLIDAY CARIBBEAN CRUISE. May 23/25 from New York/Port Everglades, 14 days, 6 ports. Sagafjord. NORTH CAPE, FJORDLANDS CRUISE. June 4/7 from Port Everglades/New York, 33 days, 11 ports. Sagafjord. SCANDINAVIA, RUSSIA CRUISE. July 11 from New York, 31 days, 10 ports. Sagafjord. BALTIC, RUSSIA & SCANDINAVIA CRUISE. August 11 from New York, 31 days, 10 ports. Sagafjord. CENTRAL AMERICA, RIO DE JANEIRO & CARIBBEAN CRUISE. September 13/16 from New York/Port Everglades, 38 days, 13 ports. Sagafjord. THREE FALL WEST INDIES CRUISES. October 25, November 8 & November 22 from Port Everglades, 14 days, 8 ports. Sagafjord. CHRISTMAS – NEW YEAR CRUISE. December 17/19 from New York/Port Everglades, 19 days, 7 ports. Sagafjord.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, Sundays, from five to nine. . . . ¶ Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). With bassist Major Holley, from nine-thirty, on Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes (Mondays through Wednesdays), Dick Katz (Thursdays through Saturdays), Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Sonny Fortune—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Reeds and flute, with Stanley Cowell, Charles Sullivan, Reggie Workman, and Chip Lyles. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five to three.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one. Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet, Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, from ten to three.

Roy Haynes—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Drums, leading the Hip Ensemble, a quintet, from nine-forty-five to three. Monday and Tuesday, March 17-18.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. From eight to one, except Sundays.

Milt Jackson—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Vibraharp, with a quartet, beginning Tuesday, March 18, at ten.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Ron Carter and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Dave Matthews—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

Helen Merrill—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Jazz singer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-fifteen.

Sy Oliver—Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090). Trumpet, leading his orchestra, from seven, every night but Sunday.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—On Fridays and Saturdays, a trio of capable jazzmen—pianist Cedar Walton, drummer Billy Higgins, and bassist Sam Jones—are on hand for relaxed sets and prolonged intermissions. The surroundings remain excessively nautical. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—The Monday-night home for five or six part-time Dixieland musicians—known very locally as the Grove Street Stompers. After they've put eight nonmusical hours into other pursuits (such as earning a living), these energetic traditionalists set about resuscitating "Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Jubilee," "Fidgety Feet," and the like; from nine-fifteen to one. The rest of the week, singer and pianist Mabel Godwin is at her post from nine to three, flanked on three sides by a makeshift bar. Closed Sundays.

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Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Sonny Fortune, a fine creator of extended, developed alto-sax and flute solos, works with an exemplary quintet—trumpeter Charles Sullivan, pianist Stanley Cowell, bassist Reggie Workman, and drummer Chip Lyles; Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Monday and Tuesday, March 17-18, drummer Roy Haynes takes his quintet through some familiar but still moving material. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-scale rock-and-rollerie patronized by youthful throngs decked out in jeans, plaid flannel shirts, slogan-ridden T-shirts, and turquoise jewelry. The Chambers Brothers, a sixties-vintage gospel-turned-soul outfit, trade sets with Kokomo, a seventies rehash of the very same thing. Thursday through Sunday, March 13-16. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 18-19, Janis Ian, a pop-rock prodigy a decade ago—now she's pushing twenty-four—sings opposite folkrocker Larry Gatlin. Seasoned folkie Eric Andersen begins singing about women—Lila, Florentine, Sheila, Mama, et al—on Thursday, March 20. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner. Closed Wednesday, March 12.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Pianist Barry Harris and bassist Bill Takas operate in this lively little bar from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, Jaki Byard, who displays a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sometimes sings along in a voice as deep as his instrument.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Singer and pianist Bobby Short, the prized fixture of the **Café Carlyle**, vigorously pays his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the **Bemelmans Bar**, which—fingers crossed—appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Helen Humes, who began the year "The Varsity Drag" was written, is singing beautifully. Her accompanist is Mr. Elegant—Ellis Larkins. Wilbur Little plays bass. Every night from eight to one, except Sunday, when pianist Dick Hyman, who likes to pretend he is everyone from Willie the Lion to Clyde Hart, comes aboard. Dining.

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Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The first Eddie Condon's was on West Third Street and lasted from 1945 until 1958. The second was on East 56th and lasted from 1958 until 1967. And the third opened last week on West 54th Street, a few doors east of Jimmy Ryan's and cater-cornered to the defunct Half Note. On the ground floor of a brownstone, it occupies the premises of a club that was known euphemistically as Under the Clock. The room is perhaps a hundred feet long and twenty-five feet wide, and it has been decorated—or conceived, as they used to say on Madison Avenue—by Condon's old friend Johnny DeVries. There is a long bar to the right of the door, and just past it, about midway down the room, is the bandstand. The colors are black and white and red—white brick walls, black ceiling, red-and-black carpet, and three huge black-and-white photomurals. These are ingenious and include the old Condon mob (Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, Bud Freeman) and people who had little or nothing to do with it (Bessie Smith, Red Allen, Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday). But DeVries didn't stop there. The tabletops are blowups of 78-r.p.m. labels (Okeh, Brunswick, Bluebird, Columbia), a jukebox is crammed with Billie Holidays and Wild Bill Davisons and the like, and there are pussy willows behind the bar. On opening night, there were two bands—the house band, which numbers Ed Polcer (cornet), Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Dick Wellstood, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Cliff Leeman, and one with a front line of Doc Cheatham, Eddie Hubble, and Bob Wilber. (Visiting musicians will generally sit in, by invitation, on Tuesdays.) The music is relaxed and swinging and gracious—venerable New York jamming. The atmosphere is midwestern and easy, as Condon himself would have wished. The place opens at eleven in the morning, and food—or a kind of food, made up of motel Chinese and slipperlike steaks—is served. But it's an attractive joint. Closed Sundays.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—The big rehearsal bands that have appeared in New York during the past fifteen years have, by virtue of their being made up largely of studio musicians, shared certain characteristics—technical proficiency, the joyousness of being let out of the coop to blow, and a genial lack of style, brought about by not having played together for any length of time. The newest big band around is altogether different. Called the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, it plays late Sunday afternoons here, and it recalls one of the countless "territory" bands that dotted the country in the thirties and were counterparts of Hollywood B pictures. Thus, the MCJO has trouble with intonation, time, and some slow readers, but it also has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists, particularly Gene Ghee on tenor saxophone, Bob Torrance on alto saxophone, and Joe Daily on peck horn, or alto tuba. The pianist Jaki Byard acts as the leader, and he has apparently done most of the arrangements, which lean on unusual harmonies and sumptuous organ chords. These last sometimes completely submerge the band's good Dinah Washington-type vocalist, Sarah Boatner. The group has one very up-to-date sin: its soloists tend to spin on and on and on. . . . ¶ Dave Matthews, a thirty-two-year-old Kentucky-born conservatory-trained composer-arranger, has put together as his sounding board a twelve-piece band that plays here on Mondays. It is made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties, and it, too, like all such groups, is expert and swinging. . . . ¶ Guitarist Eddie Steele pilots a quartet Wednesday through Sunday, March 12-16. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese food.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here Mondays and Tuesdays and at Stryker's Wednesdays and Thursdays. Here he works with bassist Ron Carter and pianist Dick Katz; Stryker's is more of a pickup arrangement. His playing has not diminished. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist Brooks Kerr, who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman Russell Procope and drummer Sonny Greer. The trio is not to be missed. Warren Chiasson, a Canadian vibraharpist, has good flashes from six to nine every night.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to the fastidious piano musings of Lance Hayward. He is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Roy Eldridge is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there, even if it doesn't generally appear until midnight. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Entrepreneur-pianist George Wein has begun warming up the Newport All-Stars, a quintet of varying personnel in the main room; Tuesdays through Saturdays. The hours are nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland band that features Woody Allen on clarinet breaks loose from nine-thirty to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the BIRD CAGE is the remarkable Helen Merrill, who has not worked in New York for a decade and more because she has been busy growing famous abroad, particularly in Italy and Japan, where she has lived long periods. Her voice is soft and gentle and smoky, but it has surprising strength, and her repertory is handsome and varied, even including Italian and Japanese folk songs in Italian and Japanese. Her accompanists are John Bunch, an able and delicate pianist, and Richard Davis, who likes to think the bass violin is an orchestra. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-fifteen.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant with an enclosed sidewalk gallery and a generally relaxed atmosphere. Wily drummer Chico Hamilton heads up a fresh-faced quintet Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15. On Sunday, March 16, a steady, steaming rhythm-and-blues crew—bassist Gordon Edwards, guitarist Cornell Dupree, tenor saxophonist Charlie Brown, pianist Richard Tee, and drummer Chris Parker—begins a return engagement here. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—A pleasant student refuge and classical musicians' hangout. Most of the young professionals who perform here as soloists or in chamber groups normally play with the city's large orchestras; these quarters serve as a unique showcase for their individual skills. Solo performers—including a lutanist, a soprano, and a pianist whose interests and abilities encompass the Goldberg Variations and the "Maple Leaf Rag"—dominate Mondays through Thursdays and Sundays, while Fridays and Saturdays are given over to chamber ensembles, which comprise strings, piano, flute, or bassoon, in varying proportions. A basket for contributions is at the front of the dining area. The hours for live music run from seven to eleven.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Novella Nelson, a striking young performer who is also an actress, director, and consultant to the Public Theatre, finishes up her songs on Saturday, March 15, at this nicely appointed and lively cabaret and occasional campsite. Beginning Tuesday, March 18, Holly Woodlawn, a scrawnily slinky female impersonator, churns out torchy numbers and twirls a feathery boa opposite singer Larry Paulette. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sunday, March 16, Tally Brown sings a program of Brecht, Weill, and David Bowie; at nine and eleven. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A small, triangular club that occupies the cellar of a tiny white-brick building south of Sheridan Square. Friday through Sunday, March 14-16, David Amram, who seems to enjoy playing his many different kinds of music as much as his audiences enjoy listening to them, drops by with guitarist Charles Chin, baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams, bassist Brian Torff, and pianist Hod O'Brian. The music is derived from Brazil, the Middle East, the West Indies, the conservatory, and the street. Most other nights, pianist O'Brian is present, along with bassist Cameron Brown. Music from ten to three.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Trumpeter Chet Baker works with and inspires a relaxed, smooth, neo-fifties ensemble on Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lee Konitz (see *supra*, under Gregory's) and a colleague play some simple, basic, and thoughtful passages. Bobby Hill sings with a backup trio on Friday and Saturday, March 14-15. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos on Sundays. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavyweight, unrestrained music in a modest, spartan ground-floor SoHo loft. The musicians—drummer Rashied Ali, James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute. David Durrah on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and soft drinks.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave., S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A highly agreeable, spacious restaurant that caters to vegetarians and carnivores, teetotalling Pero drinkers and tequila sippers alike. The music usually consists of small jazz groups, with minimal amplification; the acoustics are excellent and the audiences are usually well mannered. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli constructs meticulous solos on Wednesdays from nine to one. On Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, pianist Ray Bryant is supported by bassist Mickey Bass from ten to two. Bassist Richard Davis performs with pianist Michael Cochran on Sunday, March 16, from six to ten. Friday through Sunday, March 21-23, from ten to two, pianist Bobby Dorough collaborates with bassist Steve Gilmore.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Often crowded and congested with young arty-looking types and, after ten-thirty, with some non-arty-looking types who have come to listen to the live Brazilian jazz. Vocalist and guitarist Amaury Tristão leads an inspired group of forceful young musicians Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Fridays and Saturdays, flutist Lloyd McNeill and his stalwart sidemen offer some provocative and rhythmic music. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution. Jon Lucien, a laid-back West Indian version of Arthur Prysock, and his band perform through Sunday, March 16. On Tuesday, March 18, vibraharpist Milt Jackson arrives with his quartet. On Mondays, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band—sixteen or so of New York's finest (studio men, that is)—convenes, along with its vocalist, Juanita Fleming. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: David Lahm and Lyn Christie are the respective instrumentalists Mondays through Wednesdays; Nat Jones performs with a bassist Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Monday and Tuesday, March 17-18, have been set aside for a swing group that includes pianist Dill Jones, drummer Oliver Jackson, and Eddie Durham on trombone and guitar. Four-string tenor guitarist Tiny Grimes, once an important component of the Art Tatum trio, now heads his own bluesy, bebopping threesome on Wednesdays and Thursdays, with Ronnie Cole on drums and Ted Cromwell on bass. Fridays, a bop quintet takes the stand. Sammy Price, king of the Charleston in the Southwest in the twenties, and, lately, claimant to the boogie-woogie kingship of Morningside Heights (but only when he wants to—on some nights he doesn't play enough boogie-woogie to suit many of his listeners), works with the still formidable Jo Jones, on drums, and tenorman Paul Quinichette; on Saturdays and Sundays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Pianist Herb Winner plays in the CAFÉ Tuesdays through Fridays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, and Saturdays from eight to midnight. Steven Weltner takes the bench Sundays from eight to midnight and Mondays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Argentine tenor Alberto Rochi is singing in the PERSIAN ROOM at ten during the week, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel provide dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the PLAZA RESTAURANT, violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the PALM COURT Mondays through Fridays from five to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from five to one and Sundays from four to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Soprano Lana Cantrell is the dinner-and-supper tenant in this well-run mountain resort. On Monday, March 17, vocalist Enzo Stuarti will replace Miss Cantrell. Dance music commences at seven-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Reopens Thursday, March 13. In this room with a view, the Sy Oliver orchestra will play for dancing from seven, every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The MAISONETTE, that venerable aristocrat, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, the songs of Barbara Cook. A Lester Lanin band is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Little Anthony and the Imperials are the resident singers in the EMPIRE ROOM at dinner and supper. A dance band plays all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Abe Ajay—Relief paintings. Through April 19. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Romare Bearden—Collage paintings recording the history of American jazz. Through Saturday, March 22. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Erich Brauer—Paintings and etchings by a member of the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through May 10. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Byron Burford—Acrylics on paper, some portraying carnival and circus life. Through March 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Francis Cunningham—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 22. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

John Day—Surrealistic landscapes. Through April 10. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Ernest Dieringer—White geometrical forms on

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brown linen canvas fields. Through March 29. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Barbara Gardner—Surrealistic oil paintings; first solo show in New York. Through March 29. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through March 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Richard Haas—Etchings, lithographs, watercolors, and oils, mostly of New York buildings: the old Custom House, the Jefferson Market, the Chanin Building, and others. Through Saturday, March 15. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Recent abstract paintings and collages. Through March 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Angelo Ippolito—Recent paintings that combine interior and exterior scenes. Through March 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Miyoko Ito—Paintings. Through March 27. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through March 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Daniel LaRue Johnson—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 22. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Lester Johnson—Figurative paintings, mostly of women. Through March 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Steel and aluminum wall pieces and freestanding vertical sculptures. Through April 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Franz Kline (1910-62)—Nearly thirty drawings, with examples from his entire career. Through April 5. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1946 and 1971. Through April 11. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Robert La Hotan—Maine landscapes, plus some still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Emily J. Marshall—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings. Through March 25. (Bartholet, 55 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles E. Martin—Watercolors of Maine and magazine-cover designs in pastels and watercolors. Through March 29. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

William McCartin—Nonobjective paintings. Through March 29. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Raoul Middleman / William Klapp—Figurative paintings. / Sculptures. Through March 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Catherine Murphy—Portraits and urban landscapes. Through Saturday, March 15. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

John Napper—Oil paintings of the English countryside by a British artist. Through March 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Jack Nelson—Free-flowing line drawings of birds, insects, fish, and celestial symbols. Through Saturday, March 22. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jules Olitski—Recent paintings. Through March 26. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Paintings, many of them figurative and having their roots in Nordic folk tradition, by a member of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, March 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Robert Reed—Abstract paintings, collages, and monotypes. Through March 29. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

David Roth—Paintings and drawings. Through April 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Edith Schloss—Abstract oils and watercolors in which still-life and landscape merge. Through March 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Gertrude Shibley—Geometric acrylic paintings inspired by the New York subways. Through Saturday, March 22. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Burton Silverman—Paintings, drawings, and monotypes depicting the artist and his family and other subjects. Through March 25. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

May Stevens—A series of satirical paintings. Through March 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Bob Thompson (1937-66)—Small gouaches and small drawings in mixed mediums. Through March 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Joyce Treiman—Imaginary portraits of Toulouse-Lautrec, Eakins, and others in group scenes. Through March 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **AULT**, 25 E. 77th St.: Collages by Kosta Alex; paintings by Antonio Amaral and Armando Morales; and wall reliefs, paintings, and sculptures by Will Horwitt. Through Saturday, March 15. . . . **BODLEY**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings by Klee, Matisse, Picasso, and Dubuffet. Through Saturday, March 15. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A selection of European portraiture (both paintings and sculptures) by Bernini, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and others. Through March 29.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Robert Arneson—Five large ceramic sculptures, some of them self-portraits. Through Saturday, March 15. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays at noon.)

Jillian Denby—Paintings of nudes. Starts Saturday, March 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Fares—Paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through March 29. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ron Gorchov—Abstract oils on shaped canvases. Through March 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Allan Hacklin—Paper collages. Through March 29. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—Large-scale geometric drawings, done with graphite on paper. Starts Saturday, March 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Charles Hinman—Shaped canvases, all of them painted white. Through Saturday, March 15. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Rafael Mahdavi—Paintings and drawings. Through March 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marisol—Drawings (colored pencil and crayon on black paper, mostly), measuring up to nine feet in length. Also wall pieces (plaster and found objects). Through March 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Recent paintings. Through March 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings by this Chilean Surrealist. Through Saturday, March 15. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Peter Todd Mitchell—Paintings combining geometric designs and Arab figures. Through Thursday, March 20. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St.)

Aline Porter / Thomas Stokes—Wooden boxes in which small objects are mounted. Through Saturday, March 22. / Abstract paintings suggesting landscapes. Through March 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Schwedler—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Recent welded-steel sculptures composed of rods and cylinders. Starts Saturday, March 15. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Another recent piece, plus three earlier works. Starts Friday, March 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Gilbert L. Stone—Paintings, some of them surrealistic. Through Saturday, March 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

William Thon—Watercolors, many of the Maine coast. Through Saturday, March 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Welded-steel sculptures, some of which have been rubbed with paint. Through March 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.: A one-man show of Victor Vasarely's familiar optical sculptures and wall pieces, plus a six-ring circus of works by other artists—notably, a flight of funny sewed-cloth dolls by Lesley Jean Goldberg and some startling wall hangings of rope and raw-looking fabrics by Josep Grau-Garriga. Through March 29. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: A loan show marking the hundredth anniversary of the Art Students League of New York and containing paintings and sculptures by a hundred and one American artists (including Benton, Eakins, O'Keeffe, and Marisol) who have studied or taught at the institution. Through March 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Mel Bochner—Five painted wall pieces and twenty large pastel drawings. Through Saturday, March 22. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jon Borofsky—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Through April 2. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Cynthia Carlson—Painted-over woven canvases and other works. Through Saturday, March 22. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Dan Douke—Photo-Realist paintings of swimming pools and other appointments of the California life style; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 22. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Nobu Fukui—Constructivist paintings. Through March 29. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Paul Georges—Landscapes, portraits, still-lifes, and nudes. Through March 27. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—Drawings on steel sculptures. Through Thursday, March 20. (112 Greene Street.)

Gianni Piacentino / Edward Kienholz—Paintings, all incorporating the Wright Brothers' planes as motifs, and sculptures by an Italian artist. / Watercolors. Through March 29. (Onasch, 139 Spring St.)

Lucio Pozzi—Works dealing with photographic papers according to their inherent properties. One part of the exhibit is the addition of a piece of unexposed, unprocessed photosensitive paper to the gallery wall each day. Through April 9. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Arnulf Rainer—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, March 20. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Paul Rotterdam—Abstract oils; first one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, March 19. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Remo Saraceni—A group of kinetic pieces (activated by the viewer through touching, walking, even blowing) that demonstrates handsome and amusing aspects of modern technology. Through March 27. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Sophia Sosnoff—Canvases and freestanding works containing found objects such as feathers and theatre tickets. Through March 29. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Carolee Thea—A maze constructed of barbed wire; first solo show in New York. Through March 26. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Esteban Vicente—New paintings by a noted Abstract Expressionist. Through March 26. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

John Walker—Acrylics on canvas. Through April 10. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Paintings, drawings, and other works by Shirley Davidson, Gisela Fischer, Judith Henry, and Dee Shapiro. Through March 26. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, films, and other works by six northern California artists. Through April 9. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Gerald Horn, slide projections by Eric Staller, sculptures by Arden Scott, and photographs and videotapes by Donald Lipski. Through Saturday, March 22.

OTHER GALLERIES

Franklin Perrell—Paintings and drawings of the Long Beach, Long Island, boardwalk and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

its environs. Through March 29. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Drawings from the late nineteen-fifties to the present. Through April 2. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

George Trakas—Six large constructions of glass, rope, wood, and metal, held together by tension and balance. Through March 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Giséle Freund—Color and black-and-white portraits of writers and artists, among them Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, Henri Matisse, Pierre Bonnard, André Malraux, Simone de Beauvoir, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Through March 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sid Kaplan / Irène Stern—Black-and-white prints. / Color photographs of nudes. Through March 23. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Josef Koudelka—Photographs of Gypsies and country people taken during the last decade by a thirty-seven-year-old Czech photographer who left his country in 1968. Through April 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Marc Riboud—Photojournalism from the last two decades, done on assignment in Vietnam, Algeria, Cyprus, Saudi Arabia, and Washington (among other turbulent places). Through April 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A retrospective of approximately two hundred and seventy-five photographs, dating from about 1918 to 1948. Through March 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Garry Winogrand / Ikko—Contemporary big-city street scenes. / Black-and-white landscapes by a Japanese photographer. Through March 29. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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Witkin Gallery, 243 E. 60th St.: The gallery's sixth anniversary is being observed by a show of about a hundred and twenty-five selections from the eighty shows held here since March, 1969. It includes work by Stieglitz, Steichen, Atget, Hine, Weston, Cunningham, Abbott, Lartigue, Brassaï, Arbus, Friedlander, Tice, Erwitt, and many others. "You might ask, 'Why a sixth-anniversary event?,' " Lee Witkin writes in his introduction to the exhibition, and answers with characteristic lack of side: "To be truthful, it would have been a fifth anniversary, but March, 1974, went by too quickly to prepare a proper celebration, and March, 1979, our tenth, is too far." With less characteristic rhetorical flourish, Witkin declares, "At long last, there is an audience for photography and its one hundred and thirty-five years of achievement; at long last, the *eyes* with which to see it, the *minds* with which to consider it, the *emotions* with which to experience it. Hallelujah!" His gallery is one of the reasons for (as well as a beneficiary of) the present photography boom. Like Stieglitz's 291, it is more than a place where pictures are shown; it is a locus of photographic activity and a hangout for photographers, collectors, critics, and enthusiasts. There are sofas, books, magazines, plants, and, until a few weeks ago, when Cole Weston took him to California, an orange cat named George. But whereas Stieglitz lectured and intimidated the people who came to his gallery, Witkin observes them quietly and curiously, and speaks so gently and simply that one would more easily take him for the new boy in the firm than for one of the big powers in the photography Establishment. Through April 12. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Neikrug Gallery, 224 E. 68th St: A show of

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photographs by about sixty women photographers, originally titled "Is There a Female Camera?" but now changed, properly, to "There Is No Female Camera." Photography has been a field less closed to women than others—perhaps because of its own, until recent times, lowly place in the arts, and also because its technical part can be learned in a few hours snatched from cooking and cleaning, rather than requiring years at conservatories, art schools, medical schools, etc.—and women have long formed a sizable part of the coed community of the renowned in photography. Imogen Cunningham, Julia Margaret Cameron, Berenice Abbott, Dorothea Lange, Margaret Bourke-White, and Inge Morath are some of the master photographers represented here, and Eva Rubinstein, Judy Dater, Jill Krementz, and Sarah Moon are some of the younger established photographers on view, and in all cases their work is as indistinguishable from work by male photographers as hair cut by women is indistinguishable from hair cut by men. (This is not to say that all fields of endeavor are without sexual differentiation; men cook and clean differently from women, for example.) Any difficulty the exhibitors may have encountered as women in a (still) male-dominated profession is as nothing compared to the difficulty that the visitor has in viewing their photographs. This gallery—an ill-lit room on the ground floor of a brownstone, plus a basement room—is not suitable in its present state for showing more than twenty or so pictures; half the exhibitors might just as well not have bothered to contribute to the dark corners, narrow corridors, and inaccessible places their work has been consigned to. Through April 18. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Great Wave" (taken from Katsushika Hokusai's woodcut "Great Wave Off Kanagawa") is the name of a remarkable exhibition here of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese woodcuts hung side by side with prints by the Impressionists on whom they exerted an influence. For example, Mary Cassatt's aquatint "Maternal Caress" is shown next to a woodcut by Kitagawa Utamaro called "Mother and Sleepy Child" (a print that may well have been in the 1890 Paris exhibition of Japanese woodcuts which inspired Cassatt's series of ten prints depicting French domestic scenes in the Japanese manner); Toulouse-Lautrec's poster of Aristide Bruant (the man in a black coat and hat, seen from the back, with a bit of face showing) hangs next to its model, an expanse of robe and a bit of face belonging to the actor Ichikawa Danjuro V, as depicted by Katsukawa Shunshō (whose grimacing Kabuki players were the basis for Lautrec's caricatures of French music-hall types); and Manet's lithograph "The Cat's Rendezvous" is plausibly connected to Utagawa Kuniyoshi's "Cats in Various Attitudes." Degas, Gauguin, Vuillard, and Bonnard are other French printmakers in the show, and Suzuki Harunobu, Andō Hiroshige, and Isoda Koryūsai are other Japanese printmakers. Japanese prints began appearing in Europe soon after Perry's trip to Japan in 1853 (in 1856, the etcher Félix Bracquemond came upon a book of Hokusai's sketches which had been used to wrap a shipment of china), and became a major art influence within a few decades, dovetailing with many of Impressionism's formal and psychological tendencies. The show offers a rare glimpse into how and what the Impressionists took from the Japanese, and the book based on the show by Colta Feller Ives (for sale at the museum for fifteen dollars) is an invaluable contribution to the study of Impressionist art. At the same time (and, for some viewers, above all), the exhibition is a demonstration of the unsurpassable greatness of the Japanese prints, against which only a few of the Impressionist works stand up. Cassatt, in particular, suffers from the comparison with Utamaro, whose line is one of the miracles of art, and next to which even that of Picasso and Matisse could seem labored. Through May 11.

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¶ Also at the Metropolitan: The first exhibition of art from the Momoyama period (1568-1615) to be seen outside Japan. It is on loan from both public and private collections and contains examples of screen paintings, ceremonial armor, *no* costumes, gold lacquer objects, as well as tea-ceremony utensils and ink paintings. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Northeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings (by, among others, William Powell Frith and Edwin Henry Landseer) that were exhibited at the Royal Academy in London during the reign of Queen Victoria. Starts Thursday, March 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Furniture by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through April 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints in which works on similar themes by artists of different generations are juxtaposed. Among those represented are Munch, Sloan, and Hockney. Through June 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A Max Ernst retrospective of about three hundred paintings, collages, frottages, sculptures, and illustrated books, loaned from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Through April 20. Complementary shows are at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St., and the Leonard Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings dating from 1964 to the present by Brice Marden. Through April 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Music at the Museum: On Tuesday, March 18, at 7:30, a program of chamber music by Hindemith and Dvořák, performed by Gilbert Kalish, piano; Isidore Cohen, violin; Bernard Zaslav, viola; and Robert Sylvester, cello. For information about tickets, call 369-5110.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—This year's biennial is limited to artists who have never had one-man shows in New York or been included in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. The first stage will close March 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Sculptures from the sixties by Mark di Suvero, Claes Oldenburg, Donald Judd, and others. Starts Thursday, March 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of twenty-four contemporary seating elements, mainly chairs and mainly designed in the past few years. Aalto's scroll chair (1934) and Eames' lounge chair (1956) are exceptions. Through Sunday, March 16. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles) on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures from China, India, Malaysia, and Thailand, some arranged in groups behind a screen as they might appear in an actual performance. Also, three-dimensional Asian puppets. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Adolph

Gottlieb, Leon Kroll, Moses Soyer, and Zoltan Sepeshy. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twenty-eight painters and five sculptors who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Both through April 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of art from the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Among the pieces on view are Chinese bronzes from the Chou, Han, and T'ang dynasties; Japanese wood sculptures from the Kamakura period; stone and bronze sculptures from India and Southeast Asia; and paintings from China and Japan. Through March 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Cover paintings done for this magazine, cartoons that have appeared in our columns, and books that saw first light here, all selected by the Grolier Club in a friendly gesture. Through April 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of traditional containers and wrappings for foods, drinks, spices, and gifts, made of wood, bamboo, straw, hemp, ceramic, paper, and fabric. Through April 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A large exhibition of letters, musical scores, posters, photographs, and other memorabilia of the composer Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900). . . . ¶ Highlights from the museum's collection of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts (for example, a Thoreau notebook). Both through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan exhibition of American calligraphy consisting of samples of pen drawings and Shaker spirit drawings, as well as pottery, quilts, and painted furniture in which writing is used as a part of the decoration. Through March 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Color photographs, by Ralph Rosenblum, of children's art work on hoardings and walls and board fences around the city. Through March 23. . . . ¶ An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage contains costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fiftieth annual, composed of nearly three hundred and fifty oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and nonmembers. Through Sunday, March 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A small retrospective of the work of the abstract painter Syd Solomon. Through Sunday, March 16. . . . ¶ A loan show of the graphic works of Renoir. Through March 30. . . . ¶ Boxes of wood, each decorated with a variety of materials and each containing a lead sheet with gold-leaf design on which the artist, Joe Ascrizzi, has etched poems. Through April 6. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Wieslaw Ochman, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Harry Theyard, Matteo Manuguerra, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 1: "Siegfried," with Birgit Nilsson, Betsy Norden, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Ragnar Ulfung, Donald McIntyre, Marius Rintzler, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, John Alexander, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Andrea Velis; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Monday, March 17, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Jon Vickers, Matteo Manuguerra, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 18, at 8: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 8: "Tosca," with James King, Ingvar Wixell, and Andrew Foldi; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Anna Moffo, Fernando Corena, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and William Walker; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Berit Lindholm, Nell Rankin, Anna Reynolds, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, and Marius Rintzler; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Wieslaw Ochman, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Richard T. Gill, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Salome," with Eileen Schauler, Olivia Stapp, Alan Crofoot, and William Justus; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Catherine Malfitano, Richard Kness, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "The Mikado," with Glenys Fowles, Betty Allen, Gary Glaze, and Jack Eddleman; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Anthony, Sandra Walker, Luciano Rampaso, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 16, at 1: "Manon Lescaut," with Patricia Craig, Kathleen Hegierski, Gaetano Scano, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 16, at 7: The company's première of Mozart's "Idomeneo," with Maralin Niska, Veronica Tyler, Richard Taylor, and Gary Glaze; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 18, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Elizabeth Haley, Gary Glaze, and Alan Titus; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 20, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Faye Robinson, Ermanno Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, José Carreras, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Fisher; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 2: "The Mikado," with Diana Soviero, Betty Allen, David Griffith, and James Billings; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 22, at 8: "The Consul," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, John Darrenkamp, and Edward Pierson; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 27.)

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva directing performances of Verdi's "La Traviata," with Norma French, soprano; Jerold Siena, tenor; and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. Wednesday, March 19, and Friday, March 21, at 8. For tickets, call 595-1161.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, March 13, at 8:30; Friday, March 14, at 2; and Tuesday, March 18, at 8:30 (all with the Camerata Singers); and Thursday, March 20, at 8:30; Friday, March 21, at 2; Saturday, March 22, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 25, at 7:30 (all with Abbey Simon, piano, and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the final performances of the season here—A Beethoven-Strauss program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 12, and Friday, March 14, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Messiaen's "Turangalila—Symphonie for Piano, Ondes Martenot and Orchestra," with Yvonne Loriod and Jeanne Loriod. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducting this chamber orchestra in Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Leonard Bernstein and Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of Bernstein music with Mr. Foss doubling as piano soloist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesday, March 18, at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting Elgar's oratorio "The Dream of Gerontius," with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Morley Meredith, baritone; and a chorus. The final concert of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 19, at 7:30.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting the final concert of the season, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Dennis Russell Davies directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with an orchestra and soloists. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 13, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Betty Allen—Mezzo-soprano, with the New York Chamber Soloists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

Gerald and Susan Kagan—Cello and piano. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, March 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, in a concerto program, with I Solisti Veneti conducted by Claudio Scimone, and with Ransom Wilson, also flute. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of programs of vocal and instrumental music, this one entitled "Sing We and Chant It: Music in Elizabethan England." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The second (postponed from Feb. 18) in a series of three programs of twentieth-century music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Bert Lucarelli—Oboe, with the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble, in an all-Vivaldi concert. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, March 15, at midnight.)

Garrick Ohlsson and James Kreger—Piano and

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cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, March 16, at 2:15.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER AND PETER SERKIN—Violin and piano, *in an all-Bach program, with the* Brandenburg Ensemble conducted by Mr. Schneider, and with Eugenia Zukerman and Renée Siebert, flute. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 16, at 3.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Rudolf Serkin, piano, and the Quartetto Caecilia di Roma. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 5, and Tuesday, March 18, at 7:30.)

NANCY CIRILLO—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 17, at 8.)

EARL WILD—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 17, at 8.)

STUTTGART PIANO TRIO—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 17, at 8.)

MONTSERRAT CABALLÉ—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 18, at 8.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC—Wednesday, March 19, at 8: Paul Price conducting the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, March 21, at 8: Cecil Collins conducting the Manhattan Brass Ensemble. (Borden Auditorium, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER AND LEE LUVISI—Violin and piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

JORGE MOREL—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8:30.)

CATHY BERBERIAN—Soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber Music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 21, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

PROSPECTIVE ENCOUNTERS WITH MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Pierre Boulez conducting the second of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Paul Zukofsky, violin; Gilbert Kalish and Paul Jacobs, piano; and Paul Tobias, cello. The performance will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 21. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

ARTHUR OZOLINS—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAYERS—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 22, at 8.)

YMA SUMAC—Peruvian singer. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 23, at 6.)

NOTE—Gina Bachauer will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 30, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, March 17, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope. A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

MAURICE RAVEL: CENTENARY RETROSPECTIVE CONCERT—A program of his music, performed by Sheila Schonbrun and Jeannette Walters, sopranos; Paul Sperry, tenor; Nancy Allen, harp; Charles Libove, violin; Paul Tobias, cello; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; and the Musica Reservata, directed by Margherita Hastings. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 19, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 12, at 5:45: **CONTEMPORARY DANCE SYSTEM AND ANNA SOKOLOW**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 19, at 5:45: **TEDDY WILSON**.

SEALS & CROFTS—With Walter Heath. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday, March 12, at 8; Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday, March 16, at 8.)

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE—Town Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8.

TRIBUTE TO LEADBELLY—His songs, performed by Pete Seeger, Arlo Guthrie, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, and the Lunenberg Travelers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 15, at 7:30 and 11.)

NATIONAL JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Chuck Israels conducting, with Roy Eldridge. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

TEDDY WILSON—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, March 16, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

CLANCY BROTHERS—With Lou Killen. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 16, at 8.)

CARMEL QUINN—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 16, at 8.

STAN KENTON'S ORCHESTRA—Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. Monday, March 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 866-6316.

SALUTE TO LIONEL HAMPTON—A benefit concert, with Mr. Hampton, Buddy Rich, Teddy Wilson, George Duvivier, Milt Hinton, Budd Johnson, Stella Marrs, Bob Rosengarden, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, March 17, at 8.)

IRISH ROVERS—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, March 17, at 8.

NEW YORK JAZZ REPERTORY COMPANY—A program of music by Jelly Roll Morton with Bob Wilber, Kenny Davern, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 20, at 8.)

NANCY WILSON—With Les McCann. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8 and 11:30.)

ARCHIE SHEPP AND ART BLAKEY—Each playing his own compositions, with the Collective Black Artists Ensemble, conducted by Jimmy Owens. (Town Hall. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III AND ORLEANS—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 21, at 8.

ALICE COLTRANE, RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK, AND PHAROAH SANDERS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, March 22-23, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Portland, Thursday, March 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 22, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Denver, Friday, March 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Sunday, March 16, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Monday, March 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, March 21, at 8:05.

BOXING—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 21, at 8.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, March 19, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, March 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, March 18. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 22.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Bay Shore, Saturday, March 15, and the Correction Handicap, Saturday, March 22. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, March 15.

TENNIS—Independent Players Association Championship Tennis: Jimmy Connors, Clark Graebner, Jan Kodes, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, March 18, at noon and 6; Wednesday through Friday, March 19-21, at 6; Saturday, March 22 [semifinals], at 7:30; and Sunday, March 23 [finals], at 1:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 15, at 12:10 and 2:30.)... **CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** The New York Chamber Soloists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 15, at 3.)... **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA YOUTH CONCERTS:** David Amram conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 15, at 3.)... **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "Patience," Saturday and Sunday, March 15-16, at 4....¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday, March 22, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "Folk Tales and Legends." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 15, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)... **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.)... **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 22, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 866-0016.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 697-0730.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Hot Feet." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, for the last time this season on Monday, March 17, from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Judith Hemschemeyer and James Reiss reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, March 18, at 7:30. Admission is free.)...¶ Howard Moss and Phyllis Thompson reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5613. Friday, March 21, at 7:30.)

Walking Tour—Henry Hope Reed, John Barrington Bayley, and other guides will lead a tour through and around Grand Central Station on Sunday, March 16. Meets in front of the New York General Building at the foot of Park Avenue on 46th Street at noon. For information about tickets, call EM 1-0171.

Coliseum Antiques Fair and Flower Show—Antiques from all over the world, combined with flower exhibits and garden displays. This year's theme is "A Salute to 1775," and among the relevant exhibits is an Early American inn with a Colonial herb and flower garden at the doorstep. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, March 12-15, from 12:30 to 9:30, and Sunday, March 16, from noon to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, March 12, at 2, and Thursday, March 13, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, from several collectors....¶ Friday, March 14, at 2: Persian pottery and metalwork, belonging to Lester Wolfe....¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: Oriental rugs, from many sources....¶ Thursday, March 20, at 2: Jewelry, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 15.

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Birmingham—*Hyatt House* Apr. 29*, 30, May 1
Buffalo —*Hotel Statler-Hilton* Apr. 10, 11, 12†, 14
Charlotte—*Manger Motor Inn* Mar. 28*, 29†, 31, Apr. 1
Cleveland —*Cleveland Plaza* Apr. 3, 4, 5†, 7
Columbus —*Neil House* Apr. 1, 2
Dallas —*Adolphus Hotel* Mar. 31, Apr. 1, 2, 3
Denver—*Brown Palace Hotel* Apr. 28, 29, 30, May 1, 2, 3
Des Moines —*Fort Des Moines* Apr. 18*, 19
Grand Rapids—*Hotel Pantlind* Mar. 26, 27
Indianapolis —*Atkinson Hotel* Mar. 24, 25
Jacksonville—*Hotel Robert Meyer* Apr. 3*, 4, 5†, 7
Kansas City, Mo.—*Muehlebach* Apr. 14, 15, 16, 17
Louisville —*Seelbach Hotel* May 12*, 13, 14
Memphis —*Southern Peabody* May 2*, 3†, 5, 6
Miami —*Hotel McAllister* Apr. 8*, 9, 10, 11, 12†, 14
Minneapolis— *Radisson Hotel* Apr. 21, 22, 23, 24
Nashville —*Sheraton-Nashville* May 7*, 8, 9
New Orleans —*Fairmont Roosevelt* Apr. 19†, 21, 22, 23
Omaha —*Blackstone Hotel* Apr. 25*, 26
Phoenix —*Del Webb's Townhouse* Mar. 27* 28, 29
Portland —*Hotel Benson* Mar. 20*, 21, 22
Raleigh —*Hotel Sir Walter* Mar. 25*, 26, 27
Richmond —*The John Marshall* Mar. 21, 22†, 24
Rochester —*One Eleven East Ave.* Apr. 15*, 16, 17
San Antonio —*Gunter Hotel* Apr. 24*, 25, 26
San Diego —*Holiday Inn (downtown)* Mar. 24, 25, 26
Seattle —*Hotel Olympic* Mar. 17, 18, 19
Syracuse —*Hotel Syracuse* Apr. 18, 19
Tampa —*Sheraton Tampa Motor Hotel* Apr. 15*, 16, 17
Toledo —*Commodore Perry Hotel* Mar. 28, 29†, 31

Hours are from 9:30 to 6, unless otherwise specified.
*Opens at 1 p.m. this day. †Closes at 5 p.m. Last day closes at noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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16	17	18	19	20		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 16: "Steppenwolf" and "Siddhartha."
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: "The Abdication" and "Zandy's Bride."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 15: "The Red Balloon" and "Rififi."
March 16-18: "Sun Valley Serenade" and "Call Me Madam."
From March 19: "The Mad Miss Manton" and "Holiday."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through March 18: "The Night Porter" and "Carnal Knowledge."
From March 19: "Jeremiah Johnson" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Sometime Sweet Susan." X-rated.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 16: "Lacombe, Lucien."
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: "The Gambler."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
March 12: "Lenny."
From March 13: "The Great Waldo Pepper."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
March 12: "Murder on the Orient Express."
From March 13: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Report to the Commissioner."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
March 12: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From March 13 at 8: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Murder She Said" and "Murder at the Gallop."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Shampoo."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Lenny."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Les Enfants Terribles."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Janis."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Through March 16: "The Wrong Damn Film."
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: To be announced.

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through March 16: "It Happened One Night" and "His Girl Friday."
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 18: "Scenes from a Marriage."
From March 19: "The Yakuza."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Daughters, Daughters!"

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 18: "Juggernaut."
From March 19: "Harry & Tonto."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 16: "Lenny."
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: "Lenny."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 16: "Steppenwolf."
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: "Andy Warhol's Dracula."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Funny Lady."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through March 18: "The Godfather, Part II."
From March 19: "The Four Musketeers."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
March 12: "Report to the Commissioner."
From March 13: "The Great Waldo Pepper."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 757-2132 for particulars.)
March 12: "Léda"/"L'Age d'Or"/"Viva la Muerte!"
March 13: "Hearts of the World"/"Léda"/"Klute."
March 14: "The Damned"/"Women in Revolt"/"Woman in the Dunes."
March 15: "Intolerance"/"The Damned"/"Women in Revolt."
March 16: "Woman in the Dunes"/"Broken Blossoms"/"The Damned."
March 17: "The Cool World"/"Antonio das Mortes"/"The Brig."
March 18: "Lenny Bruce Without Tears"/"The Cool World"/"Antonio das Mortes."
March 19: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ."/"Lenny Bruce Without Tears"/"The Cool World."
March 20: "True Heart Susie"/"The Earrings of Madame De . . ."/"Lenny Bruce Without Tears."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 18: "California Split" and "The Last Detail."
From March 19: "The Gambler" and "The Parallax View."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 16: "Lenny."
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: "Lenny."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 18 at one or another of the theatres: "Persona," "Hour of the Wolf," and "Shame"/"Lacombe, Lucien" and "Chloé in the Afternoon"/"Andy Warhol's Dracula" and "Night of the Living Dead"/"Wet Rainbow."
From March 19: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 12: "Platinum Blonde" and "She Married Her Boss."
March 13-15: "The Damned" and "The Conformist."
March 16: One performance, at noon, of "Some Like It Hot."
March 16-17: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Belle de Jour."
March 18: "The Searchers" and "Wagonmaster."
March 19: "Carnal Knowledge" and "Drive, He Said."
From March 20: "Five Easy Pieces" and "The Last Detail."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 16: "That's Entertainment!"
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"At Long Last Love."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 16: "Earthquake."
March 17-18: Theatre closed.
From March 19 at 8: "Tommy." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 16: To be announced.
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: "Lenny Bruce Without Tears."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Brief Vacation."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 12: "Shoot the Piano Player" and "Le Petit Soldat."
March 13: "The Lady Vanishes" and "Suspicion."
March 14: "Nosferatu" and "Dracula."
March 15: "Top Hat" and "Evergreen."
March 16: "La Ronde" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."
March 17: "The Threepenny Opera" and "Pandora's Box."
March 18: "Through a Glass Darkly" and "Winter Light."
March 19: "Brief Encounter" and "The Lady with the Dog."
March 20: "The 400 Blows" and "Bad Company."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Les Violons du Bal."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 18: "Malizia" and "Fellini Satyricon."
From March 19: "Death Wish" and "Serpico."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through March 16: "Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins."
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: "The Stepford Wives" and "Law and Disorder."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 16: "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life."
March 17-18: "In Celebration" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 19: "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 18: "Freebie and the Bean" and "Badlands."
From March 19: "Alfredo Alfredo" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Lenny."

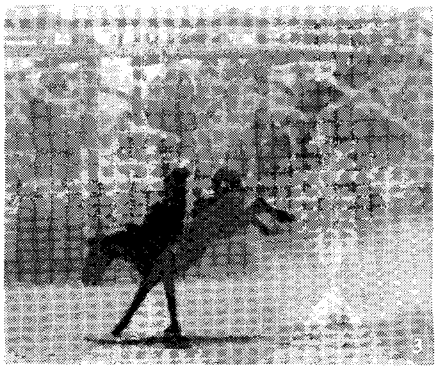
Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 17: "The Night Porter" and "Carnal Knowledge."
March 18: Theatre closed.
From March 19: "The Gambler" and "The Parallax View."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 12 at 5:30: "The Vyborg Side" (1931), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintzev and Leonid Trauberg, with Boris Shirkov; no English subtitles. . . .

British Columbia, Canada.

These pictures are just a sample of what is waiting for you in British Columbia. 1. One of many intriguing shops that can be found throughout the Province. 2. Long Beach on Vancouver Island, 11 miles of unbroken beach on the Pacific Ocean. 3. The Williams Lake Stampede. Dozens of rodeos take place all summer long in British Columbia's cattle country. 4. An outdoor restaurant in Gastown, the original settlement of British Columbia's largest city, Vancouver. For more pictures and lots more information write: British Columbia Department of Travel Industry, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 2Z2. Or see your local travel agent.



For the time of your life.

¶ March 13, Alain De Sédouy's three-part documentary on the career and times of Charles de Gaulle, in French, with English subtitles—at 2:30, Part I, 1914-40; at 3:30, Part II, 1940-45; at 7, Part III, 1950-63. . . . ¶ March 14 at 2: "The Mouth Agape" (1974), in French, directed by Maurice Pialat, with Philippe Leotard; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 14 at 5:30 and March 15 at noon: "The Blue Angel" (1930), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 15 at 3: "Une Femme Fatale" (1975), in French, directed by Jacques Doniol-Valcroze; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 15 at 5:30: "I Will Be As Serious As Pleasure Can Be" (1975), in French, directed by Robert Benayoun, with Jane Birkin and Pierre Etaix; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 16 at 12:30 and 3: "Child Gems" (1969-74), animated films by children, aged seven to sixteen, of the Children's Art Carnival; and "Paddle to the Sea" (1966), directed by William Mason. . . . ¶ March 16 at 5:30: "Along the Fango River" (1975), in French, directed by Sotha; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 17 at 2: "Une Femme Fatale." . . . ¶ March 17 at 5:30: "The Mouth Agape." . . . ¶ March 18 at 2: "The Virginian" (1929), directed by Victor Fleming, with Gary Cooper and Walter Huston. . . . ¶ March 18 at 5:30: A program of films by the Dutch Co-op. . . . ¶ March 19 at 5:30: "The Virginian." . . . ¶ March 20 at 5:30: A program of French animated short films. . . . ¶ March 20 at 8: "Along the Fango River." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Japanese films, with English subtitles, directed by Yasujiro Ozu: March 13-14 at 3:30 and 5:30: "The End of Summer" (1961). . . . ¶ March 15-16 at 3:30 and 5:30: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962). . . . ¶ Starting March 20 at 3 and 5:30: "Drifting Weeds" (1959). (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir," directed by Claudia Weill and Shirley MacLaine. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Broughton, Brakhage, Bresson, Cavalcanti, Buñuel, Clair, Cocteau, Dreyer, and others. Showings March 12 at 5, 7, and 9:30; March 13-14 at 6 and 9:30; March 15 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; March 16 at 8; and March 18-20 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Art; starting March 19.)

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on the twenty-four-minute "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 12.)

Alfredo Alfredo (1973)—Dubbed with a mellifluous Italian voice, Dustin Hoffman gives a warm and friendly performance as a shy young Italian bank clerk; the stranger's voice makes him seem like a silent comedian doing a routine. The novelty of seeing him without his own frightened, choked-up voice gives this rather conventional Pietro Germi comedy an extra dimension. Stefania Sandrelli plays the flighty, extravagantly romantic girl Alfredo marries; his bride's exquisite features give her a look of mystery, but she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Carla Gravina plays the modern independent working woman who liberates him. Not up to Germi's "Divorce—Italian Style," but the first third stays at a fairly high level; after that the picture sags. In Italian. (1/21/74) (Symphony; starting March 19.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—One of the rare films that genuinely deserve to be called controversial. Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell. It's about a thirty-five-year-old widow, freed from the grim boredom of trying to please a dull man, who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and good-hearted bitching, the picture moves with a breakneck vitality; it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (1/13/75) (Sutton; March 12. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting March 13.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Andy Warhol's Dracula—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Quad Cinema; through March 18. . . . ¶ U.A. East; starting March 19.)

Antonio das Mortes (1970)—Glauber Rocha, the leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17-18.)

Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life (1969)—An exhilarating documentary, winner of an Academy Award, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris. (Festival. . . . ¶ New Yorker. No performances March 17-18.)

At Long Last Love—A musical, with Burt Reynolds and Cybill Shepherd, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Music Hall.)

Bad Company (1969)—Jean Eustache ("The Mother and the Whore") wrote and directed the two films that form this package—"Robinson's Place," forty minutes long and made in 1964, and "Santa Claus Has Blue Eyes," forty-eight minutes long and filmed in 1966. The first is about two Parisian boys trying to make out; the second features Jean-Pierre Léaud as a small-town boy who works as a Santa Claus and has more success with girls when in costume than when out. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

Badlands (1973)—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a murderous spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Symphony; through March 18.)

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Symphony; starting March 19.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Elgin; March 16-17.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 19.)

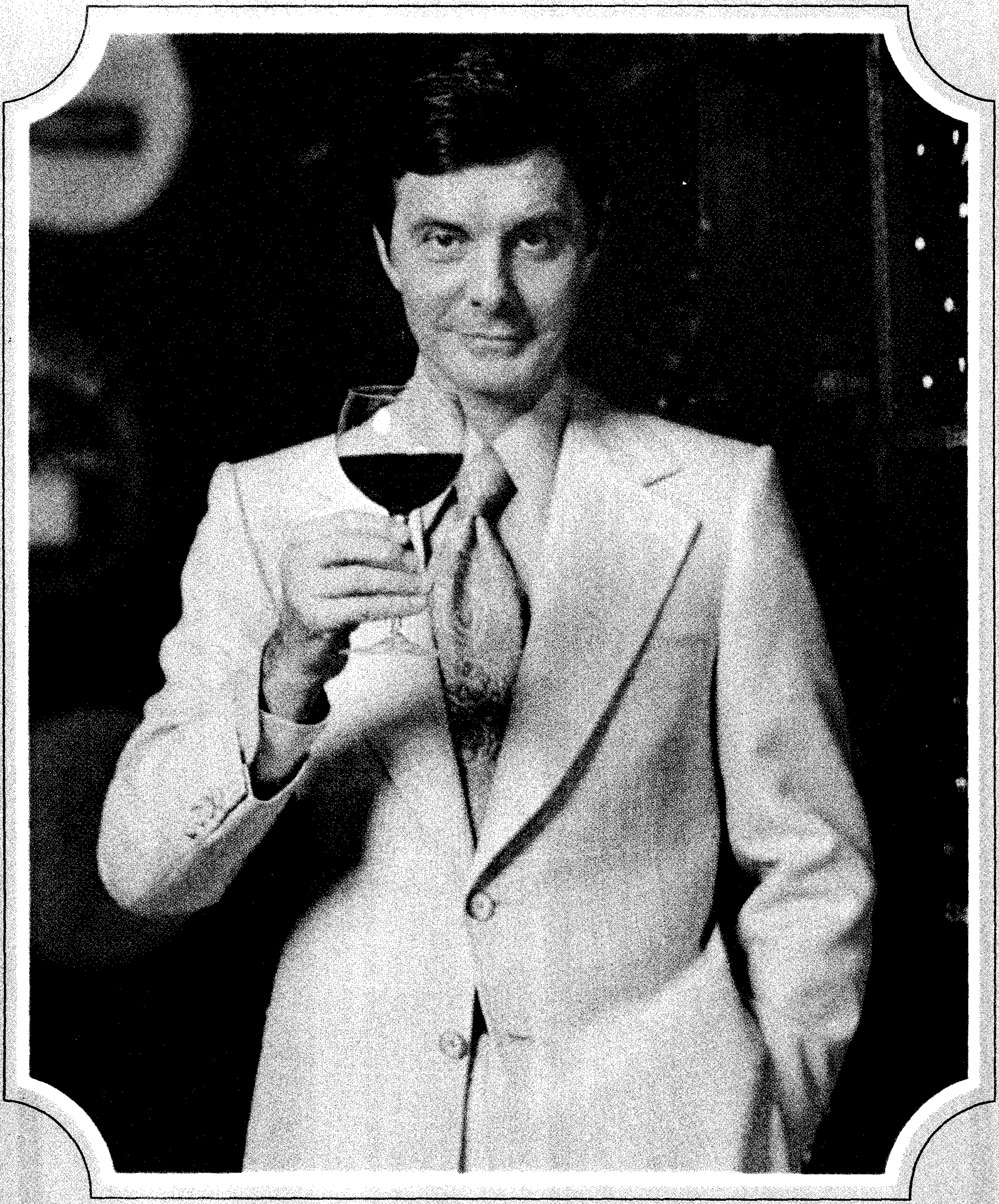
A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves its working-class realism behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on, almost like a dressy fantasy starring Elizabeth Taylor. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Little Carnegie.)

The Brig (1966)—The play by Ken Brown, performed by the Living Theatre group and filmed by Jonas Mekas. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17.)

Broken Blossoms (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film but perhaps his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as the childish waif (the source, probably, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"), Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampano-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 16.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through March 18.)

Call Me Madam (1953)—Ethel Merman gets more elbowroom than usual in Howard Lindsay's and Russel Crouse's topical satire on the activities of a wealthy Washington hostess whom Harry Truman appoints ambassador to the sort of country where people are poor but love to yodel, and where the chorus hops around in what are alleged to be peasant dances. Merman has tedious telephone conversations with Truman about his daughter's troubles in her singing career, but the Irving Berlin score has a few songs good enough to make the whole apparatus tolerable. Chief among them is the duet "You're Just in Love," sung by Merman with Donald O'Connor, who works surprisingly well with her—he's so ingratiating he lightens her a bit. (He also gets in some dancing.) George Sanders, in one of his rare singing roles, has a voice and personality weighty enough to make him a fit romantic partner for the lady. With Vera-Ellen (dubbed) as a princess who's anxious to marry O'Connor, quite obviously a commoner; and Walter Slezak, Billy De Wolfe,



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and Helmut Dantine. Walter Lang directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 16-18.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Olympia; through March 17. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through March 18. . . . ¶ Elgin; March 19.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Quad Cinema; through March 18.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Elgin; March 13-15.)

The Cool World (1964)—Shirley Clarke's film, based on Warren Miller's novel and the play by Miller and Robert Rossen. Hampton Clanton plays Duke, the fourteen-year-old Harlem boy who is trying to get a gun from a racketeer (played by Carl Lee) so he can be leader of his gang, the Royal Pythons. The semi-documentary footage, shot by Baird Bryant, is often fine in itself (and it's far superior to the juvenile-gang story), but it's used for a facile cry of social outrage and for "art," rather than being integrated with the story. The film tried to encompass too much: you get the feeling that the director thought she could use everything good that she caught. There are beautiful bits, but they don't come together. Dizzy Gillespie and others are on the jazz and rock-and-roll track; Fred Wiseman was the producer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 17-19.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Elgin; March 13-15. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14-16.)

Daughters, Daughters!—With Shai Ophir, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 19.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Elgin; March 16-17.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel, and it becomes too stagy. It was a huge popular success, however, and started a cycle. With Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 14.)

Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (Elgin; March 19.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1945)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 19-20.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld; through March 16.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) In French. (D. W. Griffith.)

Evergreen (1935)—In the thirties, the flower-faced English Jessie Matthews, with her gorgeous satin pajamas and her famous high kicks, was the closest female equivalent to Fred Astaire. Musical-comedy lovers used to dream of a pairing of the two, but, except for Ginger, he was stuck dragging girls like Joan Leslie through their paces, while Jessie Matthews stayed in England and had to carry her movies by solos, or by comic turns with Sonnie Hale. Here (with Sonnie Hale) she dances exquisitely in a classic British musical—i.e., charming but a little extended, and less snappy than American musicals of the same period. Victor Saville directed; the songs, including "Over My Shoulder Goes One Care" and "Dancing on the Ceiling," are by Rodgers and Hart, and Harry M. Woods. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 15.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 18.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Elgin; starting March 20.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's amazing, eloquent, indispensable first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

The Four Musketeers—A sequel to "The Three Musketeers," with Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, and Richard Chamberlain, directed by Richard Lester. (Loews Ciné; starting March 19.)

Freebie and the Bean—James Caan and Alan Arkin. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. It was conceived in the pre-Watergate Nixon era, and the heroes—cop buddies—seem to have a license to maim and slaughter people. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley as the transvestite. (Symphony; through March 18.)

Funny Lady—A sequel to "Funny Girl," with Barbra Streisand as Fanny Brice, James Caan as Billy Rose, and Omar Sharif as Nicky Arnstein. Directed by Herbert Ross. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing off. (10/14/74) (Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; starting March 19.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Ciné; through March 18.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—With Robert Redford, directed by George Roy Hill. (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East; starting March 13.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (72nd Street East; starting March 19.)

Hearts of the World (1918)—D. W. Griffith's venture into direct propaganda; he began the film to convince Americans to enter the First World War, but his objective was attained before he actually started to shoot, and the film turned into propaganda for an angrier spirit. Partly shot in the battlefields of Europe. With Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, and Robert Harron. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 13.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. A hectic remake of the famous Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," with a kind of

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terrific verbal knockabout that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Columbia II; through March 16.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 19.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through March 18.)

In Celebration—From David Storey's play. The third presentation of the American Film Theatre's second season (primarily subscription). With Alan Bates, directed by Lindsay Anderson. The film will be shown on March 17 and 18 only, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, First Avenue Screening Room, Columbia II, Juliet 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., U. A. East, Greenwich, Guild, Playboy, Loews 83rd St., and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information call 489-8820.

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's mad, brilliant, silly extravaganza—perhaps the greatest movie ever made. It combines extraordinary lyric passages, realism, and psychological details with nonsense, vulgarity, and painful sentimentality. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 15.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Columbia II; through March 16.)

Janis—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Cinema I.)

Jeremiah Johnson (1972)—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 19.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (72nd Street East; through March 18.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama With Donald Sutherland. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 13.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Gramercy; through March 16. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 18.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

The Lady with the Dog (1960)—A marvellous Soviet picture by Josef Heifits that perfectly transcribes Chekhov's story about a lingering, impossible affair between a middle-aged bank official and a shy young woman with a dog. They meet in Yalta. Both have unhappy marriages elsewhere. Over the years, they go on meeting. The gestures toward action are small and very moving. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 19.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through March 18. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting March 20.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Loews 83rd St.; starting March 19.)

Léda (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decaë and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette Lafont, Jeanne Valerie, and—as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 12-13.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and Thalia. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Greenwich. No performances March 17-18. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; March 12.)

Lenny Bruce Without Tears (1972)—A compilation of newsreel footage and filmed stage appearances, with added commentary by Mort Sahl, Kenneth Tynan, and others. Put together by Fred Baker. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 18-20. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting March 19.)

The Mad Miss Manton (1938)—Screwball comedy mixed with murder mystery—something ground out by writers in a desperate mood. Barbara Stanwyck, miscast as a dizzy débutante, is one of a covey of Junior League girls in fox capes; she walks her dog at three in the morning after a costume ball and finds a corpse in a deserted house. Inspirited by the spectacle, she immediately corrals her flighty friends; in their best party dresses, they scurry about the scene of the crime, squealing and looking for clues. Henry Fonda is the hero; the cast includes Sam Levene, Hattie McDaniel, and Stanley Ridges. Leigh Jason directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 19.)

Malizia—Directed by Salvatore Samperi: A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. In Italian. (6/17/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 18.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Baronet, and Paramount. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; March 12.)

Murder She Said (1962)—Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, a maiden-aunt amateur criminologist, in an amiable adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. With Arthur Kennedy and Stringer Davis; George Pollock directed. (Fine Arts.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Fine Arts.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending that he doesn't have talent. (Quad Cinema; through March 18.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Olympia; through March 17. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through March 18.)

Nosferatu (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's moviegoing subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed: Murnau gave distinction to dross. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 14.)

Pandora's Box (1929)—G. W. Pabst directing the flower-faced Louise Brooks, who does a famous Follies-girl walk across the stage in a theatre scene—all of four steps, but Pabst makes it enough. He always edited everything in his head before shooting. This is Louise Brooks's best-known film, apart from "Diary of a Lost Girl," also made with Pabst. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; starting March 19.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through March 18.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Godard's first foray into politics, with romance and political extremism and torture and talk of cinema all suspended in an existential mixture. Technically an innovative work, but humanly a baffling one. With Anna Karina and Michel Subor. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 12.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie convention of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Elgin; March 12.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. What works on the stage can be theatrical and empty at the same time, and that's how a Neil Simon sitcom like this can get by on Broadway. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton; starting March 13 at 8.)

Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins—A charmingly inconsequential film with a sidewise vision that sneaks up on you. Two girls (Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips) kidnap a man (Alan Arkin) and force him, at gunpoint, to drive them from Los Angeles to Arizona; the film is about how they begin to care for each other. The script, by John Kaye, is slight, and the situations are familiar, but the director, Dick Richards, has a feeling for momentary encounters; he's a very companionable sort of director, and the humor is based not on desperation but on affection. Well acted by the three principals (Alan Arkin loosens up, for a change), and also by Alex Rocco as a scrounger who attaches himself to the scruffy trio, and by Harry Dean Stanton. (2/3/75) (Loews 83rd St.; through March 16.)

The Red Balloon (1956)—Albert Lamorisse's celebrated thirty-four-minute film about a small boy (his son, Pascal) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. It is an allegory on innocence and evil, set in a child's dream world. Elegantly photographed and with a durable appeal to children, but it lacks the passionate beauty of the director's fable on the same theme, "White Mane." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 15.)

Report to the Commissioner—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, with a twittering voice, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; March 12.)

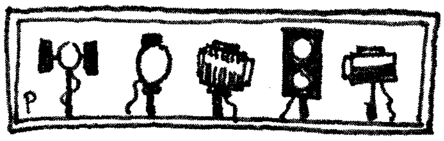
Rififi (1956)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and the director, Jules Dassin, who made this picture in France (and in French), eliminated all dialogue for a tense half hour as we watch how they do it. It is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. The film also provides nasty glimpses of underworld Parisian prostitutes and hopheads; Dassin keeps things actively vicious with the thrashing of a gangster's faithless mistress and the gaudily shot kidnapping of the young son of one of the quartet by another mob out to cut in on the swag. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but it's not all that good. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, Magali Noel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 15.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 16.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beekman; through March 18.)

The Searchers (1956)—A little girl—Lana Wood—is kidnapped by Comanches; by the time her uncle, John Wayne, finds her, years have passed and she has turned into Natalie Wood. John Ford directed this languorous, large-scale Western; the motives of the bitter, taciturn uncle are obscure throughout, and Ford's attempt at comic relief—male knockabout humor—is a fizzle. The cast includes Jeffrey Hunter, as Wayne's partner in the long search, and Vera Miles, Ward Bond, Antonio Moreno, Dorothy Jordan, John Qualen, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. (Elgin; March 18.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 19.)



Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through March 18.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film, and it's going to cause dissension. (2/17/75) (Coronet.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—The flat title tells the whole story of this uninspired office romance. Claudette Colbert, a chic, hyperefficient secretary, is in love with her rich, miserable department-store-owner boss (Melvyn Douglas). He has a spoiled brat (Edith Fellows) by a previous marriage and a rotten sister who keeps house for him. When he finally marries Claudette, she takes on his domestic mess and discovers that he expects her to be Miss Efficiency forever. This is one of those movies in which all problems are finally solved by the hero and heroine getting drunk and throwing bricks through plate-glass windows. Gregory La Cava directed. (Elgin; March 12.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 12.)

Siddhartha (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (7/23/73) (Art; through March 16.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 16.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Elgin; March 16, one performance, at noon.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy,

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Loews 83rd St.; starting March 19.)

Steppenwolf—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Art, and U. A. East; through March 16.)

Sun Valley Serenade (1941)—Sonja Henie skates and skis to such colossal triumphs that Lynn Bari, her jealous rival for John Payne's affection, can do nothing more than call her a "Scandinavian hillbilly" and take off in a huff. Sonja Henie probably has to be seen once, just as the infant Shirley Temple has to be seen once. There's no way of explaining what made either of them a top star, but when you see them you understand it perfectly; they may be beyond satire but they're undeniably stars. This picture is as strong a dose of adorable Sonja Henie as anyone could wish; it even includes the number "The Kiss Polka." With Milton Berle, Joan Davis, and Glenn Miller and his orchestra, who come through with "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." H. Bruce Humberstone directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 16-18.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Guild; through March 16.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 18.)

Tommy—A rock opera, with Ann-Margret and Oliver Reed, directed by Ken Russell. (Ziegfeld; starting March 19 at 8.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 15.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

True Heart Susie (1919)—A lovely, simple pastoral romance—one of the most charming of all D. W. Griffith films. Close to perfection, on a small scale. Lillian Gish is Susie, Robert Harron is William, and Clarine Seymour is Bettina, William's pleasure-loving bride, who sneaks out to a party and can't get back into her house. Scott Fitzgerald must have seen this film before he wrote "Babylon Revisited." (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 20.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Regency.)

Viva la Muerte! (1971)—Directed by Fernando Arrabal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 12.)

Wagonmaster (1950)—Mormons in the eighteen-seventies in search of new land to settle; the film is about what happens to their wagon train, and the director, John Ford, is as deeply involved in the characters as he is in the encounters with Indians, the romances, the dealings with mysterious strangers. He draws heavily on his earlier films; as a result, this seems one of his most personal works. It's a John Ford ballad, with his limitations showing as well as his poetic strength. With Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru, Harry Carey, Jr., Ward Bond, and Jane Darwell. (Elgin; March 18.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 18.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that your sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14 and 16.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Women in Revolt (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno-burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars." (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14-15.)

The Wrong Damn Film—With Barry Bostwick and Keene Curtis, directed by Carson Davidson. (First Avenue Screening Room; through March 16.)

The Yakuza—With Robert Mitchum and Takakura Ken, directed by Sydney Pollack. (Beekman; starting March 19.)

Zandy's Bride—Directed by Jan Troell, with Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman both giving good performances in a dreary film that moves at the speed of a hand plow. (Art; starting March 19.)

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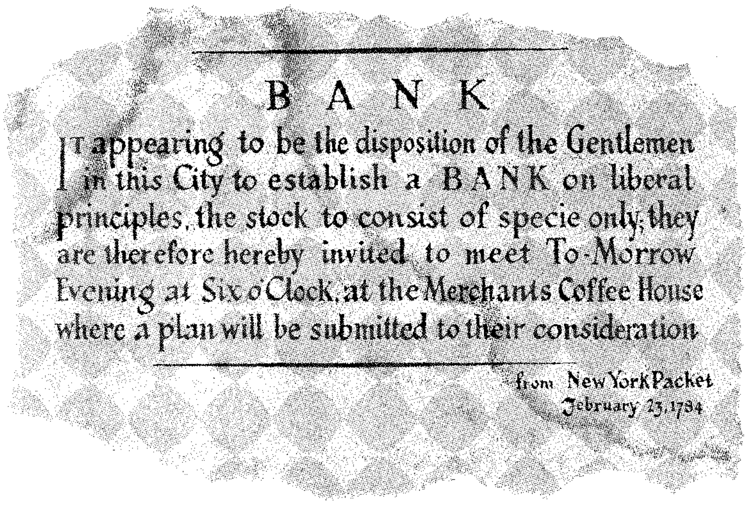

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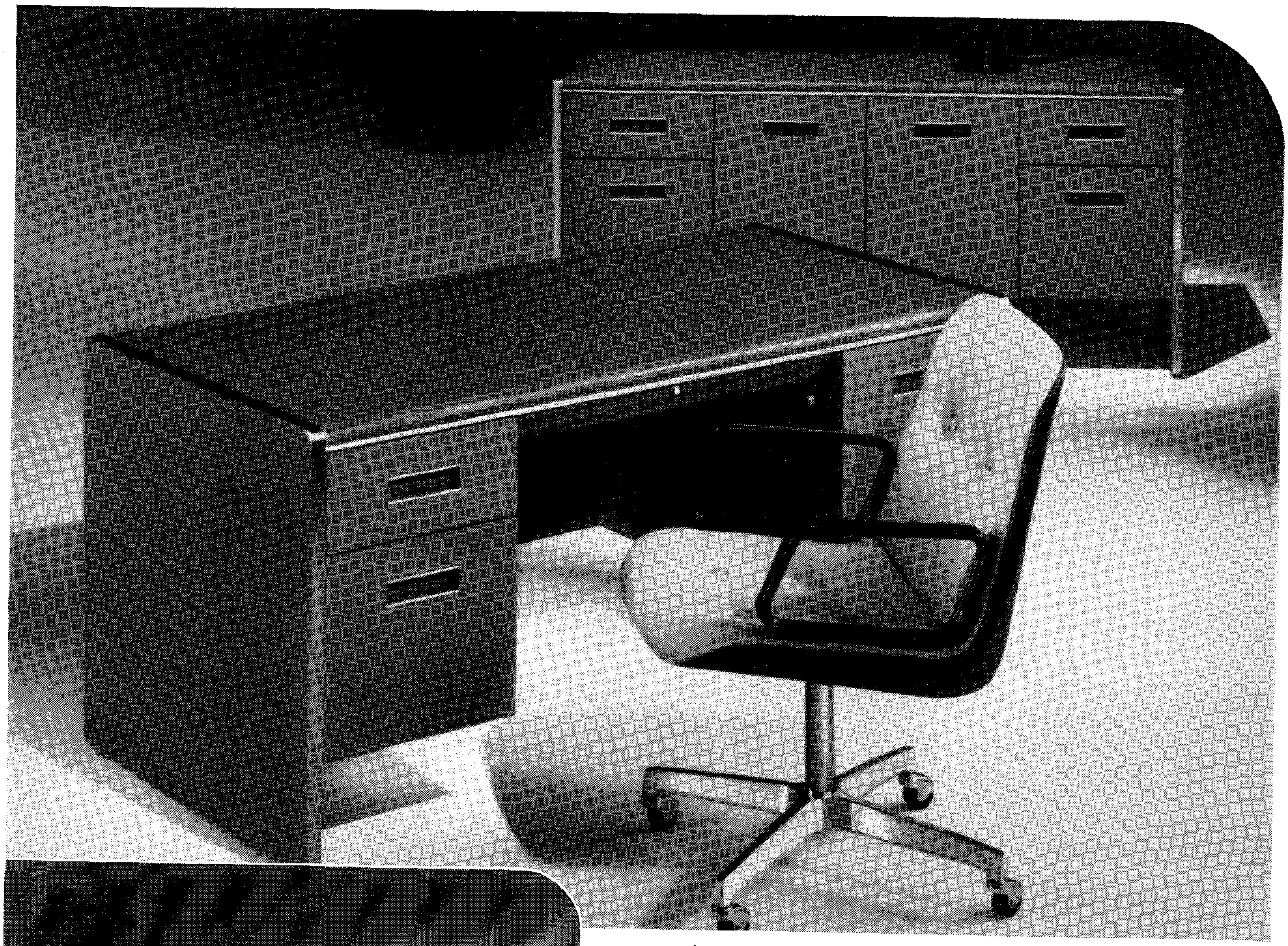

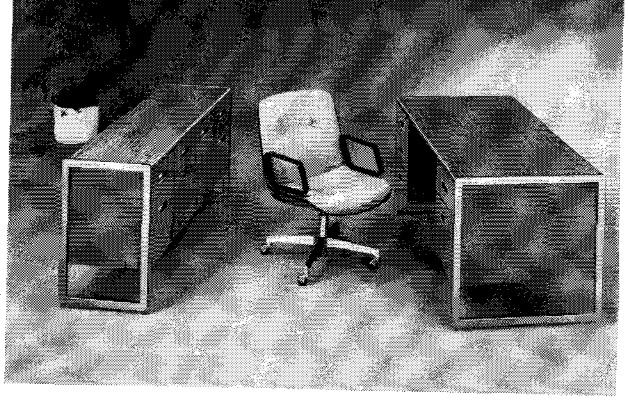

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

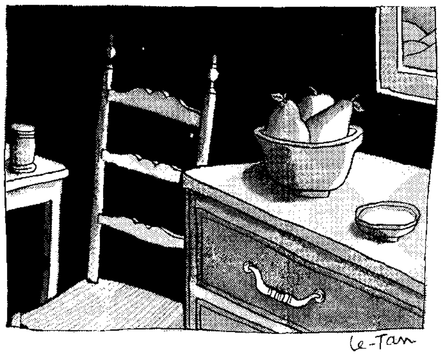
Notes and Comment

Simone Weil, in describing the traits of character that the Romans brought to their conquests, once wrote, "With unswerving resolution, they always sacrificed everything to considerations of prestige; they were always inflexible in danger and impervious to pity or any human feeling." The United States, too, in its policy toward Indo-China, has sacrificed everything to considerations of prestige, and it, too, has been impervious to pity and human feeling. Today, after all that has happened, the Administration once again tells us that our prestige is at stake in Indo-China—this time in the battle between the government of Lon Nol and insurgent forces in Cambodia. At a press conference a week or so ago, President Ford spelled out the reasoning once again. His words were the ones we've been hearing for fifteen years. "If we abandon our allies," he said, "we will be saying to all the world that war pays. Aggression will not stop. Rather, it will increase. In Cambodia, the aggressors will have shown that if negotiations are resisted, the United States will weary, abandon its friends, and force will prevail." Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger went further, and said that the fall of the Phnom Penh government would be a "disaster" for the United States. Oddly, with all this at stake the Administration was asking for an appropriation of only two hundred and twenty-two million dollars in supplemental aid. The smallness of the sum is emblematic of a disparity that has grown up between what the United States is willing to expend in Cambodia and what it hopes to gain. Though the United States is barred by its own laws from fighting in Cambodia, the Administration asserts that our prestige is at stake there. The blood that is now flowing is Cambodian blood, but the credibility on the line is said to be American. The performers are Cambodian, but the "performance" remains ours. The stake seems to have been created by pure projection: American prestige is at stake in Cambodia because high United States officials have said that American prestige is at stake in Cambodia. The concern with prestige is of long standing, but the cheapness is new. Once, if the government believed American prestige to be at stake it was willing to pay billions of dollars and risk thousands of American lives to protect it; and if this decision led to tragedy, at least there was the dignity of sacrifice in what was thought by some to be a noble cause. Now things have changed. American officials still talk of prestige, but without seeming to believe what they are saying. Today, we seem to be dealing with a very low-grade sort of prestige. American prestige is up for sale at recession prices. Two hundred and twenty-two million dollars is all it costs, and unnumbered Cambodian lives.

• •

Matey

Rod Stewart has as good a voice as anyone in rock music, but what makes him such an agreeable performer, and accounts for the warmth of his relations with his sidemen and his audience, is that he is so extremely matey. To be matey is to be one of the lads, which is not at all the same as the American custom of being one of the boys. The latter calls for an excess of backslapping and much aggressive banter about money and cars. Mateyness, on the other hand, is a blend of camaraderie and working-class ironic distance from anything that might be construed as pompous. It isn't absolutely necessary to be a Cockney in order to be matey, but it helps. Helen, a British friend of ours who accompanied us to the Rod Stewart concert at Madison Square Garden the other night, told us about mateyness, and she also pointed out that the Garden crowd resembled an English football crowd, in that its members were mostly drab in dress, hairy, and afflicted with the kind of pale, lumpy faces that speak of a diet overrich in carbohydrates. "These people seem a bit low on aggro, however," she said. "And they're bigger. Everybody over here is so incredibly big."



Rod Stewart's band is called Faces; at the Garden it was preceded by a quintet called Blue Öyster Cult, one of those groups that seem to be all name and *no* face. Blue Öyster Cult played repetitively in a heavy-metal style. "I know they're American, but they don't *sound* American," Helen said. "They sound like Euro-rock—like that Dutch group, Golden Earring, or that German group, Amon Düül II. You know? Maybe you don't."

We said we didn't.

For its last number, Blue Öyster Cult had miniature bombs going off onstage, with lots of smoke and flash and strobe lights, and it finished up knee-deep in fog, which was more exciting than if there had been no fog.

"Oh, I like that," Helen said. "They're a bit *efficient*, though, aren't they?"

During the intermission, Helen said, "Rod Stewart and some of the Faces are from North London, where I live. Not like The Who—they're from down the Bush."

"The Bush?"

"Shepherd's Bush. If this were a Rod Stewart concert in England, right now everyone would be chanting '*Rod-ney! Rod-ney!*' That's because of football. All the Manchester City supporters chant *'Rod-ney!'* at the matches, because the best player on Manchester City is the great Rodney Marsh. Now, as everyone knows, Rod Stewart is very keen on football—he plays on weekends, and he's ever so good. So people chant *'Rod-ney!'* for him, too, even though he's a supporter of the Celtic, from Glasgow, and even though his real name is Roderick. You see?"

We said we did.

When Rod and the lads finally appeared onstage, the loudspeakers played a raucous version of "The Stripper," which served to dissipate lingering Cultism and established a jolly music-hall mood. Stewart was wearing a mod suit of yellow satin, and he has the archetypical shag haircut.

"Oh, God, he's so sixties!" Helen cried ecstatically. "He's so Carnaby Street!"

Stewart's face is built of unpromising materials—his nose, for instance, is long and knobbed—yet, with his high cheekbones and large eyes and mouth, the whole is surprisingly handsome. If he were American, he would look like a backwoodsman (in Appalachia the English line is at its purest), but he's as Cockney as they come, and utterly urban. His voice is rough and gravelly, yet the words he sings are easily discernible. He sang "I'm Losing You," strutting across the stage like a barrow boy on his day off, and flourishing the microphone stand as if it were the oar of some silver canoe. During a long drum solo, Stewart and his lead guitarist, Ron Wood, clowned in the dark off to one side for a clump of Instamatic-wielding girls. For a medley of Sam Cooke songs, a dozen violinists appeared on a raised platform at the rear of the stage. They sat there, in their dinner jackets and horn-rimmed glasses, like so many Henry Kissingers. "I think we may capture magic this evening," Stewart said in a mock-posh accent. "Members of the orchestra, are you ready?"

Stewart sang "Stay with Me," one of his biggest hits, and Helen said she was beginning to get homesick. Everyone onstage was smiling most of the time, sometimes cockily, sometimes just happily. There was none of the menace that groups like the Rolling Stones try for, and there was no grimness and no portentousness—there was nothing but fun.

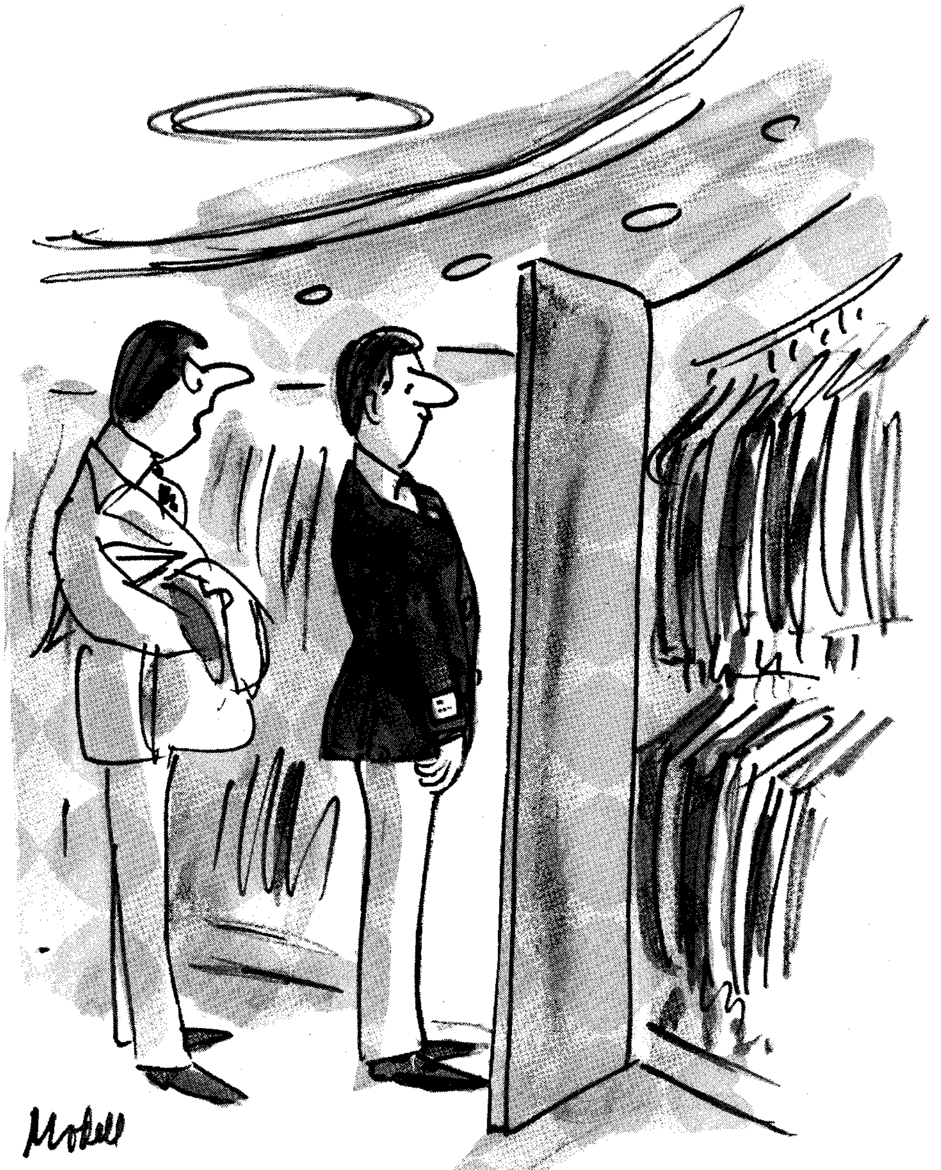
During an expectant pause, Helen said, "Oh dear! He's going to sing 'Maggie May,' and I shall cry." He did, and she did. He finished in his favorite pose—in profile, with one leg far in front of the other, head thrown back.

At the end, Rod Stewart and Faces laid down their guitars, put their arms around each other, and sang "We'll Meet Again," like a gang of revellers after the last round at the corner pub. The crowd cheered.

Helen said, "Look over there." Someone in the audience was holding up a yellow banner with a red lion rampant on it.

"We bid you a fond farewell," Rod Stewart said.

"How wonderful," Helen said. "If only all English people were like that."



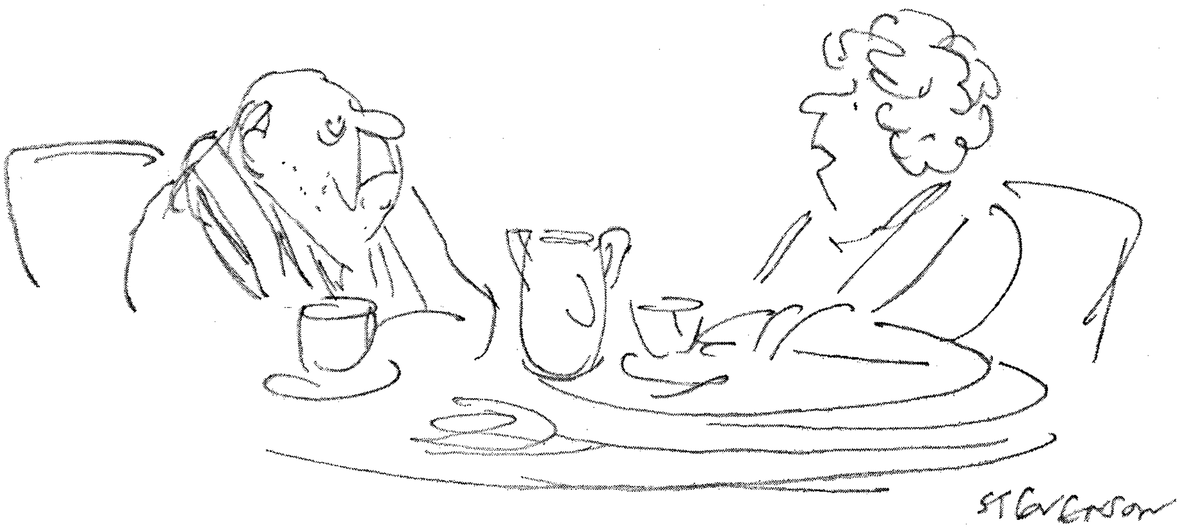
"But don't take my word for it. Run it through Maxwell's Plum."

Fort Hamilton League

ON a relatively benign day last week, we lunched alfresco (ham and cheese on a roll w/mayo) on a bench in Brooklyn's Prospect Park, then took a rambling route back toward "New York" (as they refer to Manhattan in that borough), travelling southwest along Fort Hamilton Parkway. Passing a small park in the Fifties, we thought we saw a man wearing a red goalie mask of the sinister ice-hockey variety: slits for eyes, holes for a mouth, a lump for a nose. We assumed, naturally, it was just somebody dressed up to rob a bank, but as we slowed down we observed a sign on the park fence:

DEPARTMENT OF RECREATION
INTERBORO HOCKEY LEAGUE
HOME OF ROLLER HOCKEY

We stopped, and walked into the park, which occupies the block between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets and runs about a third of a block northwest. It was typical—swings, slides, sandboxes, seesaws, mothers and children and baby carriages, basketball court and handball court, and benches and tall, peeling plane trees. But about half of it was separated by a wall of



"It seems only yesterday you were perky in the morning."

boards, with tall floodlights overhead, and from this area came the familiar sounds of hockey: the slap of stick on puck, the urgent, uneven scrape of skates, the thunder of players crashing into boards. Four or five spectators were standing outside the low door of the rink—a large section of smooth gray asphalt—watching a dozen players, old and young and wearing Bruin shirts, Maple Leaf shirts, Ranger shirts (any-team shirts), bluejeans or other long pants, and roller skates, flash around at high speed, passing a puck (a roll of black plastic tape with a hole in the center) and shooting at authentic goal nets at either end. We joined the audience and got a friendly greeting from a small, enthusiastic man of middle age who was dressed in the olive-colored uniform of the Parks Department (plus yellow aviator sunglasses and a small pencil mustache). "This team is undefeated," he declared proudly, waving at some of the fast-moving skaters, and he introduced himself as Joe DiBenedetto. "I'm the laborer here," he added, with a smile.

"He's the *padrone*," said one of the spectators, correcting DiBenedetto and giving him a small punch simultaneously.

"We got a big game on Saturday," said DiBenedetto. "There'll be a big crowd."

"This part of Brooklyn has a lot of family, a lot of feeling for kids," said a man in a blue ski jacket. "I came from here—Eleventh Avenue and Sixty-fifth—but now I manage the Holly Avenue Hawks, over in Flushing. We play in a league of about twenty teams. We've got to win the borough-wide title in order to play the Fort Hamilton team." He tapped the wooden sides of the rink. "If we had boards like *this* . . ." he said, wistfully.

"We didn't have boards originally," said DiBenedetto. "It was just a playground back in 1957, when the hockey started. We used to wrap the trees in blankets, so nobody would get hurt, and the goals were garbage cans. One day, Ray Miller, the recreation director here, said to me, 'If only I had a truck . . .' He had seen some beams that were not actually being *used* at a construction site. Well, my brother-in-law had a truck, so we borrowed the truck and we borrowed the beams one night, and we made an edge around the rink. Later on, we nailed plywood to the beams, so we had real sides."

We talked with an affable, slight young man named Tommy Monte, who said he played left wing for one of Fort Hamilton's Unlimited teams—eighteen years old and over. "I'm twenty-three now," he said. "Our team has been playing together for about thirteen years. We used to play hockey on the street. We all went to Saint Agatha's School, on Forty-eighth Street; five of us go to college now—I go to Staten Island Community College—and some are married; three are police officers. We've got a bar that sponsors our team—Dee's Pub, at Fifty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue here. Dee—she runs the bar with her two daughters—provides our shirts, and we all go there after games. She puts out food and stuff."

We heard a crash, and jumped back as a player was checked into the boards in front of us, and then Monte led us into a small orange-and-blue brick park building near the sandbox; it contained a desk, chairs, a number of brooms, and—on the walls—a lot of photographs of roller-hockey-game action and charts of the Fort Hamilton Parkway Roller Hockey League standings. (In the Unlimiteds, there were two divisions—East and West, the former including the Canadiens, Jokers, Rangers, Flyers, and Stars, and the latter including the Rockets, Nationals, Blackhawks, Kings, and Sharks. The Juniors—fourteen to seventeen years—included the Crusaders, Canadiens, Flint Celtics, and Rangers; and the Bantams—under fourteen—included yet more Canadiens, and the Bruins, Flyers, and Sabres.) We were joined by a young man in a gray topcoat, who was introduced as Steve Miolla, an official of the League.

We asked him how many people in New York played roller hockey.

He did some quick figuring. "Let's see," he said. "Nine leagues . . . three hundred . . . Counting all the boroughs, I'd say at least four thousand people. Plus the thousands more who play on the streets. This is basically the only good place to play roller hockey in the whole city, but they're building more rinks. In the meantime, there's no room right now for more players."

We walked back to the practice game just as a sturdy-looking man in his twenties came off the rink wearing a gray sweatshirt and big Cooper gloves, carrying a Sher-Wood hockey stick, and moving along comfortably on skates with large rubber wheels. He was hailed by the others as Butchy.

"I started skating here when I was seven," Butchy told us. "I lived at Fifty-seventh and Sixteenth. Now I teach hockey to kids over at Abe Stark's, on Coney Island. It's real ice, and it's run by the city." He wiped an arm of his sweatshirt across his brow. "We've got a game here on Saturday. The official season ends at the end of March, but we have exhibition games after that, and kids can play anytime. Saturday's going to be a big crowd. The team we play is, like . . ." He hesitated, then he said, reluctantly, "Bad. They like to use the stick on you."

Is roller hockey becoming increasingly violent, in the style of ice hockey, we asked.

"No," said Butchy. "The officials give a ten-dollar fine for fighting, and the young kids, they get taken out of the game, and they don't like that. The older players are a little rougher, but so far I haven't got hurt. Oh, I lost a couple of teeth. It was six years ago. I was down, and the guy was skating away, and I got kicked in the mouth." He demonstrated the nature of the accident—a heel to the jaw. He smiled, displaying the shortage, but it was clear that he regarded it as a small price to pay. "See you at the game, maybe?" he said, and he went on his way.

It was time for us to leave. We said goodbye to the others, shaking hands all around, then started out past the sandboxes and slides and seesaws.

"Don't forget to come back on the weekend!" called DiBenedetto. "We're into the playoffs now!"

Three Gatherings

WE went up to the Library Suite, on the second floor of the St. Regis, the other evening for a reception. The Library Suite is decorated in a style that might be described as hotel Baroque. It has pickled-oak-panelled walls, carved off-white ceilings, and a crystal chandelier, and one room is lined with pickled-oak-and-glass-doored bookcases, which contain about two thousand leather-covered volumes. The reception was being given by Joseph Raposo, who is the distinguished composer of most of the music in "Sesame Street," for Arthur Fiedler, who is the distinguished conductor of the Boston Pops Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler recently made an album consisting of music by Mr. Raposo, and selections from the album were being played over a sound system that was hidden somewhere behind the bookcases. On entering the Library Suite, we found Pat Collins, the WCBS-TV arts critic and talk-show host, talking with Tammy Grimes, the actress. Dave Marash, the WCBS-TV anchorman, was talking with Joel Siegel, the WCBS-TV correspondent. Geraldo Rivera, the WABC-TV correspondent and television-special host, was talking with Mrs. Marion Javits, the wife of Senator Jacob Javits.

Before long, we began talking with an attractive couple named Ralph and Eugenie Ellis. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis told us that they wrote for the daytime television series called "As the World Turns."

"A lot of people we meet have never seen it," said Mr. Ellis.

We said that we had seen it.

"Ralph has written lots of soap operas, but 'Turns' is only my second," said Mrs. Ellis.

"Soaps can be a lot of fun," said Mr. Ellis.

Later—as Mr. Raposo's lovely song "Bein' Green" came over the sound system—we talked with Mr. Fiedler and his sister, Elsa, who looked charming in a black dress with white trim. Mr. Fiedler looked imposing in a dark-blue suit whose lapel bore the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. We asked him what—aside from making music—he enjoyed doing in life. "I collect things having to do with firefighting," he said. "Five years ago, for my seventy-fifth birthday, my son gave me a fire engine. I keep it in a museum."

Still later, we joined Mr. Raposo, who was in conversation with Mr. Rivera and Mrs. Javits. Mr. Raposo, a healthy-looking man of thirty-seven, told us that in 1969, after receiving a degree from Harvard and living in Europe for a while, he was asked to become the musical director of a new television show for children, which had no name. "One day, Jon Stone, the show's producer, came to me and asked me what I thought of 'Sesame Street' as a name for the new show," Mr. Raposo said. "I told him it was the worst name I had ever heard."

We left Mr. Raposo, Mrs. Javits, and Mr. Rivera and strolled over to the bookcases. We saw "Fielding's Works," bound in red leather; "Sara Crewe and Other Stories," bound in black leather; and a twenty-two-volume set entitled "Fiske's Writings," bound in brown leather, all of which had exquisitely engraved gold lettering.

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A FEW evenings after the reception in the Library Suite, we went to another reception, in a restaurant called Sweet Basil, on Seventh Avenue South. This one was being given for a young woman named Janet Barkas, who is the author of two books on vegetarianism—"The Vegetable Passion," which was recently published by Scribners, and "Meatless Cooking: Celebrity Style," which was recently published by Grove. Sweet Basil is a comfortable-looking restaurant with one brick wall, several wooden ones, and several plaster ones. On entering, we found Sam Levenson, the comedian, talking with Fran Lee, the consumer advocate; Judy Klemesrud, the *Times* reporter, talking with Lucinda Franks, the *Times* reporter; and Dotson Rader, the author, talking with John Simon, the critic. At a buffet against one wall, the following dishes were being served: Brigid Brophy's Vegetarian Quiche, Lois Nettleton's Anise Whole Wheat Bread, Salad 26 (Gerry and Dennis Weaver), Gingerbread (Adelle Davis), and Vera Miles's Crunchy Kernel Wheat Loaf.

We helped ourself to some food and tracked down Miss Barkas, who is a striking-looking young woman with long dark hair. We asked her how she had come to write the books. " 'Meatless Cooking' is a cookbook, with recipes contributed by various celebrities, some of whom are—and some of whom are not—vegetarians," she said. "I've been working on 'The Vegetable Passion' for seven years, and I've travelled to Canada, Europe, Nepal, and India doing research for it. But I'm not a proselytizer. I simply wanted to give as complete a survey of the subject as possible—historical, sociological, and anthropological. 'The Vegetable Passion' deals with vegetarianism in various societies, among people as different as the Pythagoreans, the Jains, of India, and the Doukhobors, of Russia. It also discusses well-known advocates of vegetarianism, like da Vinci, Rousseau, Gandhi, Richard Wagner, Bernard Shaw, and Yehudi Menuhin. Ravi Shankar and George Harrison are vegetarians, too, by the way. There are all sorts of reasons people become vegetarians—some of them religious, some having to do with other convictions, some just a matter of taste. I'm finding that more and more men and women are becoming vegetarians—especially young people and people who have been involved in consciousness-raising. Technically, I'm a lacto-ovo-vegetarian, which means that I eat milk products and eggs as well as vegetables. A stricter vegetarian is called a vegan. There are also people who limit themselves to things like nuts and berries, but *that* sort of diet is very hard to maintain."

We told her that the Crunchy Kernel Wheat Loaf was delicious.

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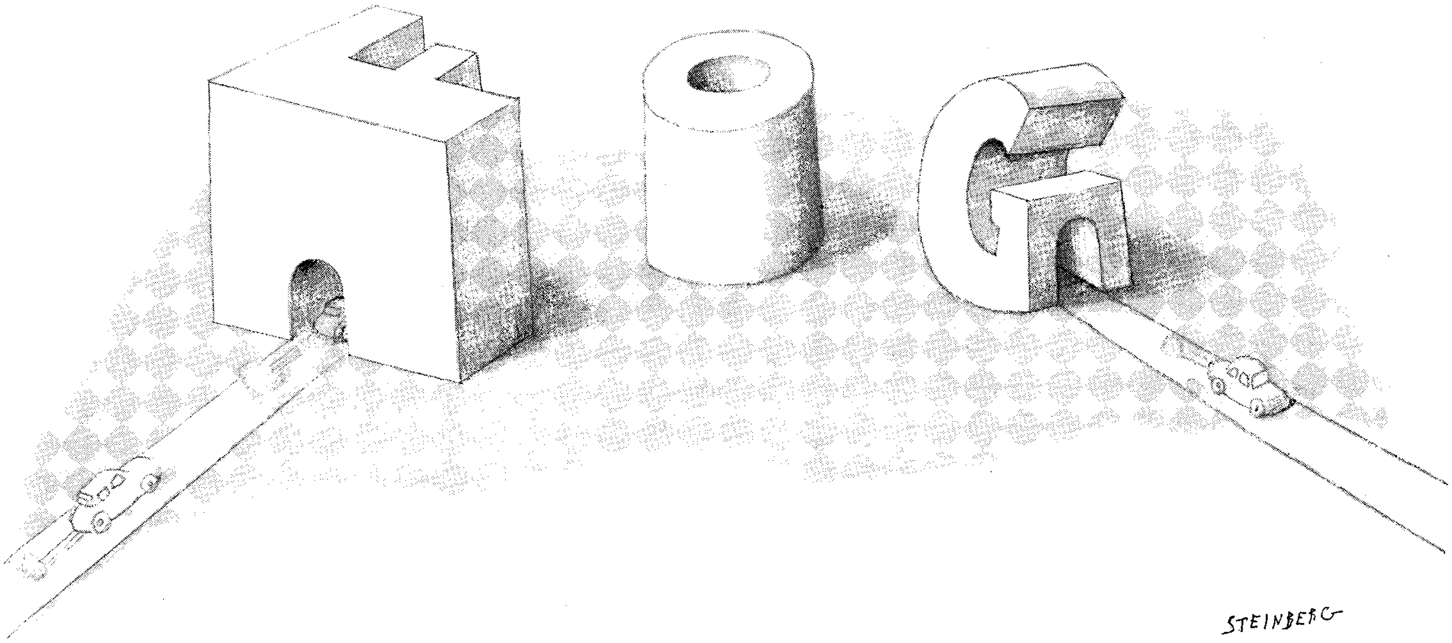
THE Inner Circle is a group of a hundred-odd past and present City Hall reporters, and its sole function is to produce a satirical show once a year for an audience that includes nearly every prominent politician in town. We attended the latest edition, which was called "Abie's Irish Woes (or Cash 'n' Carey)," and found ourself in the Hilton ballroom's balcony, one evening last week, looking down at a vast collection of political pates. Among almost fourteen



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hundred guests were four mayors (Vincent Impellitteri, Robert Wagner, John Lindsay, and Abraham Beame), one governor (Hugh Carey), Representatives Ed Koch, Herman Badillo, and Mario Biaggi, and assorted city and state officials. (New York's two senators did not attend.) The people on the ground floor of the ballroom, who had paid a hundred dollars apiece for their tickets (the money was to go to a number of small charities), spent the intermissions table-hopping and shaking hands. The people in the balcony, who were nonpaying guests of the Inner Circle, kept score. "Carey's talking to somebody who looks like Irving Goldman," said a woman who was surveying the crowd through opera glasses. "Lindsay and Wagner are at the same table. Morgenthau looks glum. There's a man in a *brown* tuxedo at Table 16, who looks like Roger Grimsby."

The show itself was fast and loaded with inside jokes. The sets were fanciful—Act I took place in an Enchanted Forest, Act II was a Legislative Circus, Act III unfolded in Ebbets Field—and the plots, such as they were, tended to be confused. The inhabitants of the Enchanted Forest, for example, included Snow Job (Mayor Beame), a tiny white-haired lady resembling Queen Victoria; a Wicked Witch (Comptroller Harrison Goldin); the Lone Ar-ranger (William Ronan); a Fiscal Monarch (James Cavanagh, who sang "We run a billion-dollar city/Like a corner candy store"); six outlaws (labor leaders, who carolled "Whistle while we shirk"); seven dwarfs (the Board of Estimate); and Prince Charming (Nelson Rockefeller, who sang "I can't give you anything but love, Abie"). The Legislative Circus consisted of a two-man horse and leading members of the City Council, who appeared as clowns, dancers, and acrobats. Sample joke: "What was the name of that great knife-throwing act you had here a couple of years ago?" "Oh, you mean Donald Manes. He went into business for himself out in Queens." Ebbets Field had Red Barber (Gabe Pressman with a red wig and a Southern accent) introducing rival baseball teams from Washington and New York, which gave the scriptwriters a chance for some national commentary. Sample joke: Kissinger says to Ford, "Mr. President, I have good news and bad news for you tonight. The bad news is that the Arabs have landed on the moon." Ford says to Kissinger, "And what's the good news?" Kissinger says, "*All* of them!"

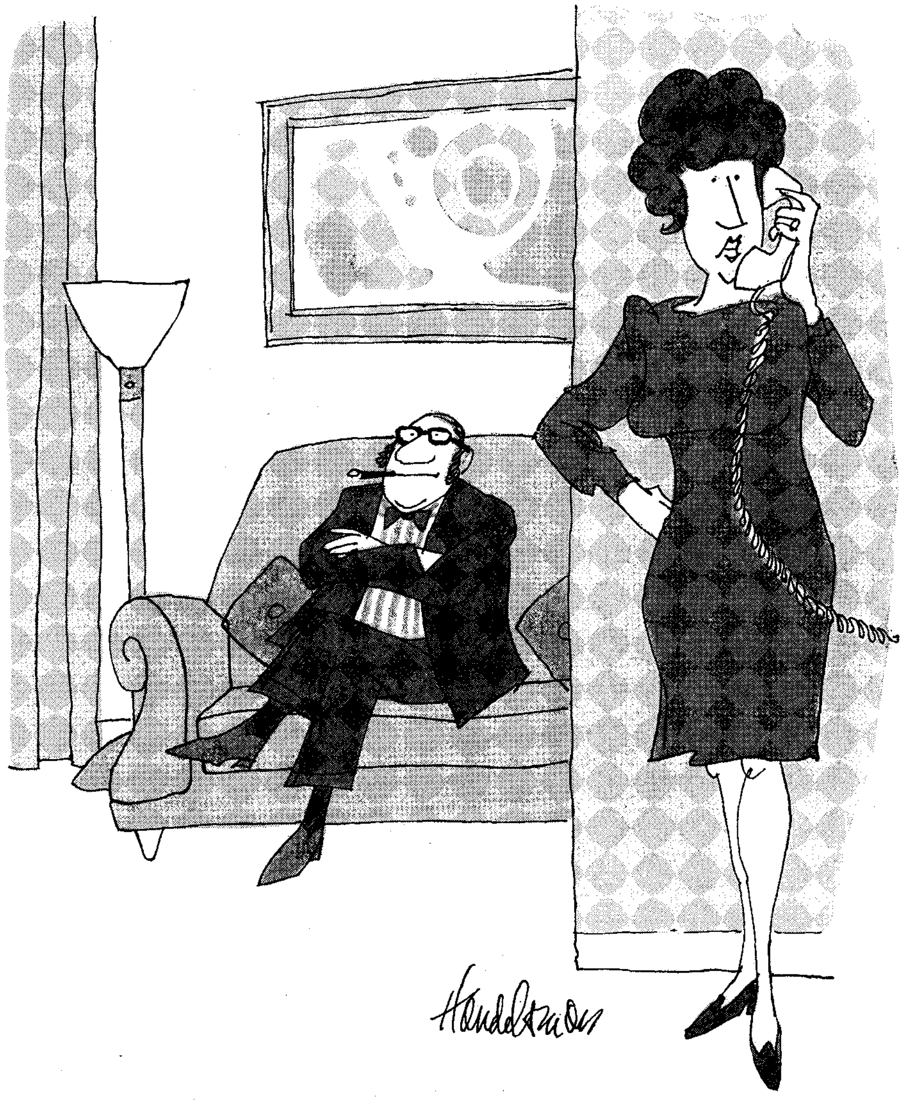
The best number in the show was "Big Bad Spunky Beame," a pounding rock tune delivered by Joe Bragg, a young radio reporter playing a zoo keeper who had just been fired in the Beame economy drive. Sample lyric: "He's bad, bad Abie Beame,/The baddest man on the whole Beame team./Badder than a rusty saw,/Meaner than Cavanagh!" The funniest act, perhaps, belonged to Tom Poster, a writer on the *News*, who hurtled onstage dressed in the red-white-and-black costume of a Polish peasant girl and said, "Hi. I'm Mary Anne Krupsak. I may be No. 2, but I try harder." Poster, who is Polish himself, swept the entire cast into a maniacal polka. The surprise of the evening was Mayor Beame, who, in his traditional response at the end of the show, turned out to be a skillful deadpan comic. Looking as if he were about to deliver a budget lecture, the Mayor walked to the rostrum and said, "Let's have a big hand for the Inner Circle—New York's One Hundred Neediest Cases!" After needling the reporters about their finances ("I'm told this is a charitable event. I'm sure that the thousands of dollars contributed here tonight are being given in the very same spirit that my own commissioners demonstrated when they volunteered part of *their* salaries to help the city"), he touched on job-clearance procedure ("By the time Nick Scoppetta finishes screening some of our appointments, we have already laid them off") and the financial crisis in Albany ("When I became Mayor, last year, I came into office looking for money and found the cupboard was bare. But poor Governor Carey—when *he* came into office, he found the cupboard was *missing*. Just recently he found out why. Actually, the cupboard belonged to Nelson Rockefeller").

FINE TIMES: AN ORAL MEMOIR

THE following are excerpts from the soon-to-be-published memoirs of Flo Guinness. Certainly the most colorful of all speakeasy owners during Prohibition, Big Flo, as her friends called her (many enemies called her that, too, mostly for convenience), emerges in these taped interviews as a woman with a lusty appetite for living, as well as a disappointed artist who had to give up her lifetime ambition to become a classical violinist, when she realized it would mean studying the violin. Here, for the first time, Big Flo speaks for herself.

ORIGINALLY I danced at the Jewel Club in Chicago, for Ned Small. Ned was a shrewd businessman who made all his money by what we would now call "stealing." Of course, in those days it was quite different. Yes, sir, Ned had great charm—the kind you don't see today. He was famous for breaking both your legs if you disagreed with him. And he could do it, too, boys. He broke *more* legs! I'd say fourteen or sixteen legs a week was his average. But Ned was sweet on me, maybe 'cause I always told him straight to his face what I thought of him. "Ned," I told him over dinner once, "you're a mealymouth grifter with the morals of an alley cat." He laughed, but later that night I saw him looking up "mealymouth" in a dictionary. Anyhow, like I said, I danced at Ned Small's Jewel Club. I was his best dancer, boys—a dancer-*actress*. The other girls just hoofed, but I danced a little story. Like Venus emerging from her bath, only on Broadway and Forty-second Street, and she goes night-clubbing and dances till dawn and then has a massive coronary and loses control of the facial muscles on her left side. Sad stuff, boys. That's why I got respect.

One day, Ned Small calls me into his office and says, "Flo." (He always called me Flo, except when he got real mad at me. Then he'd call me Albert Schneiderman—I never knew why. Let's say the heart has strange ways.) So Ned says, "Flo, I want you to marry me." Well, you could've knocked me over with a feather. I started crying like a baby. "I mean it, Flo," he said. "I love you very deeply. It's not easy for me to say these things, but I want you to be the mother of my children. And if you don't I'll break both your legs." Two days later, to the minute, Ned Small and I tied the knot. Three days later, Ned was machine-gunned to death by the mob for spilling raisins on Al Capone's hat.



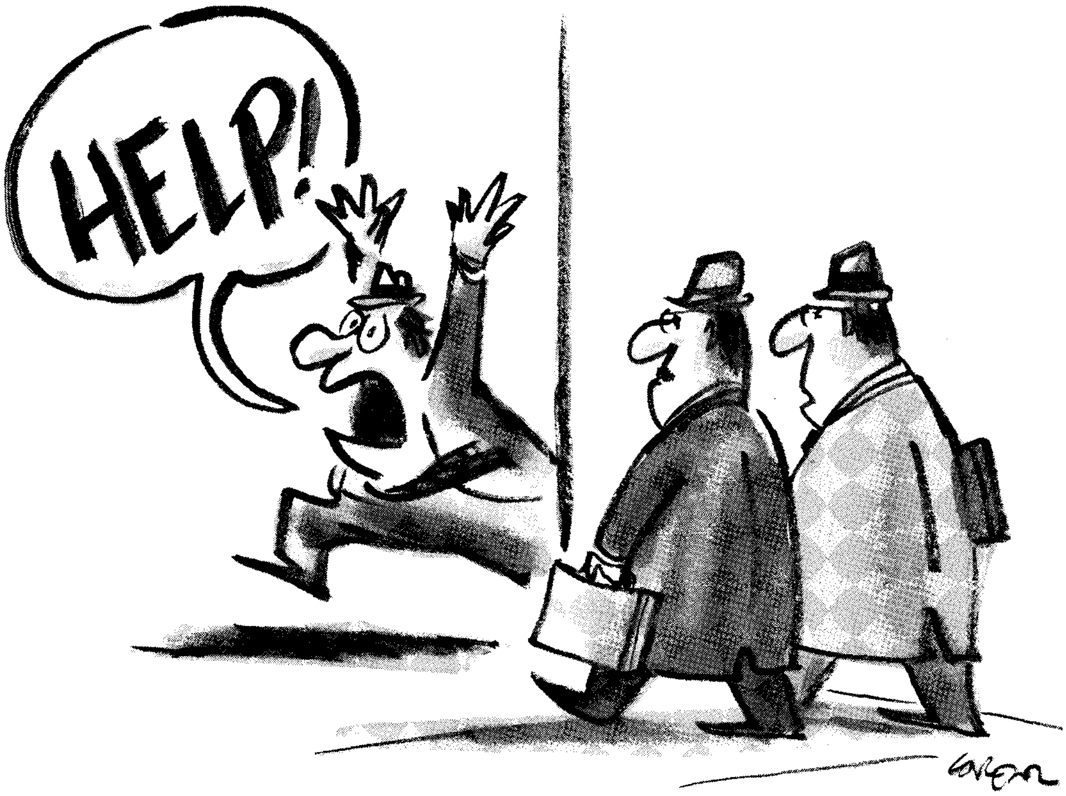
"Residence of Otis P. Driscoll, nobody's fool."

After that, of course, I was rich. First thing I did was buy my mother and father that farm they'd always talked about. They claimed they had never talked about a farm and actually wanted a car and some furs, but they gave it a try. Liked the rural life, too, although Dad got struck by lightning in the north forty and for six years afterward when asked his name could only say the word "Kleenex." As for me, three months later I was broke. Bad investments. I backed a whaling expedition in Cincinnati, on the advice of friends.

I DANCED for Big Ed Wheeler, who made bootleg hooch that was so strong it could only be sipped through a gas mask. Ed paid me three hundred dollars a week to do ten shows, which in those days was big money. Hell, with tips I made more than President Hoover. And he had to do twelve shows. I went on at nine and eleven, and Hoover went on at ten and two. Hoover was a good President, but he was always sitting in his dressing room humming. It drove me crazy. Then one day the owner of the Apex Club saw my act and offered me five hundred dollars a week to dance there. I put it squarely to Big Ed: "Ed, I got an offer of five hundred bucks from Bill Hallorhan's Apex Club."

"Flo," he said, "if you can get five hundred a week, I won't stand in your way." We shook hands and I went to tell Bill Hallorhan the good news, but several of Big Ed's friends had gotten there first and when I saw Bill Hallorhan his physical condition had undergone a change and he was now only a high-pitched voice that came from inside a cigar box. He said he had decided to get out of show business, leave Chicago, and settle somewhere closer to the equator. I went on dancing for Big Ed Wheeler till the Capone mob bought him out. I say "bought him out," boys, but the truth of it was Scarface Al offered him a tidy sum but

Wheeler said no. Later that day, he was having lunch at the Rib and Chop House when his head burst into flames. No one knew why.



"And yet another transparent plea for help."

I BOUGHT the Three Deuces with money I'd saved, and in no time it was the hot spot in town. They all came—Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Jolson, Man o' War. Man o' War was there every night. My God, how that horse could drink! I remember once Babe Ruth had this crush on a showgirl named Kelly Swain. He was so crazy about her he couldn't keep his mind on baseball and twice greased his body, thinking he was a famous channel swimmer. "Flo," he said to me, "I'm nuts about this redhead, Kelly Swain. But she hates sports. I lied and told her I give a course on Wittgenstein, but I think she suspects something."

"Can you live without her, Babe?" I asked him.

"No, Flo. And it's affecting my concentration. Yesterday, I got four hits and stole two bases, but this is January and there are no games scheduled. I did it in my hotel room. Can you help me?"

I promised him I'd speak to Kelly, and the next day I stopped by the Golden Abattoir, where she was dancing. I said, "Kelly, the Bambino is nuts about you. He knows you like culture and he says if you date him he'll give up baseball and join the Martha Graham troupe."

Kelly looked me squarely in the eye and said, "Tell that palooka I didn't come all the way from Chippewa Falls to wind up with some overstuffed right fielder. I got big plans." Two years later, she married Lord Osgood Wellington Tuttle and became Lady Tuttle. Her husband gave up an ambassadorship to play shortstop for the Tigers. Jumpin' Joe Tuttle. He holds the record for most times beaned in the first inning.

GAMBLING? Boys, I was present when Nick the Greek got his name. There was a small-time gambler named Jake the Greek, and Nick called me and said, "Flo, I'd like to be The Greek." And I said, "I'm sorry, Nick, you're not Greek. And under New York State gambling laws it's forbidden." And he said, "I know, Flo, but my parents always wanted me to be called The Greek. You think you could arrange a lunch meeting with Jake?" I said, "Sure, but if he knows what it's for he won't show." And Nick said, "Try, Flo. It would mean a lot to me."

So the two met at the Grill Room of Monty's Steak House, which did not allow women but I could go there because Monty was a great friend of mine and didn't regard me as either male or female but, in his own words, "undefined protoplasm." We ordered the speciality of the house, ribs, which Monty had a way of preparing so they tasted like human fingers. Finally, Nick said, "Jake, I'd like to be called The Greek." And Jake turned pale and said, "Look, Nick, if that's what you got me here for—" Well, boys, it got ugly. The two squared off. Then Nick said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll cut you. High card gets to be called The Greek."

"But what if I win?" Jake said. "I'm *already* called The Greek."

"If you win, Jake, you can go through the phone book and pick any name you like. My compliments."

"No kidding?"

"Flo's the witness."

Well, you could feel the tension in that room. A deck of cards was brought out and they cut. Nick cut a queen, and Jake's hand was shaking. Then Jake cut an ace! Everybody let out a cheer, and Jake went through the phone book and selected the name Grover Lembeck. Everybody was happy, and from that day on women were allowed into Monty's, provided they could read hieroglyphics.

I REMEMBER once there was a big musical review at the Winter Garden, "Star-Spangled Vermin." Jolson was the lead, but he quit because they wanted him to sing a song called "Kasha for Two," and he hated it. It had the line in it "Love is all, like a horse in a stall." Anyway, eventually it was sung by a young unknown named Felix Brompton, who was later arrested in a hotel room with a one-inch cardboard cutout of Helen Morgan. It was in all the papers. Well, Jolson come into the Three Deuces one night with Eddie Cantor, and he says to me, "Flo, I hear George Raft did his tap dance here last week." And I said, "No, Al. George has never been here." And he said, "If you let him do his tap dance, I'd like to sing." And I said, "Al, he was never here." And Al said, "Did he have any accompaniment on piano?" And I said, "Al, if you sing one note I'll personally throw you out." And with that Jolie got down on one knee and started on "Toot-Toot Tootsie." While he was singing, I sold the place, and by the time he was finished it was the Wing Ho Hand Laundry. Jolson never got over that or forgave me for it. On the way out, he tripped over a pile of shirts.

—WOODY ALLEN

DEAR KEATS,

already six years past your age!
The steps in Rome,
the house near Hampstead Heath,
& all your fears
that you might cease to be
before your pen had glean'd . . .

My dear dead friend,
you were the first to teach me
how the dust could sing.
I followed in your footsteps
up the Heath.
I listened hard
for Lethe's nightingale.

& now at 31, I want to live.
Oblivion holds no adolescent charms.
& all the "souls of poets
dead and gone,"
& all the "Bards
of Passion and of Mirth"
cannot make death—
its echo, its damp earth—
resemble birth.

*

You died in Rome—
in faltering sunlight—
Bernini's watery boat still sinking
in the fountain in the square below.
When Severn came to say
the roses bloomed,
you did not "glut thy sorrow,"
but you wept—
you wept for them
& for your posthumous life.

& yet we all lead posthumous lives somehow.
The broken lyre,
the broken lung,
the broken love.
Our names are writ in newsprint
if not water.

"Don't breathe on me—" you cried,
"it comes like ice."

*

Last words.
(I can't imagine mine.
Perhaps some muttered dream,
some poem, some curse.)

Three months past 25,
you lived on milk.
They reeled you backward
in the womb of love.

*

A tepid February Roman spring.
Fruit trees in bloom,
Hampstead still in snow,
& Fanny Brawne receives a hopeful note
when you are two weeks dead.

A poet's life—
always awaiting mail.

*

For God's sake
kick against the pricks!
There aren't very many roses.
Your life was like an hourglass
with no sand.
The words slid through
& rested under glass;
the flesh decayed
to moist Italian clay.

*

At autopsy,
your lungs were wholly gone.
Was that from too much singing?
Too many rifts of ore?
You spent your life-breath
breathing life in words.
But words return no breath
to those who write.

*

Life, Letters and Literary Remains:
"I find that I cannot exist without poetry. . . ."

"O for a Life of Sensations rather than of Thoughts!"

"What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth. . . ."

"We hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us. . . ."

"Sancho will invent a journey heavenward as well as anybody. . . ."

"Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul. . . ."

"Why should we kick against the Pricks when we can walk on Roses?"

"Axioms in philosophy are not axioms until they are proved upon our pulses. . . ."

"Until we are sick, we understand not. . . ."

"Sorrow is wisdom. . . ."

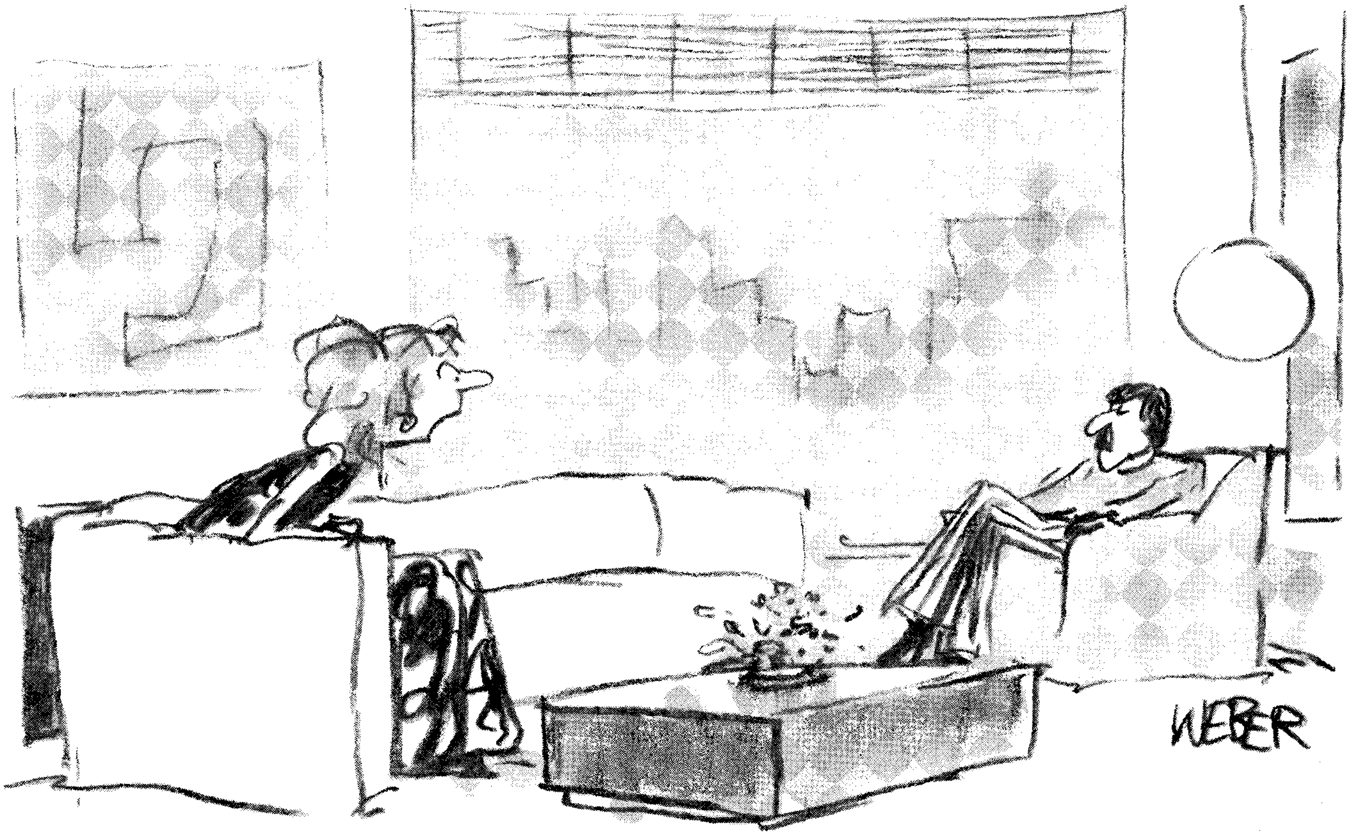
"Wisdom is folly. . . ."

*

Too wise
& yet not wise enough
at 25.
Sick, you understood
& understanding
were too weak to write.

Proved on the pulse—poetry.

If sorrow is wisdom
& wisdom folly
then too much sorrow
is folly.



"I'm not hostile, Richard! I'm just plain mad!"

• •

I find that I cannot exist without sorrow
& I find that sorrow
cannot exist without poetry. . . .

What the imagination seizes as beauty
must be poetry. . . .

What the imagination seizes must be. . . .

*

You claimed no lust for fame
& yet you burned.

"The faint conceptions I have of poems to come brings the blood
frequently into my forehead."

I burn like you
until it often seems
my blood will break
the boundaries of my brain
& issue forth in one tall fountain
from my skull.

A spume of blood from the forehead—poetry.

A plume of blood from the heart—poetry.

Blood from the lungs—alizarin-crimson words.

*

"I will not spoil my love of gloom
by writing an Ode to Darkness. . . ."

The blood turns dark;
it stiffens on the sheet.

At night the childhood walls
are streaked with blood—
until the darkness seems awash with red
& children sleep behind two blood-branched lids.

*

"My imagination is a monastery
and I am its monk. . . ."

At five & twenty,
very far from home,
death picked you up
& sorted to a pip.
& 15 decades later,
your words breathe—
syllables of blood.

A strange transfusion
for my feverish verse.

I suck your breath,
your rhythms & your blood,
& all my fiercest dreams are sighed away.

I send you love,
dear Keats,
I send you peace.

Since flesh can't stay,
we keep the breath aloft.

Since flesh can't stay,
we pass the words along.

—Erica Jong

THE LISTS OF THE PAST—II

EIGHTEEN DOWN

"WHAT time is it?" asks a woman in a bed jacket, waking in her lightproof bedroom one May morning.

"Nine-thirty." Her daughter stands over the bed. "Mother, please let me open the curtains. It's an outstanding day."

"That late! I must have fallen off, then. Did you say half past nine?"

The younger woman moves to the French doors, pulls the cord to draw aside heavy satin draperies, snaps up the shades, swings open the doors, admitting light and weather: the day is as reported, though chilly—it has been a backward month. She steps out onto the second-story balcony. The budding boughs are leafless but the grass green again; starlings stroll on the wide lawn among the hemlock cones like a convention of undertakers. By the side of the house, the magnolias have fully bloomed and are dropping their petals like pink shells on the driveway gravel.

She shivers (it's really too cold still to be outside without a sweater) and goes in to ask, "Could I poach you an egg?"

"Oh, please don't bother," says the mother. "Close the doors? I'm freezing. But you could bring me a cup of coffee."

Her daughter starts downstairs.

"Cornelia! Milk toast. Do you know how to make milk toast? I used to fix it for you when you were sick. A slice of Pepperidge Farm white bread, toasted, and buttered on both sides. Heat the milk just to scalding, don't let the skin come . . . Oh, darling!" she calls.

Cornelia pauses on the landing.

"Is the *Times* here yet? I'd like to do the puzzle."

"PLEASE close the curtains, dear. The light hurts my eyes." Now the mother is sitting up in bed, reading glasses sliding down her nose, New York *Times* folded back to the crossword puzzle. On a shelf at her left hand is a white telephone. On the other side of the bed, a night table just large enough to hold an ashtray, water glass, lamp, alarm clock. A wicker standing tray, with a bowl containing a half-eaten island of toast floating in gold-flecked milk, has been pushed to the foot of the bed.

The daughter picks up the tray and sets it on the floor. She pulls up a little boudoir chair, closes the curtains, sits upright, feet on the carpet, palms on her lap.

"What's a five-letter word for 'lively'?"

" 'Alert'?"

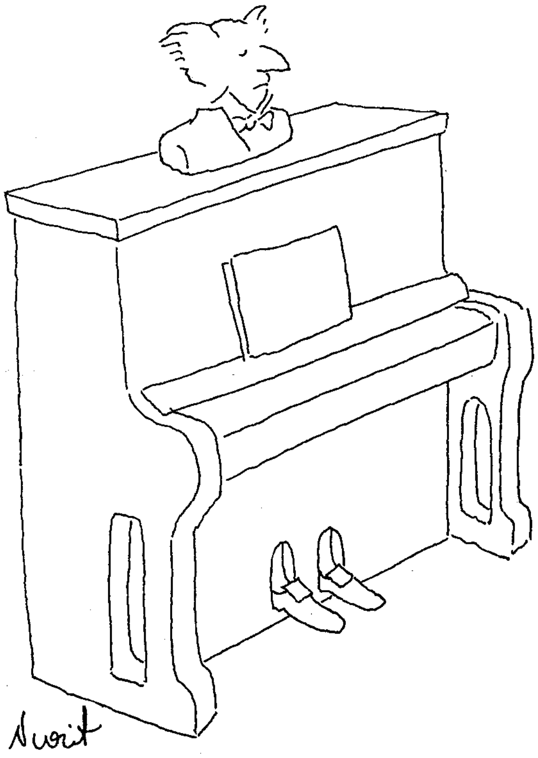
"No, that doesn't fit." The mother bites her lip, glances at the telephone. "What time is it?"

"Just after ten. I'm going out to see the garden. If you need me, holler."

"It's a mess. It makes me sick to look at it. I'm all right. I'm just going to lie here and work this puzzle. 'Quick'!" She fills in the word.

It's warmer in back of the house, the south side, where the gardens are. Not much green yet in the vegetable garden, untended, stony. Cornelia kneels by the place where the perennials aren't blooming yet, and parts the ragged dark evergreen ground cover at the border. Green shoots peep up underneath.

The rosebushes look terrible, haggard after a long winter's night on the town—a jungle, in fact, of wildly unchecked new growth which ought long since to have been pruned back. Eight new ones have been recently planted, naked little canes with bracelet name tags. She picks up a metal tag that has fallen from one of the new bushes: *Helen Traubel. Sexual reproduction of this plant without license is strictly prohibited.* . . . A trowel has been thrown down beside it in the grass, as if whoever put the roses in was planning to return in a minute. Rusting. She takes the trowel into the garage and goes back into the house.



The bedroom even darker by contrast with out-of-doors, yellowly lit and foggy with cigarette smoke. In her absence, the mother has pulled the shades back down, closed the draperies and pinned them to the shades with a hatpin. Cornelia carries the tray out into the hall. "Did anybody call?"

"Oh, I'm sure it's too early to hear anything yet."

"How are you doing with the puzzle?"

"I'm having difficulty with this section here."

"Let's see. 'Patio-chair material.' 'Tartan'? I think you've got the letters wrong; it must be 'rattan.' 'Empty' is 'inane.' I've no idea what 'an Arabian drink' is. The garden's a sorry sight, all right." They sit awhile without speaking, Cornelia on the boudoir chair, her mother propped against the pillows, No. 2 Venus pencil poised over the puzzle but not moving.

"What time is it?"

"I don't know. Come outside," begs the daughter. "Get up. Move around. It's easier when you keep busy."

"I *am* keeping busy. I'm smoking and doing a crossword puzzle. Why don't you do something helpful? Go uptown for me."

"What do you want?"

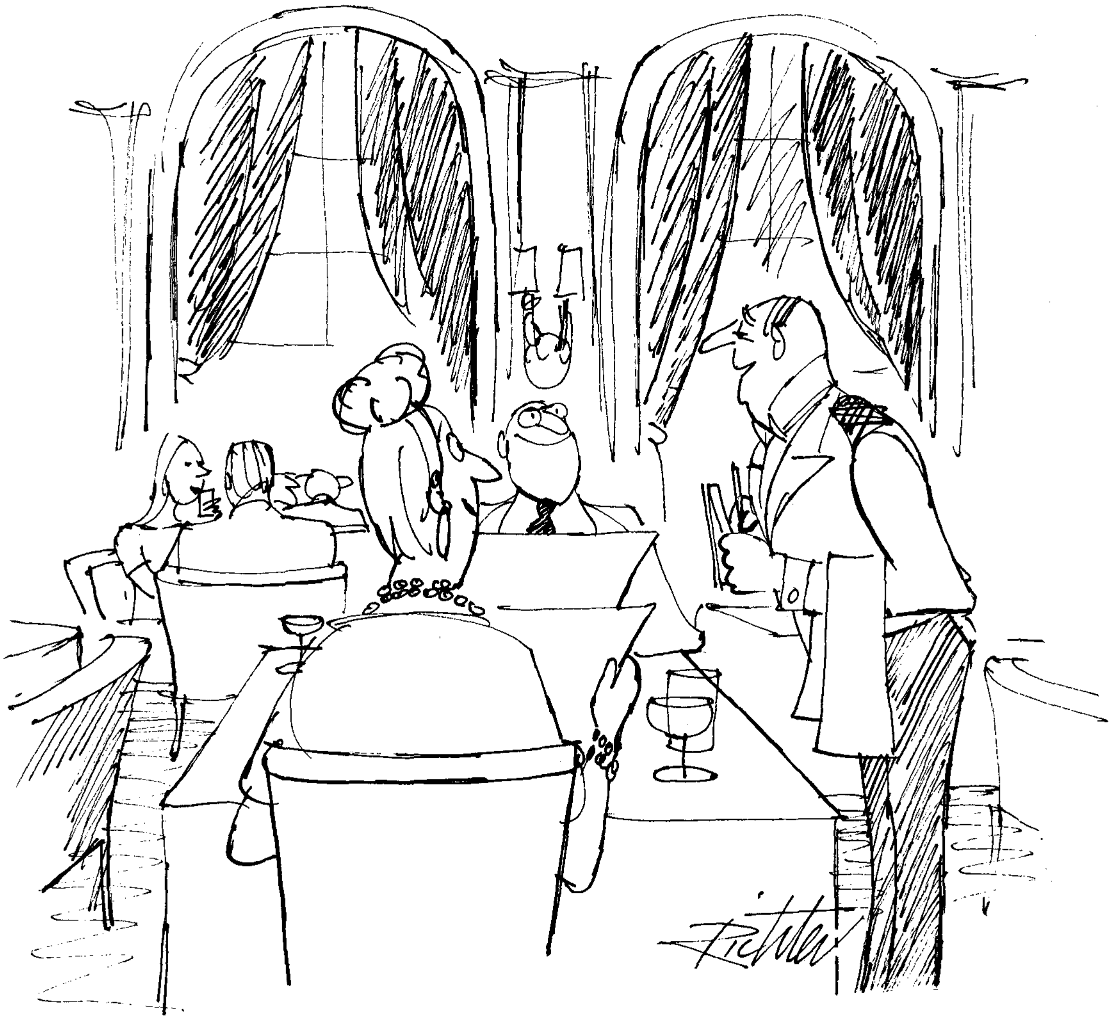
"Well, what do we need? Damn it, he's been doing all the shopping. Since you're going: butter, we must be almost out of butter."

"Vegetables?"

"Pick up some frozen. Any kind, doesn't matter. Stringbeans, peas. Better get some more cigarettes, too." The ashtray on the night table is running over with the wrinkled stumps of half-smoked Kents. "Do you remember Gristede's? They'll know who we are. Tell them to charge it to us."

THE traffic in the shopping section of the small village is hectic—mostly women driving alone to pick up their schoolchildren or groceries, on the way from the hairdresser, bumper-to-bumper on the Boston Post Road. Nobody recognizes her at Gristede's as she collects the family order.

She drops in at a garden store. The fire whistle blasts: Noon. Children who haven't been picked up are on their way home from the two schools, public and parochial, the Catholics in uniform—absentmindedly reckless



"The special today is the two-pound Maine lobster. That includes soup, salad, beverage, dessert, and a $2.50 rebate."

on bikes, on foot, crossing the streets wherever they feel like it. A big-breasted crossing guard in a blue uniform smiles pleasantly as she holds up a stream of automobiles. Nobody honks. At the corners, tulip-yellow signs hinged across the middle have opened out from the tree trunks: Stop. Children Cross Walk. Watch out for children, riding home along magnolia-puddled sidewalks by the street that leads to the Sound.

The bed has been made and the mother is reclining on it, in a lacy beige dressing gown, staring at the telephone. "No word yet. We should be hearing by now."

"Shall we call the hospital?"

"Oh no, what would *they* know? What time is it?"

Half past May.

The telephone rings. The mother puts out her left hand for the receiver. "Oh. Hello, Alice. No, not a thing. It was supposed to be all over by now. I don't know what's taking so long. . . . Oh, I'm sure it will. . . . Well, Finley said there was no point being at the hospital, waiting around. He won't wake up for hours. . . . Yes, Intensive Care. . . . Sweet of you. But Cornelia's here with me. . . . I'll call you the *minute* I hear. How is Anne's baby? . . . Oh, that's good news," she chuckles, and hangs up. "Those poor children. You remember Anne had another baby, Cornelia? Her husband is out of a job and they just put a down payment on a house in Valhalla and the third baby turned out to be Rh-negative; it was touch and go for a while, but now the baby's O.K. It seems terribly stuffy in here. Do you feel hot?" There are beads of sweat on her forehead. "What was the weather report?"

"Call and find out."

"It would tie up the phone. Did it rain last night? Did you see any rain in the rain gauge? He'd like to know."

Her hand moves instinctively toward the receiver; she draws it back, hesitates, shrugs, picks up the whole thing, and rests it beside her on the bedspread like a white kitten. With a hand that is lightly freckled, lightly trembling, she dials anyway. W. E. 6. 1. 2. 1. 2. The Weather Bureau.

Cornelia goes downstairs at last with the breakfast tray, setting it on the table in the downstairs hall in order to pull open the door to the kitchen. In the Canton bowl on the marble top lies a toy that has evidently strayed from a doll house—a toy woman in a rumpled frock ballooning over old-fashioned white underpants, flung on her back, head toward the bottom of the bowl, painted high-heeled shoes kicking at the sides, movable arms thrown behind her painted coiffure as if she were screaming.

Regarding the roses: their looks haven't improved any since she last saw them—beauties who've let themselves go, mass of snarls. Several tenths of an inch of rain have fallen on the garden and its hydrometer, an inverted plastic wedge. From out in the garden the ring of the telephone can be heard.

THE mother, on the phone again, shakes her head negatively. "Has André got back from Bermuda?" ("I'm talking to the hairdresser," she mouths.) "If he could squeeze me in. . . . Tomorrow would be dandy. My husband can't drive me. He's having an operation, but I'll manage somehow. I can take a cab."

"Mother, I'll drive you, for heaven's sake."

"Oh, we're sure everything will be all right. Tomorrow at eleven, then. Bye." The older woman hangs up and says, uncertainly, "I'm scandalously overdue for a permanent." Gray curly wisps stick to her forehead; she pushes at the hairline with the heel of her hand. "I haven't even combed it this morning. I must be a sight to frighten children and dogs."

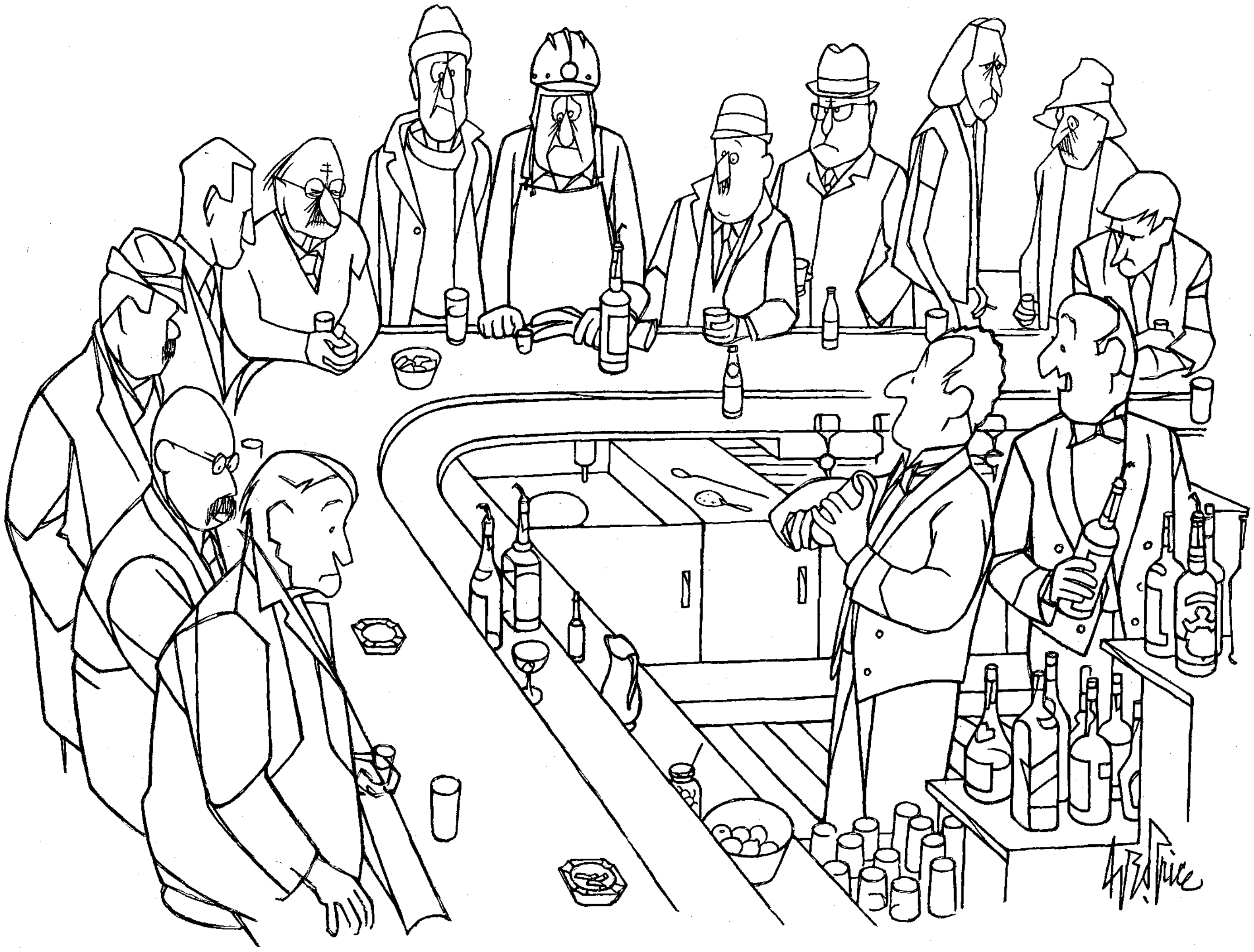
"I thought I heard the telephone ring in the garden."

"That was Mona. She didn't want to hold up the line, but *she* couldn't figure out eighteen down, either. It's a long one. 'Fear of the number thirteen.' "

"How many letters?"

"Seventeen."

" 'Triskaidekaphobia.' " Cornelia



"These days, everybody is looking for answers."

• •

spells it. Her mother fills in the letters carefully.

"I think you're right. It fits. Aren't you clever! What time is it?"

Her daughter adjusts the clock on the bedside table so that her mother can see it better.

"Really, I should comb my hair at least."

"You look all right."

"It is like that poem about soldiers combing their hair before a battle. What is it? *You* must remember. A battle they were sure to lose, but they went in in their best clothes."

"The Spartans. The Spartans at Thermopylae. Look it up, it must be in the Bartlett's." In the bookcase beside the mother's bed is a handy reference library—Roget, Webster, 1922 guide to the Greek myths—for when crosswords are truly stymieing.

The clock face finally catches the mother's attention. "That clock must be fast. I think I'll call MEridian 7"—putting down the pencil. The telephone rings.

"Oh, hello, Polly. Not a peep yet. . . . Of course not, it's nice to hear your voice. . . . Just lying here doing a crossword with Cornelia. Imagine, a minute ago I was making an appointment to have André do my hair! We were trying to think of that poem about the Spartans arranging their hair before the battle of Thermopylae, you know, dressing up for disaster. . . . The oddest things. . . . I'm sure it will but I wish that damn hospital would call. Heard anything about Ronnie's draft deferment? . . . He's going to *what*? . . . Oh my, yes, the minute we hear." Hanging up, she explains to her daughter, "Poor Ronald's No. 19 in the draft lottery. He's decided to diet down to below the permissible weight limit, which means he has to lose fifty pounds. He says it's either that or Canada. Polly thinks he knows what he's doing. Didn't you used to babysit for him, Cornelia?"

"He was always pestering me with questions. Like could he have a chocolate-éclair Good Humor. Does he need a job this summer? Maybe he could help out in the gardens."

"Not if he's fasting," says her mother, dryly. She looks at the puzzle, a blur, at the clock, blur. Lighting a cigarette. "Wouldn't you know, now I've mislaid my glasses. What time is it?"

"I can't tell from here. Lunchtime? Let me make you a sandwich," she offers. "Wouldn't you like a bite to eat now?"

"Here they are, in the editorial section. One o'clock. Well. I believe I'll spruce up. Could you bring me a brush, a mirror?" The Spartans on the something rock . . .

Pale face bobs in the mirror she holds at arm's length. Brushing the hair back from the forehead, puffing the sides into shape. "Heavens, how gray I am." The Spartans on the sea-wet rock—

The telephone rings.

Sat down and combed their hair.

—JULIE HAYDEN

•

"Actually, Macomb and Oakland Counties are the two fastest growing areas in Michigan," said Noe, who is presiding judge, "and where you have population growth, you will have an increase in population."—*Mount Clemens (Mich.) Macomb Daily.*

Straight thinking, Noe!

ANNALS OF TELEVISION

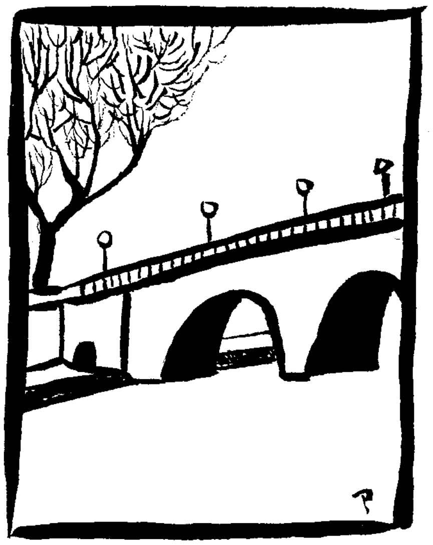
SHAKING THE TREE

IN the quarter of a century during which Richard M. Nixon rose from a junior member of the United States House of Representatives to President of the United States, what was once known as "the press" came to be known as "the media." The basis for this term was, of course, the advent of television, and in the years since the major networks first succeeded in making coast-to-coast hookups, at the beginning of the fifties, television has become the predominant means by which daily news is received by most people. From the beginning, Nixon understood the importance and power of broadcasting. According to Julian Goodman, who is now chairman of the board of the National Broadcasting Company, in the late nineteen-forties Representative Nixon helped radio people gain access to the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings. Senator Nixon's skillful use of television in his famous Checkers speech of 1952 was a political tour de force that saved him from being dropped as General Eisenhower's Vice-Presidential running mate. Ten years later, after losing a campaign for the California governorship, Nixon, who by then had developed equivocal feelings, to say the least, about the printed press, could still manage a kind word on behalf of the electronic media "for keeping the newspapers a little more honest." But Nixon was to grow increasingly suspicious of television and hostile toward it throughout the rest of his political career.

Not long after President Nixon entered the White House, this sensitivity took the form of a concerted attack on the over-all tone and content of network political news, an attack in which the Administration identified its position with that of the television audience itself and attempted to arouse the audience against the networks. Eric Sevareid, whose observations on the "CBS Evening News" the Nixon Administration often found irritating, as it did those of a number of other commentators and correspondents, has told me that he believes the Administration's plans to launch its attacks on network television news were of long standing. "I think Nixon had all this in mind before he ever came into the office of the Presidency," Sevareid said. "He had studied the Johnson credibility gap, and he had considered how he might avoid his own credibility gap when the going got tough. When he came to office, he faced the problems of ending the Vietnam war, controlling inflation, and ending the domestic riots, and for him the best way of dealing with the problem of unfulfilled promises was to impugn in advance the credibility of those who reported and tried to explain the facts. I can't prove this, but I'm absolutely sure of it."

THE intention of the Nixon Administration to turn the weight of public opinion against broad sections of the news media first became manifest with the well-known public attack, on November 13, 1969, by Vice-President Spiro Agnew against television-network news commentators and others thought to be members of an Eastern mass-communications establishment that was hostile to the national political consensus represented by the Administration. Various documents obtained by the Senate Watergate committee indicate that the Agnew speech was the result of careful deliberation at the White House.

Thus, on October 17, 1969, Jeb Stuart Magruder, a special assistant to the President, sent a memorandum to H. R. Haldeman, Nixon's chief of staff, which was to be used as a "talking paper"—the basis for an oral presentation by Haldeman—on the advisability of countering media criticism on a wide political front rather than through reaction to specific examples of critical reporting that the Administration found objectionable. The memorandum was headed "The Shot-Gun Versus the Rifle." In it Magruder included examples, from a White House log, of "approximately 21 requests from the President in the last 30 days requesting specific action relating to what could be considered unfair news coverage." On September 26th, for example, the President requested that Herbert Klein, the White House Director of Communications, "contact Howard K. Smith and give him the true record on what the Administration has done." On September 27th, the President instructed Klein and Ronald Ziegler, the White House Press Secretary, to "attack *Life* magazine's editorial accusing the Administration of creating a Coherence Gap." On September 30th, the President asked Klein to generate "letters to the editor regarding *Newsweek's* lead article covering the President's U.N. speech." Then, for Klein on October 3rd, there was the "President's request"—marked in the log as "Confidential"—"that we have the Chicago *Tribune* hit Senator Percy hard on his ties with the peace group." And on October 7th Klein was the recipient of the "President's request that you demand equal time to counter John Chancellor's commentary regarding the [Clement] Haynsworth nomination [for Supreme Court Justice]."



Of these examples, Magruder wrote that in his opinion "this continual daily attempt to get to the media or to anti-Administration spokesmen because of specific things they have said is very unfruitful and wasteful of our time." Further, he noted, "when an editor gets continual calls from Herb Klein or Pat Buchanan [a Nixon speechwriter] on a situation that is difficult to document as to unfairness, we are in a very weak area." The real problem, he wrote, was "to get to this unfair coverage" in such a way that "the networks, newspapers and Congress will react to and begin to look at things somewhat differently." In order to accomplish this, Magruder proposed that "we should begin concentrated efforts in a number of major areas that will have much more impact on the media and other anti-Administration spokesmen and will do more good in the long run." Among the suggestions he advanced for counteracting media criticism on a broad front were these:

> 1. Begin an official monitoring system [of network television news and commentary] through the F.C.C. as soon as Dean Burch is officially on board as Chairman. [Dean Burch, the conservative who managed Senator Goldwater's 1964 Presidential campaign, had been appointed chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, replacing Rosel H. Hyde.] If the monitoring system proves our point, we have then legitimate and legal rights to go to the networks,

etc., and make official complaints from the F.C.C. This will have much more effect than a phone call from Herb Klein or Pat Buchanan.

2. Utilize the anti-trust division to investigate various media relating to anti-trust violations. Even the possible threat of anti-trust action I think would be effective in changing their views in the above matter.

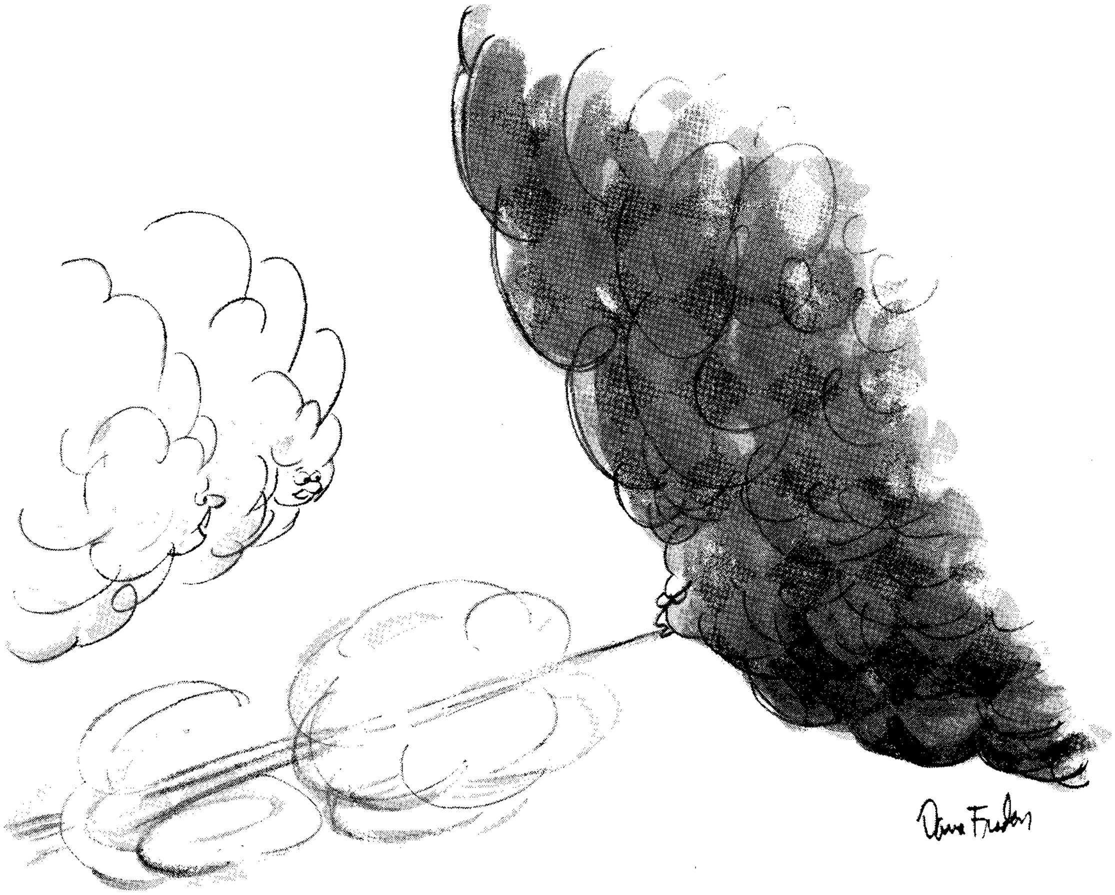
3. Utilizing the Internal Revenue Service as a method to look into the various organizations that we are most concerned about. Just a threat of an I.R.S. investigation will probably turn their approach.

It was not long, it seems, before at least one of Magruder's suggestions was adopted. On November 1st, Dean Burch officially took over the chairmanship of the F.C.C. On November 3rd, President Nixon went on television with a major speech on Vietnam. In the speech, he rejected demands for a "precipitate withdrawal" of United States forces from Vietnam and called for public support of an unspecified Administration timetable for a pullout of ground combat forces in which, he declared, the pace of withdrawal would be geared to the ability of South Vietnamese forces to take over their duties. The speech represented a decision by the President to draw the line against the adamant critics of any continued United States involvement in the Vietnam war. As James Reston observed in the *Times* on November 4th, the President, in his Vietnam speech, had "raised his voice and accepted the challenge of confrontation on the most emotional issue before the nation." The day after the President's speech, the new chairman of the F.C.C. telephoned the presidents of all three television networks and requested transcripts of the news analyses that had been carried on the networks after Nixon's address. In an affidavit subsequently submitted as part of a formal reply by CBS to an anti-trust suit against CBS and the two other major networks brought by the Department of Justice in 1972, Dr. Frank Stanton, the chief operating officer of CBS, said that Burch "apologized for making the request and explained that he was doing so at the request of the White House." Stanton said he complied with Burch's request, "although it seemed to me most peculiar," adding, "The fact that the White House would ask the chairman of an independent administrative agency charged with the regulation of broadcasting to carry out what should have been a purely clerical function and to do so in such a way that it was brought to the attention of the senior officers of three network organizations seemed to me to have ominous implications for the future freedom of the networks from governmental intrusion." While Burch was making his calls to the network chiefs, Herbert Klein was busy on another level, making calls directly from the White House to executives of CBS television affiliates in Minneapolis and Los Angeles. Klein wanted to know what editorials, if any, the stations intended to run on the President's speech dealing with Vietnam and what the substance of the editorials was likely to be.

It is clear now that this extraordinarily pressing concern shown by the White House in regard to the content of network commentary on the President's address formed part of the preparatory work for a major strike by the Administration against the broadcasting by the networks of news and commentary that the Administration considered inimical to its interests. The major strike came in Vice-President Agnew's address before a Mid-West Regional Republican Committee meeting in Des Moines on November 13th, just ten days after the President's Vietnam speech. Agnew complained that as soon as President Nixon had completed his Vietnam address on television "his words and policies were subjected to instant analysis and querulous criticism" by "a small band of network commentators and self-appointed analysts." Agnew then launched into a general attack on such figures—"a small group of men, numbering perhaps no more than a dozen 'anchormen,' commentators, and executive producers," who "live and work in the geographical and intellectual confines of Washington, D.C., or New York City" and whose capacity for choosing what forty or fifty million people learned each day through television concerning national and international affairs represented "a concentration of power over American public opinion unknown in history." And Agnew spoke of "a tiny, enclosed fraternity of privileged men elected by no one and enjoying a monopoly sanctioned and licensed by government." The last sentence had a particularly ominous ring.

There was certainly nothing casual about the wording of the warning. According to Victor Gold, who later became Agnew's press secretary, "They had already decided in the White House to have a speech made attacking the networks, and they had been considering over there who should make the speech for maximum impact. It was decided that Agnew should do it. There was nothing about the idea that ran counter to what the Vice-President had already been saying. He had strong feelings about the press, which went back to his days in Baltimore. He disliked the Baltimore *Sun*. When he was nominated in 1968, the Washington *Post* compared that to the nomination

THE GABLESONS
EVENING SCHEDULE
MON: T-GROUP
TUES: ADULT EDUCATION
WED: SQUARE DANCING
THURS: CHOIR PRACTICE
FRI: BOWLING
SAT: BRIDGE
SUN: UNSCHEDULED



"I can remember when he was no bigger than a man's hand."

of Caligula's horse, and he felt the networks and the press had made him look like a fool in the 1968 campaign. He had taken out after the media in a speech in Hawaii in May of 1969. Usually, that stuff was fed in to him by Pat Buchanan."

As far as one can gather, Agnew's November 13th speech was the product of a White House decision-making group whose activities were coördinated by Haldeman. President Nixon approved the theme of the speech, which was written primarily by Buchanan, with the assistance of another White House speechwriter, James Keogh. Work on the speech was also contributed by Cynthia Rosenthal, a speechwriter for Agnew. According to William Safire, Nixon's sometime speechwriter, Nixon not only read the draft of the speech but inserted sentences of his own into it. Agnew himself is said to have added a few touches before the speech was ready for delivery. Then, according to Gold, "to get maximum attention, Herb Thompson notified the TV nets that the Vice-President was going to make a speech concerning TV." (Herbert Thompson was Agnew's press secretary at the time.) The television networks themselves made the decision to give it live coverage. The speech attracted wide attention and, almost overnight, made Agnew appear to be one of the most effective ideological activists in the Nixon Administration. One account has it that right after the speech Nixon picked up a telephone in the White House to offer congratulations on it and his first call was not to Des Moines, to the man who had just made the speech, but, rather, to Patrick Buchanan, nearby. Within a few days after the Agnew speech, in seven cities where CBS had affiliated or owned-and-operated stations, there were some sixteen thousand telephone calls from viewers on the subject of the speech, nine thousand of which supported Agnew's negative view of network news.

It seemed that doubts about the credibility of the Administration, which had been the subject of reporting and commentary on the networks, were being projected by the Administration with considerable success back onto the network news staffs themselves. Just a week after his speech in Des Moines, Agnew, in a speech to the state Chamber of Commerce in Montgomery, Alabama, expanded his attack on the media to include the political reporting of the *Times* and the Washington *Post.* And this time the Vice-President referred pointedly to the fact that the Washington Post Company, which controlled *Newsweek* as well as the *Post,* also owned one of the four Washington television stations and a radio news station in Jacksonville—organizations that were "all grinding out the same editorial line."

During the public furor stirred up by these attacks, President Nixon maintained the posture of one above the battle. Questioned at a news conference on December 8th about Agnew's criticisms of the media, he replied that "the Vice-President rendered a public service in talking in a very dignified and courageous way about a problem that many Americans are concerned about, and that is the coverage by news media—and particularly television news media—of public figures." It might almost have passed unnoticed that the principal public figure involved was none other than Nixon himself.

On January 21, 1970, three months after Magruder had proposed that the F.C.C. begin a system for monitoring network news broadcasts, he sent a memorandum to Haldeman outlining some other monitoring techniques that might be employed. In the memorandum, which was marked "Administratively Confidential," Magruder explained that the process of what he called monitoring the media was parcelled out among various groups at the White House and the Republican National Committee. He observed that Buchanan, who prepared the daily news summaries for the President, could be asked to prepare "an official monitoring report as he summarizes each of the media," and that such a report "could then be used for immediate counteraction by the Communications Department." He noted that the Communications Department, under Herbert Klein, also had a monitoring group that followed news reports in the media and could also take steps to redress the balance. The problem with this latter approach, he explained, was that "the Communications Department, because it relates directly with the press, has a tendency to want to get along with them rather than initiate counteraction." He suggested that perhaps the best way of handling the problem would be a monitoring arrangement through Buchanan, with added suggestions for action by Haldeman himself, so that the Communications Department would be stimulated into doing "a better job in counteracting what has been reported." On this memorandum Haldeman noted, "I'll approve whatever will work—and am concerned with results—not methods."

Apparently, the system of relaying monitoring reports through Haldeman, with action notations by him, was put into effect shortly thereafter. On February 4th, Haldeman sent Magruder a memorandum of instructions presumably based on White House monitoring reports of network news concerning the Administration. During the previous thirteen days, the President had appeared on television three times: with his State of the Union Message, with an explanation of his veto of the education-appropriations bill, and with a Presidential news conference. His over-all viewing audience in these three appearances had totalled some hundred million. But Haldeman was dissatisfied with the response of some of the television news people. His memorandum was stamped "High Priority":

> A couple of points that I did not want to cover in the general meeting, but that you do need to move ahead on quickly.
>
> First, I'm sure you have studied that TV summary done by Buchanan, which is a devastating indictment of NBC, especially of David Brinkley.
>
> Specifically, Brinkley was completely off base factually on his budget criticism, and we need to get that one straightened out.
>
> The need, probably, is to concentrate on NBC and give some real thought as to how to handle the problem that they have created in their almost totally negative approach to everything the Administration does. I would like to see a plan from you; don't worry about fancy form, just some specific thinking on steps that can be taken to try to change this, and I should have this by Friday. Get Klein and Ziegler both involved in the thinking on this, and I would suggest also Nofziger, who could be very helpful, and perhaps get Pat Buchanan in. [Lyn Nofziger, who had been Ronald Reagan's press secretary, was a member of the White House congressional staff and a speechwriter.]

Another area that Haldeman directed Magruder to act on was "the mobilization of the Silent Majority." Haldeman declared that the Silent Majority—a phrase that had first been used publicly in President Nixon's November 3rd speech on Vietnam—had not yet really been mobilized by the Administration, and he wrote that it was necessary to move now "in every effective way we can to get them working to pound the magazines and the networks in counteraction to the obvious shift of the establishment to an attack on [Administration policy on] Vietnam again." (In such White House memoranda, "the establishment," never specifically defined, seems to represent a sinister conglomeration of power threatening even the duly constituted power of the Presidency.) Haldeman's instructions were aimed at arousing the Administration's constituency to engage in such tactics as letter-writing campaigns to the offending parties. "Concentrate this on the few places that count, which would be NBC, *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Life*, the New York *Times*, and the Washington *Post*."

ON March 3rd, Buchanan wrote a memorandum to President Nixon outlining, among other things, a proposal for setting up an ostensibly independent research institute to undertake studies pointing toward the reform of network news operations. The memorandum, a very long one, incorporated numerous recommendations resulting, Buchanan noted, from a directive of the President to "several of us to give thought to how to combat the institutionalized power of the left concentrated in the foundations that succor the Democratic Party." Buchanan's theme was "the creation of a countervailing power outside the Federal Government," and he urged the establishment of an advisory and planning group inside and outside the Administration that would present the President with "specific options on how we could either influence, take over, or create a major institution to accomplish Administration objectives." Once these options were drawn up, Buchanan suggested, the Administration should "initiate a policy of favoritism in all future Federal grants to those institutions friendly to us, that want the work—and we should direct future funds away from the hostile foundations, like Brookings." He visualized for the President the creation of a MacArthur Institute, a conservative version of the Brookings Institution, and, as an example of the projects that might be pursued, Buchanan suggested that "the Institute might bring together experts—on the networks for example—to discuss and produce a book of papers on their lack of objectivity and need for reform." He added that "the whole Paul Simpson operation in Nashville could be brought up and put under the Institute." This was a reference to a scholarly library of video and audio tape recordings of network news and other broadcasts which had been established at Vanderbilt University, with funds provided by Paul Simpson, a wealthy insurance man in Nashville. With or without reason, Buchanan seemed to foresee no insuperable obstacle to the Administration's taking over this important library for its own purposes. And there were no doubts about who was to control the work undertaken by the MacArthur Institute. The board of directors, Buchanan wrote the President, "would run from right to center of the political spectrum; no kooks but unquestioned Pro-Nixon people would have to have a complete lock on it."

Meanwhile, strategy was being developed on other fronts. At the end of February, 1970, Congress received an executive-reorganization plan calling for the establishment within the White House of an Office of Telecommunications Policy. The purpose of the new office, according to its charter, would be to develop over-all policy for the functioning of the government's widespread communications system and to plan government policy for coping with the development of new communications technology, including satellite transmissions and cable television. The reorganization plan was approved by Congress, and in June, 1970, President Nixon nominated as head of the new office a thirty-one-year-old White House staff member named Clay T. Whitehead. A graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with degrees in electrical engineering and management, Whitehead had been associated at one time with the Rand Corporation and had worked in Nixon's transition task force on budget policies. Whitehead took office in July, 1970, and in an interview with a correspondent of the trade journal *Broadcasting* he made it clear that he intended to exercise extensive powers in his job. "Our primary contribution will be in laying out the interconnection between the broader objectives of society and communications," he said. Whitehead started off fairly quietly, but a good deal was to be heard from him shortly after the Nixon landslide

"Welcome to the wonderful world of unemployment!"

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victory in 1972, when he revealed the nature of some proposed legislation he had been developing which could have an important effect on network news broadcasting.

In the summer of 1970, just after Whitehead moved into the Office of Telecommunications Policy, an incident took place that provided a kind of case history of the White House method of waging war against what were regarded as enemies in the media. In mid-July, an article in *Life* dealing with the retirement of Chet Huntley, the NBC anchorman, quoted observations by Huntley on various Presidents he had known. According to the article, Huntley said he had liked President Johnson the best. Of President Nixon, Huntley was quoted as saying that he had seen the President under many conditions, both socially and professionally, and that "the shallowness of the man overwhelms me; the fact that he is President frightens me." The incident was seized upon by people at the White House as an example of the sort of bias pervading network news broadcasting, and on July 16th, in a memorandum to Magruder marked "Secret," Lawrence M. Higby, principal assistant to Haldeman, wrote, "We need to get some creative thinking going on an attack on Huntley for his statements in *Life*." He went on, "The point behind this whole thing is that we don't care about Huntley—he is going to leave anyway. What we are trying to do here is to tear down the institution." Higby did not indicate any deep concern over the article itself; in fact, he pointed out that most people in the country would not see the issue of *Life*. What he had in mind was publicizing the reference among people who *hadn't* seen the article. He wrote, "I am asking Buchanan to draft a statement for the Vice-President to give. [In the copy of the memo available, "Vice-President" has been struck out and the name of White House counsellor Robert Finch substituted.] We should try to get this statement on television," and he added, "Obviously, there are many other things that we can do, such as getting independent station owners to write NBC saying that they should remove Huntley now; having broadcasting people look into this due to the fact that this is proof of biased journalism, etc." He concluded, "Let's put a full plan on this and get the thing moving. I'll contact Buchanan and forward copies of my correspondence with him to you so that you will know what the Vice-President is doing."

A result of this memorandum was a document by Magruder headed "Tentative Plan/Press Objectivity," which was forwarded to Haldeman and Klein. The plan was drawn up as a sort of formal battle plan, with military-looking subheads—"Objective," "Tactics," "Follow-up." As "Objective," Magruder specified:

> To question the overall objectivity of a television newscaster who has expressed opinionated views in an influential consumer publication while still employed as a supposedly objective television newscaster and to question the motivation for such remarks.... Further, to extend these questions to cover the professional objectivity and ethics of the whole media and to generate a public re-examination of the role of the media in American life.

Under "Tactics," Magruder proposed:

> Since [Huntley] enjoys a very favorable public image and will apologize for his remarks, claiming to be misquoted, we should not attempt to discredit him personally. Also, since his remarks were expressed as an individual, we would have difficulty attacking his network directly. The focus of our effort should be to raise the larger question of objectivity

and ethics in the media as an institution. To do this, we will have to turn objectivity into an issue and a subject of public debate.

Under "Follow-up," Magruder listed a number of proposed actions to be undertaken by various White House people. They included:

Release the letter of apology to the press along with a gracious reply from the President.—Ziegler

Plant a column with a syndicated columnist which raises the question of objectivity and ethics in the news media. Kevin Phillips could be a good choice.—Klein

Arrange for an article on the subject in a major consumer magazine authored by Stewart Alsop, [William F.] Buckley or [James J.] Kilpatrick. Also, request Hobe Lewis [Hobart Lewis, editor of the *Reader's Digest*] to run a major article.—Klein

Make this issue a major item at the Radio-Television News Directors Convention this Fall and at the next major NAB [National Association of Broadcasters] meeting.—Klein

Ask the Vice-President to speak out on this issue. He could point out that the *Life* quote has proved his point. —Buchanan

Have Rogers Morton [chairman of the Republican National Committee] go on the attack in a news conference.... Have him charge that the great majority of the working press are Democrats and this colors their presentation of the news. Have him charge that there is a political conspiracy in the media to attack this Administration.—Klein/Colson

Have Dean Burch "express concern" about press objectivity in response to a letter from a Congressman.—Nofziger

Arrange for an "exposé" to be written by an author such as Earl Mazo or Victor Lasky. Publish in hardcover and paperback.—Klein

Have outside groups petition the FCC and issue public "statements of concern" over press objectivity.—Colson

Generate a massive outpouring of letters-to-the-editor.—Magruder

Have a Senator or Congressman write a public letter to the FCC suggesting the "licensing" of individual newsmen, i.e., the airwaves belong to the public, therefore the public should be protected from the misuse of these airwaves by individual newsmen.—Nofziger

Whatever may have been accomplished as a result of these specific proposals, they seemed by now to be the work not of a peacetime government but of some wartime propaganda bureau operating against an enemy under emergency powers, with coördinated policy directives, weekly party propaganda lines, and an associated network of supposedly captive or semi-captive spokesmen and friendly agents acting under suitable cover.

WHILE all these attempts at organized political manipulation of the communications media were going on, the President's direct contacts with representatives of the media in the open forum of White House press conferences were in steady decline—a condition that was a growing source of concern to individual Washington correspondents and the networks alike. In 1969, the first year of his Presidency, Nixon had held eleven news conferences—in contrast with 1961, in which President Kennedy held twenty, and 1964, in which President Johnson held twenty-seven. And in 1970 Nixon had held only three by midsummer. But the number of the President's other appearances on television—and, in effect, Nixon was in a position to commandeer television air time whenever he wanted it for announcements and explanations of various aspects of Presidential policy—had increased enormously. The amount of prime time that the White House was now habitually demanding from the networks for carefully staged Presidential appearances and the amount of air time devoted to questioning the President had reached such disparate proportions that some of the network management people decided they ought to take some sort of action to moderate the trend. In July, 1970, Frank Stanton, of CBS, in a speech before a broadcasting group in Park City, Utah, warned that the delicate mechanism of the interactive process likely to make for a reasonably well-informed public might be thrown out of balance "if the words and views of the President become a monolithic force, if they constitute not just the most powerful voice in the land but the only one speaking for a nationwide point of view." To reduce the risks of such imbalance, CBS had adopted and put into effect early that summer what it called a "loyal opposition" concept, under which the network and its affiliated stations would occasionally provide the principal political opposition party with free prime time to present its own views on matters of national importance. This policy was not well received at the White House. On September 23, 1970, Charles Colson, special counsel to the President, came to New York and had a meeting with William S. Paley, chairman of the board of CBS, and Frank Stanton to discuss the network's policy on covering the Administration. He also had meetings with the presidents of NBC and ABC. According to Stanton, at the CBS meeting Colson "urged that in the future CBS should refrain from broadcasting 'loyal opposition' responses following Presidential addresses" and "indicated that the Administration might seek to deter such broadcasts by F.C.C. regulation, legislation, or other means."

Colson's version of this meeting and of his conferences with the heads of the other networks was set forth in a memorandum to Haldeman on September 25, 1970. Colson began with the observation that "the networks are terribly nervous over the uncertain state of the law"—a reference to a number of F.C.C. studies of the feasibility of enforcing a proposed law that would grant members of Congress certain statutory rights of access to television time, and also, apparently, a reference to a number of recent F.C.C. decisions bearing on network broadcasting practices. Colson went on to say that the network heads "are also apprehensive" about the Administration. "Although they tried to disguise this, it was obvious," he wrote. "The harder I pressed them (CBS and NBC) the more accommodating,

cordial, and almost apologetic they became. Stanton for all his bluster is the most insecure of all." Colson wrote that there was "unanimous agreement" at the meetings that "the President's right of access to TV should in no way be restrained." He said that the CBS and ABC chiefs agreed with his position that on most occasions the President, when he takes to television, is speaking above merely partisan matters, and that as a consequence the networks are under no obligation to present a contrasting point of view, such as is provided for in the F.C.C. fairness doctrine, which calls for broadcasters, when they present material on controversial topics of public importance, to make available reasonable opportunity for the presentation of contrasting views. According to Colson, all the network people had agreed with him that, all circumstances considered, the networks were under no obligation to present opposition replies to the President automatically, and that the question of giving time for opposition views would have to be made on a case-by-case basis.

Colson went on to say, "I had to break every meeting. The networks badly want to have those kinds of discussions which they said they had had with other Administrations but never with ours. They told me anytime we had a complaint about slanted coverage for me to call them directly. Paley said that he would like to come down to Washington and spend time with me anytime that I wanted. In short, they are very much afraid of us and are trying hard to prove they are 'good guys.' " He added, "Paley made the point that he was amazed at how many people agree with the Vice-President's criticism of the networks. He also went out of his way to say how much he supports the President, and how popular the President is." Of his visit to Julian Goodman, of NBC, Colson wrote, "The only ornament on Goodman's desk was the Nixon Inaugural Medal." And he observed of his visit to ABC headquarters that "Hagerty [James Hagerty, who had been Press Secretary to President Eisenhower and had since become an ABC vice-president] said in Goldenson's presence [Leonard Goldenson was the president of ABC] that ABC is 'with us.' " All of this, Colson informed Haldeman, "adds up to the fact that they are damned nervous and scared and we should continue to take a very tough line, face to face, and in other ways."

Colson proposed that in following up these talks he review with Stanton and Goodman specific occasions on which the White House had asserted that "their news coverage has been slanted," which would possibly, he thought, "make them even more cautious." He proposed, further, that he personally pursue with Dean Burch, "as soon as we have a majority" of pro-Administration commissioners on the F.C.C., the possibility of an interpretative ruling by the F.C.C. concerning the President's use of television. He believed that "this point could be very favorably clarified and it would, of course, have an inhibiting impact on the networks and their professed concern with achieving balance." He concluded by observing, "I am realistic enough to realize that we probably won't see any obvious improvement in the news coverage but I think we can dampen their ardor for putting on 'loyal opposition' type programs."

The picture that Colson drew of the networks' reaction to his visits was hardly one of valor under fire. There is no doubt that the network management people were in a somewhat nervous state about Administration plans affecting them. And yet Colson's picture of, for instance, Stanton as an intimidated man most anxious to please hardly accords with the experience of most CBS executives who had any contact with Stanton. Coolness, precision, disciplined control, even ruthlessness, are some of the qualities that have been attributed to him; the notion of a Stanton obsequious under fire really does not seem to fit any picture of him outside that rendered by Colson. Colson's memorandum, which he undoubtedly thought would be read by the President as well as Haldeman, seems tinged with a sense of his own impressiveness. For example, Colson's statement "I had to break every meeting," which is hardly flattering to the other principals involved, is contradicted by Stanton. "That's absolutely untrue," Stanton declared on being shown a copy of Colson's memorandum. "Paley and I sat there for two and a half hours with Colson and we couldn't understand why the meeting went on so long." As for Colson's statement that the network heads "are very much afraid of us," Stanton commented that he would "just stand on the record as to whether CBS was afraid of the Administration." But Stanton freely conceded that he had been seriously concerned, as a result of his talk with Colson, about the difficulties that seemed to lie ahead for the network in its dealings with the Nixon Administration.

THE summer of 1971 seems to have marked a significant hardening of resolution within the White House about the treatment to be accorded real or imagined opponents of the Administration, including various critics in the media. A preëlection surge of activity was occurring at the executive offices then, and, in the words of a correspondent who was on the scene, "it was just as though some 'go' signal had suddenly been given" against people regarded in the White House as adversaries. The original proposal for drawing up an "enemies list"—of people marked for possibly unpleasant treatment by the Nixon Administration—had been submitted to John Dean, counsel to the President, early that summer, and the burglary of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist by a team of so-called plumbers took place over the Labor Day weekend. And on August 20th the F.B.I.,

"Really, Chester! Even Jackie Gleason has stopped saying 'And away we go.'"

acting on instructions from above, began an intensive investigation of the CBS correspondent Daniel Schorr.

Schorr, an experienced reporter, whose work for CBS News had included such responsible assignments as resident correspondent in Geneva, Moscow, and Bonn, had been in the Washington bureau of CBS since 1966. During the years of the Johnson Administration, Schorr had covered the operation of social-welfare programs, and after the Nixon Administration took over he continued to cover pretty much the same area, in pretty much the same spirit—that is, as Schorr puts it, "rather critically, and in the light of the two principal recurring questions: What is the promise? What is the performance?" Of late, Schorr had been having increasing difficulties with the Nixon Administration over the content of his reports, and he was acutely aware that the White House was displeased with what he was saying on television about the way the Nixon Administration's health, education, and welfare programs were being conceived and carried out. As yet, however, he was unaware that his name had been placed on an Administration list that a memorandum from Colson to John Dean had assessed as "worthwhile for go status" and that categorized him as follows: "Schorr, Daniel, Columbia Broadcasting System, Washington: A real media enemy."

On August 20th, Schorr began to learn more about his standing with the Administration when F.B.I. agents started interviewing numerous colleagues and neighbors of his. The F.B.I. men told these people that they were gathering background material as part of a consideration of Schorr for a government job, which was unspecified. The name of the agency supposedly doing the considering was also unspecified. Schorr began to get calls from friends in many parts of the country who had been interviewed by F.B.I. agents and wanted to know just what the investigation was about. A neighbor reported that Schorr's home in Georgetown was apparently under F.B.I. surveillance; a neighbor of Schorr's brother Alvin, who lived in New York and was Dean of the School of Social Work at New York University, reported being asked by the F.B.I. "who comes and goes" at Alvin Schorr's house. The people calling Daniel Schorr included Richard S. Salant, the president of CBS News. The urgent manner of the F.B.I. man who called Salant had given him the impression that an announcement of Schorr's appointment to an important government post was imminent. Telephoning Schorr from New York, Salant indicated that he had been somewhat taken aback to learn that Schorr, after nineteen productive years with CBS, was so abruptly quitting the network. Schorr assured Salant, as he assured his other callers, that he had applied for no job with the government, knew of no official post for which he might possibly be considered, and had no intention at all of leaving CBS. In short, both Schorr and his colleagues were puzzled and rather disturbed by the whole business. Could it be, they wondered, that the F.B.I. investigation was connected with the way Schorr had been reporting, on camera, various aspects of the conduct of the Administration? Schorr, a man of self-contained and rather judicious bearing, is not the sort of correspondent to work himself into an excited state, professionally or in any other context, without good cause, and he refrained from jumping to conclusions about the F.B.I. investiga-

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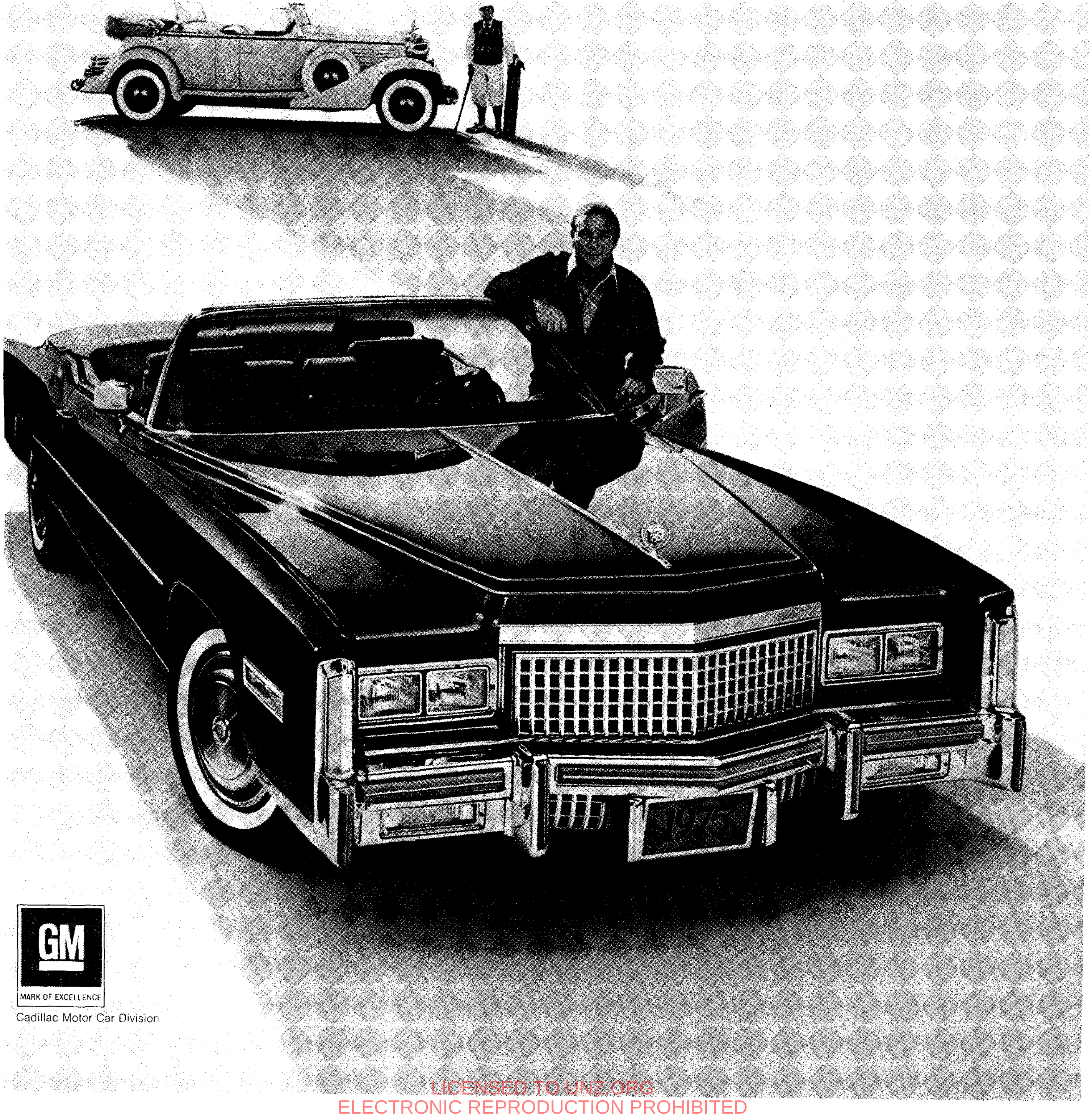

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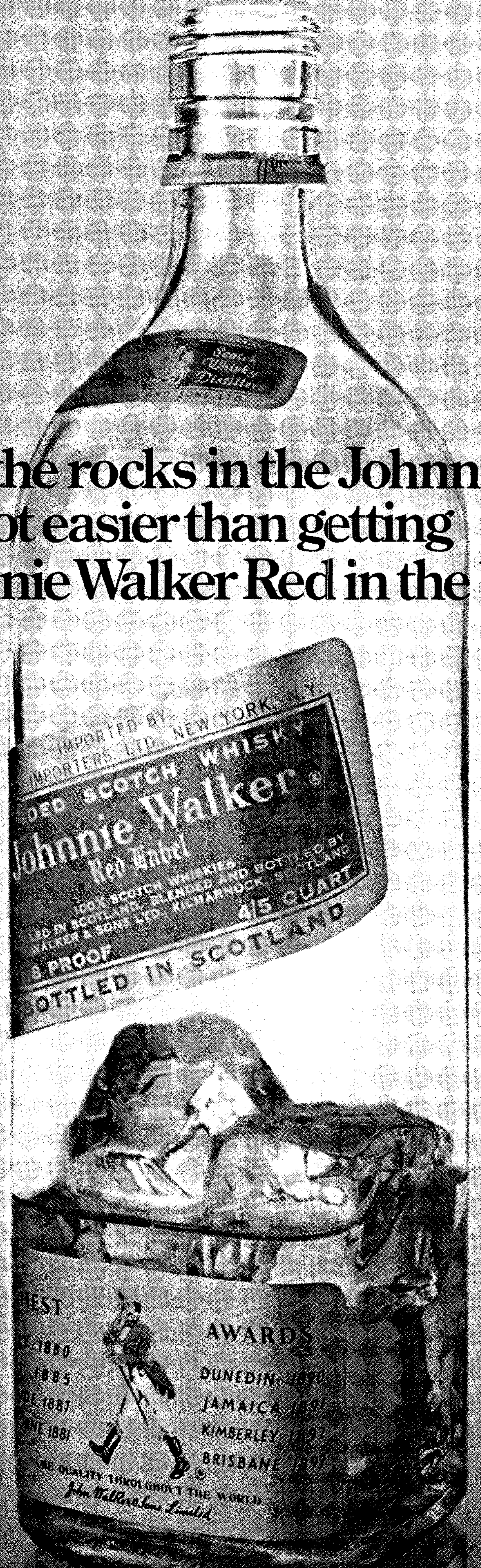
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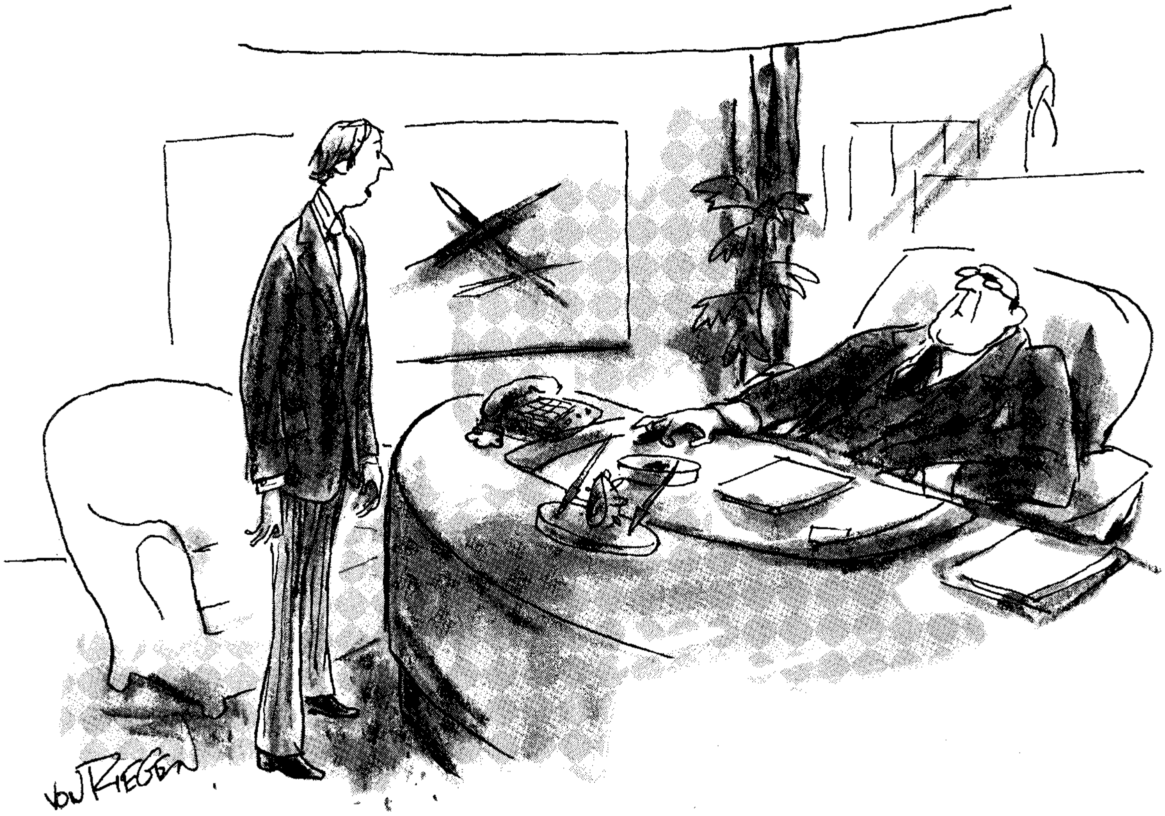

"I'm afraid I have to leave the firm, sir. My wife's company is transferring her out of state."

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tion. Still, he felt that the attitude being displayed toward his reporting by people in the White House had lately taken on a quality unique in his experience as a correspondent dealing with the executive branch.

Around that time, Schorr said later, he had been struck by the fact that White House political control over government departments was becoming more and more evident. "You found that, more and more, not only were the White House staff putting their own people at various medium and lower levels in the independent regulatory agencies but the agencies were increasingly hamstrung," Schorr told me before Nixon's resignation. "The White House took control not just of over-all policy but also of the normal functioning of the departments insofar as these touched on political considerations. The White House didn't seem to care so much about what the programs of the government departments were, or how they did their work, but if political P.R. considerations were involved, if network TV was involved and any likelihood of affecting votes was there, it became apparent that no government department could make any decision without the White House having veto power over it." Schorr gave me an instance. Late in 1970, he said, he had wanted to do a television report on an office in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare in which school busing plans were being drawn up. "George Wallace had been talking about a crew of anonymous pointy-headed bureaucrats who had been drawing up these plans in H.E.W., and I thought it would be interesting to have a piece about these people, who weren't really anonymous or conspiratorial but were essentially technicians drawing up demographic lines," he told me. "I spoke to an Assistant Secretary in H.E.W. about it, and he said we were welcome to come down with a camera crew. When we arrived, I was told by this man that, alas, they couldn't cooperate on the project—under new regulations, the H.E.W. information people had to clear with the White House any project involving TV coverage, and the White House had vetoed this one. I asked the man whether he had explained what I wanted to do. He said he had, but had been told that since I was involved, and since the subject was politically sensitive, the White House had said no."

On another occasion, Schorr had proposed moderating a discussion on CBS between Elliot Richardson, who was then Secretary of H.E.W., and Senator Edward Kennedy on the comparative merits of the Kennedy and Administration versions of a national-health-insurance bill. Both men accepted the proposal. But twenty-four hours after accepting it Richardson told Schorr that the White House had said no to his participation—it didn't want Richardson on a program moderated by Schorr. "When a Cabinet officer couldn't go on television to discuss a matter over which his own agency had regulatory power without clearing it all with the White House, that must have been rather degrading for him," Schorr remarked. After a while, Schorr began to get an eerie feeling that had become only too familiar to him during his years abroad. "It began to make me remember my dealings in Russia," he said. "A condition in which you have something called the government but you know that what's called the government is, relatively speaking, only a façade; you know the decisions are being made not in the government offices but by the Party."

In the weeks following Schorr's realization that he was being investigated by the F.B.I., he made various attempts among his acquaintances in Washington to find out what the investigation was really about, but for some time he could uncover nothing illuminating. On October 8th, he had a chance to put the question directly to a White House official, for he found himself at a dinner party with Frederic V. Malek, the man in charge of recruiting talent for the executive-office complex. Schorr, assuming that if he had been under consideration for some important government job Malek surely would know about it, asked him what was going on. Malek seemed completely surprised by Schorr's question, said it was all news to him, and wanted to know when the investigation had taken place. He said he would check up on the matter first thing the next morning at the White House and call Schorr about it. The call never came.

On November 4, 1971, there was another development concerning Schorr's relations with the White House: Charles Colson telephoned Frank Stanton to complain that Schorr,

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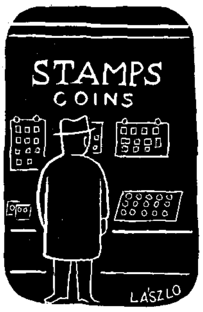
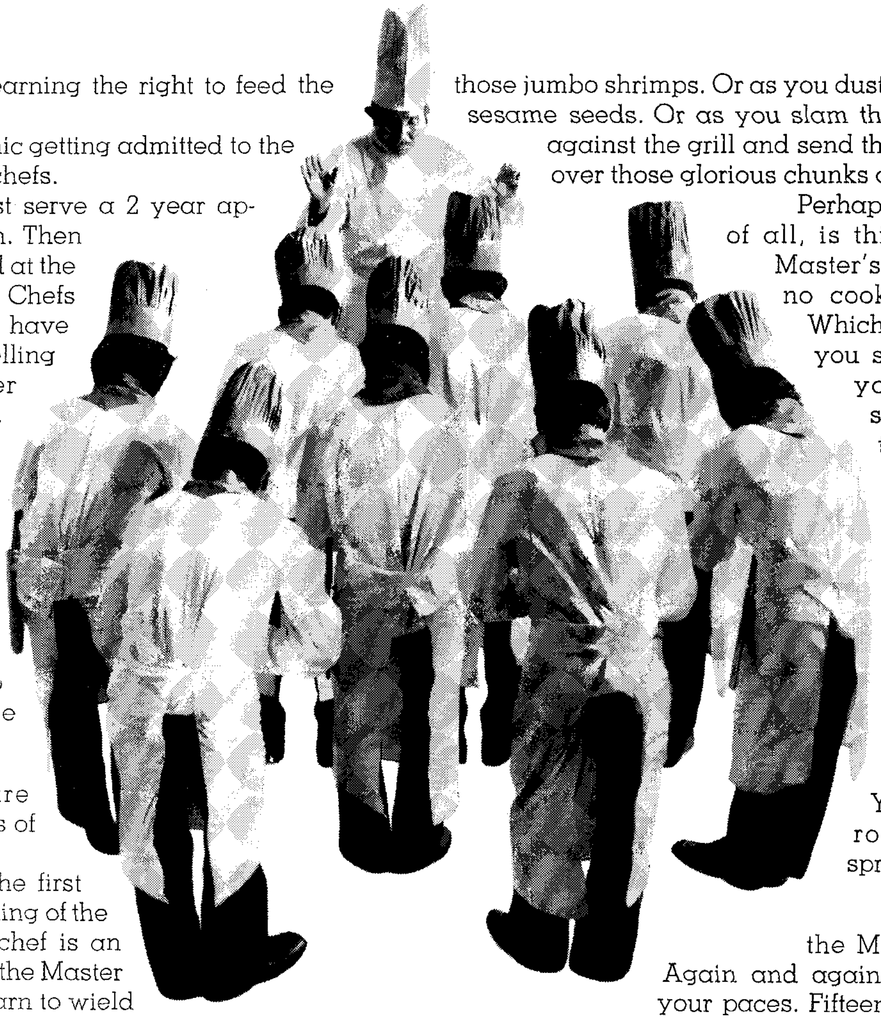
who was now focussing his professional attention on the issue of wage-price stabilization, was damaging the whole federal wage-stabilization program by his reporting. As an example, Colson cited a report that Schorr had given on the "CBS Evening News" of supposed dissension among representatives of management, labor, and government on the Federal Pay Board. It was said that George Meany had been so incensed by the report that the following day he had boycotted a meeting of the Pay Board. (There was nothing to this allegation at all, according to Schorr. He says that when he subsequently asked Meany about the supposed boycott, Meany said that he had attended the Pay Board meeting in question—he'd just had to turn up at it an hour late, because of a standing doctor's appointment.)

A few days after Colson's call of complaint to Stanton, the Washington *Post* got wind of it, and then the newspaper learned of the F.B.I. investigation of Schorr. The investigation incident became front-page news in the *Post,* and quickly turned into a public issue. (Schorr himself did no on-the-air reporting of this particular story, although the "CBS Evening News" did touch on the affair briefly.) At the White House, Ronald Ziegler was questioned closely about the matter. In response, Ziegler declared that Schorr had indeed been considered for a government post, and that the idea for the job had originated in the office of Frederic Malek—who had denied any knowledge of the matter to Schorr himself. Pressed for a description of the post, Ziegler would say only that it was "in the environmental area" and that further details would be made known "in due time." The explanation wasn't good enough for Senator Sam Ervin, whose Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights was preparing documentation on matters affecting the First Amendment; Senator Ervin said that his subcommittee would look into the affair on February 1, 1972. On January 27th, John Dean wrote Senator Ervin a letter of explanation. He conceded the fact of the investigation and went on to say that "Mr. Schorr was being considered for a job that is presently filled." (Four days later, reporters at the White House were informed that the position involved "has not been filled.") In response to a request Senator Ervin had made that Malek, Colson, and Klein appear before his subcommittee to testify to what they knew of the Schorr investigation, Dean declined to allow them to appear. A letter to Senator Ervin from J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I., said that the investigation of Schorr had been requested on August 19, 1971, "by a member of the White House staff" and "as a routine background investigation for possible Federal appointment."

As it happened, on August 19th Schorr had been called to the White House to be told of dissatisfaction with his reporting on the Administration. Two days earlier, President Nixon had travelled to New York to address a Catholic audience at a Knights of Columbus dinner. About this, Schorr told me, "The President, appearing shortly after a Supreme Court decision that rather firmly banned state assistance to parochial schools, told his audience, in effect, 'You can count on my support to rescue the parochial schools.' The following day, the 'CBS Evening News' was going to carry a film clip of this part of Nixon's speech, which had been received with a big outburst of applause. I got a call from CBS News in New York asking me to do a piece that would run right after the Nixon statement and deal with what the President seemed to have in mind. It was a routine question for a correspondent. I checked around and talked to my sources in H.E.W. and the Office of Education, and with an organization of Catholic schools which has a lobby in Washington. The best conclusion that I could come up with was that there really didn't seem to be any specific Administration program for the so-called rescue of the parochial schools. So far as my sources were concerned, the President seemed to have been saying what he did primarily for rhetorical effect. And that's what I reported on the evening news." Called to the White House after the broadcast, Schorr was told by Buchanan and several other White House officials that his reporting had been inaccurate. Schorr replied that if he could be shown that an Administration plan to aid parochial schools was in the making he would do his best to report that on the air, and he asked for documentation of any such plan.



According to John Dean's testimony before the Senate Watergate committee on June 26, 1973, the order for the F.B.I. investigation of Schorr was given by Higby, Halde-



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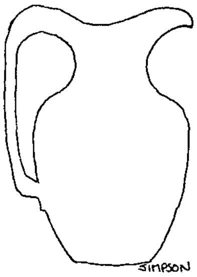
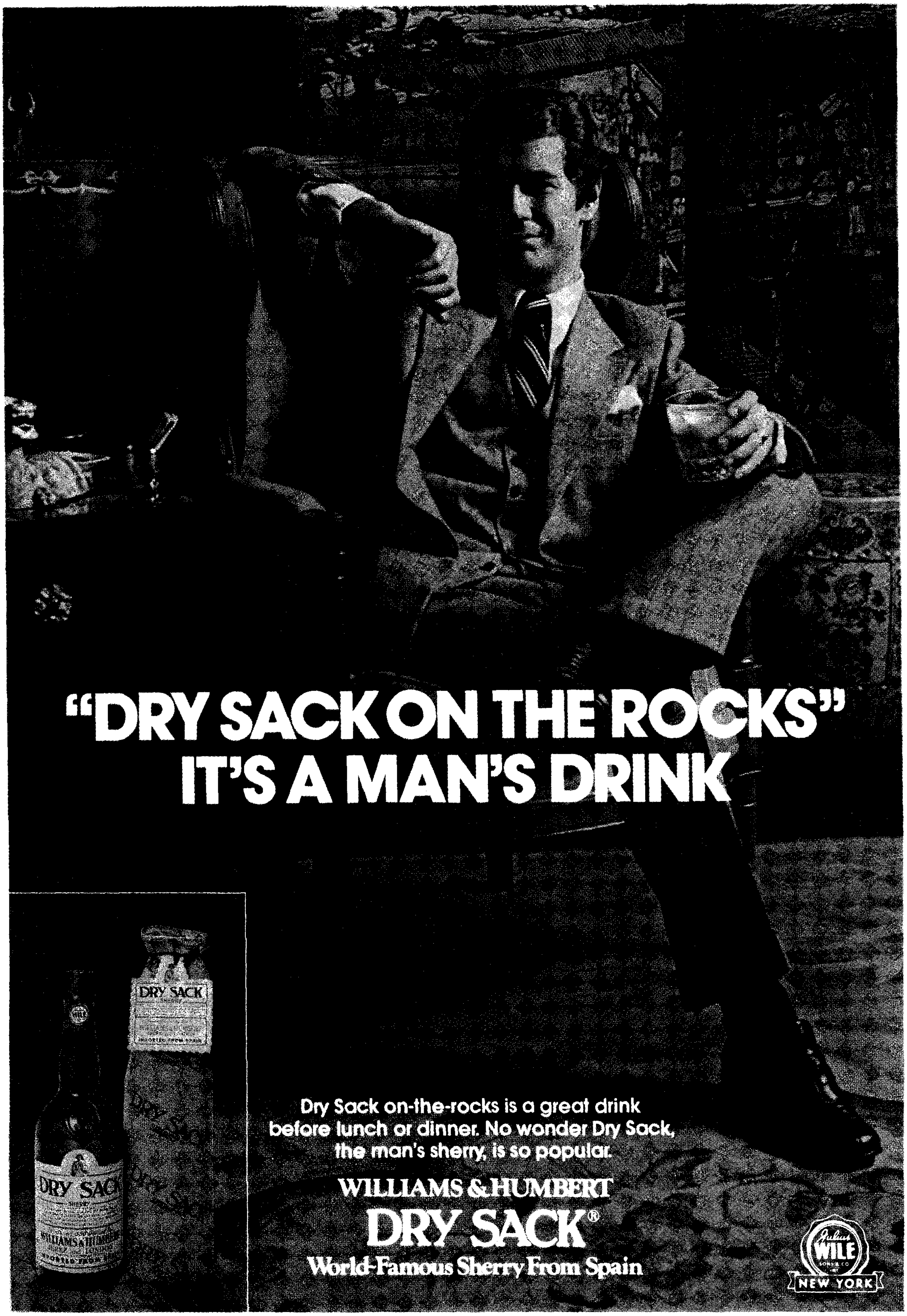
man's principal assistant, at Haldeman's request. At the time, Haldeman, accompanied by Higby, was travelling with President Nixon in the Grand Tetons. When Haldeman himself testified before the committee, he admitted that Schorr had never been considered for any federal job, that he himself had requested the F.B.I. check on Schorr, and that the request had been "generated" by "something, apparently—I assume—that arose at that time." By whom it was "generated" he did not specify. But since Haldeman was travelling with the President at the time, it seems entirely possible that the order for the Schorr investigation was not "generated" without at least the knowledge of the President himself. Subsequently, Colson testified that Nixon had agreed with him on a cover story in which both would state that Schorr had been investigated in connection with a potential appointment as an assistant to the chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality.



Some months ago, I asked Schorr how his experience as a correspondent covering the Nixon Administration compared with his experience in covering other Administrations. Schorr made it clear that he had not been without his difficulties in his professional relations with past Administrations. For example, he recalled that during the Kennedy Administration, when he was stationed in Germany for CBS, his reporting had got him into trouble—not on the ground of any inaccuracy but because of the political reverberations involved—with Kennedy himself. Schorr explained, "At a time when relations between Washington and Bonn were rather tense, Chancellor Adenauer, a hard-liner where the Soviet Union was concerned, tended to believe that the Kennedy Administration, because of its interest in détente—'coexistence' was the word used in those days—was tending to make deals with the Russians over the heads of the Germans. I was hearing constant reports that Adenauer, at closed sessions with his party people in Bonn, was saying quite nasty things about J.F.K., and on CBS television and radio I was reporting what was being said about these hard feelings. On one occasion, about an hour after I'd done a radio broadcast in which I represented Adenauer as being very critical of President Kennedy, Pierre Salinger [Kennedy's Press Secretary, who had recently arrived in Germany] met me at an airport in Germany, and he asked me, 'What have you just been saying about the President over the air?' I was curious as to how Salinger knew, just an hour after I'd made a shortwave broadcast to the States, what I'd been saying. He told me that President Kennedy had been listening to me on the 'CBS Morning News Roundup' while he was shaving, and had picked up the phone and telephoned him in Germany to tell him, 'I've just been listening to Schorr on CBS. You've been in Germany for three days now, and our relations were never worse. Where are you going next?' A few months later, Kennedy was having dinner with Blair Clark, who was then general manager of CBS News, and who happened to be a college classmate of Kennedy's. And Kennedy said to him, 'Why the hell don't you get that Dan Schorr out of Germany? Why don't you tell him he's making a lot of trouble for me?' The President was obviously very irritated by my reporting, and I was made to feel it. But he wasn't seriously trying to get me fired. Blair reported his remark to me more as a humorous anecdote than anything else."

Schorr had had his difficulties with President Johnson, too. Once, in Washington during the Johnson Administration, Schorr gave a television report on Johnson's tax program. Schorr told me, "The story involved the fact that Johnson, in order to get the support of Wilbur Mills for a tax surcharge he was very anxious to include in his tax legislation, made concessions to Mills that involved a toughening of welfare regulations, which Mills wanted—all of which greatly irritated John Gardner, then Secretary of H.E.W. I reported all this, including Gardner's grief. Subsequently, I was to be blamed for provoking, through this story, Gardner's resignation from H.E.W. And I got a midnight call from President Johnson about it. The President told me, 'Schorr, you're one prize son of a bitch.' " On another occasion, Schorr recalled, he had done a report on a concert before an anti-Vietnam-war audience near the Washington Monument and wound up his report with the observation "And all this in Johnson's Washington." Schorr said that a couple of days later he went to cover a White House reception for the Prime Minister of New Zealand and Johnson introduced him to the Prime Minister with the remark "This is Dan Schorr. He covers Johnson's Washington." Of this, Schorr said,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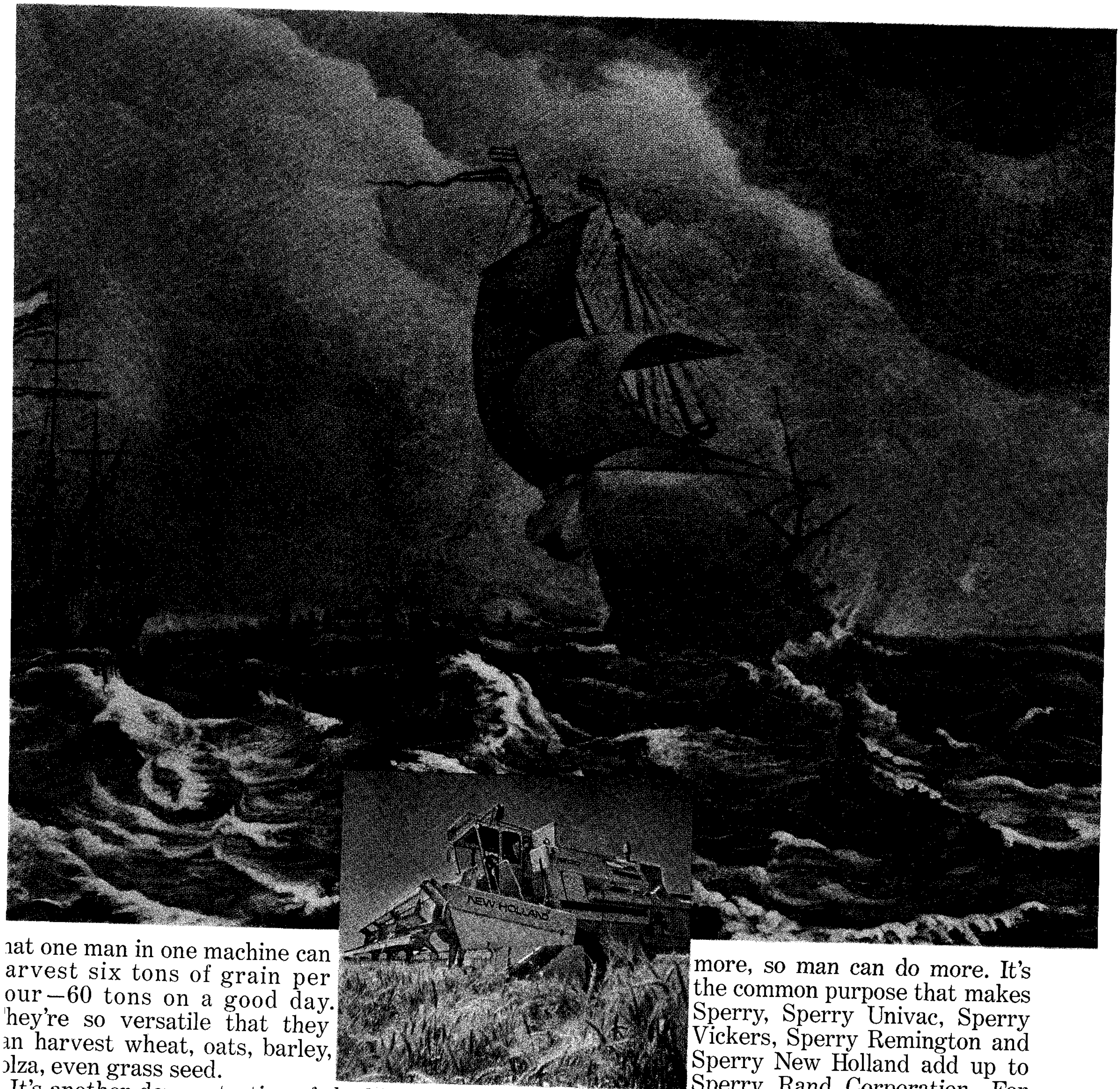

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In the spring of 1972, a new note was struck in the White House anti-network-news theme. On May 4th, Patrick Buchanan, appearing on a television interview program sponsored by the National Public Affairs Center for Television, reiterated White House complaints of biassed network news reporting and then gave his "personal view" that "a monopoly like this of a group of people with a single point of view and a single political ideology" was likely to bring about a condition in which "you're going to find something done in [the] area of anti-trust-type action, I would think."

Whatever else this statement may have implied, the network people could interpret it as a warning that they were, in effect, going to be on probation for their news reporting in the coming 1972 Presidential-election campaign. An internal White House memorandum that eventually came into the hands of the Senate Watergate committee appears to confirm this interpretation. The memo, from Buchanan and his assistant, Ken Khachigian, to former Attorney General John Mitchell, was dated March 14, 1972, and in a section subtitled "Accuracy in Media" had this to say:

> We did not need Edith Efron [author of "The News Twisters"] to inform us of what the national networks did to RN in 1968; this has to be prevented in 1972. Suggest establishment of a "Fair Coverage Committee" or "Equal Time Committee" which might be located in the

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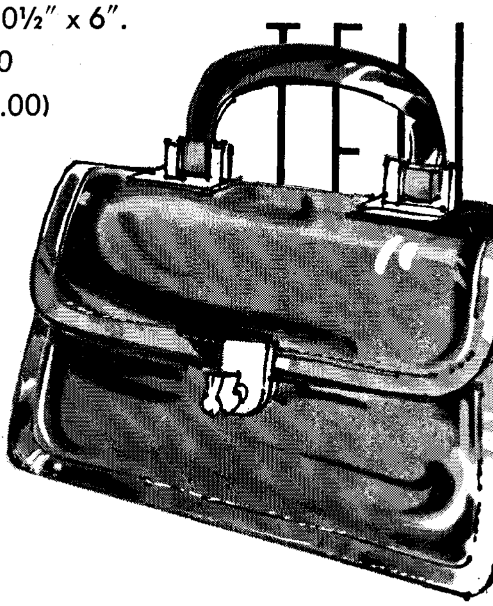

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[Republican National Committee], which would "clock" precisely the positive and negative coverage of presidential and vice presidential candidates on the networks. If we are getting anything more than "equal time," this committee can remain silent; if we get anything less than equal time, it should . . . then send a memorandum to John Mitchell who should get on the horn to the network President and point this out, indicating that if it is not corrected, and equal time not provided, this will be made an issue in the campaign, and the subject of legislation in the coming Congress.

There was, however, at least a brief respite in the Administration's efforts to affect network political coverage. According to Victor Gold, at a Nixon campaign-strategy meeting in the spring of 1972 the White House people "decided to let up on the pounding of the press for the time being." He said that the explanation given the Agnew staff for this was that the White House felt "they had things going their way with McGovern"—a reference to the critical reporting being done on the way the Democratic candidate was conducting his campaign—and that the White House now took the position with Agnew that "we don't want you going out and being abrasive." As a result, Gold said, Agnew moderated his attacks on the television networks for the duration of the campaign. But, he said, it was clear that the situation was "geared up for all-out war against the media" as soon as the election was over.

The Administration's adversary attitude toward network reporting was renewed in overt fashion even before Election Day. On October 29th, Colson telephoned Frank Stanton to complain about CBS reporting on Watergate. According to Stanton, Colson began his call by asking whether and when the network would broadcast on the "CBS Evening News" the second of a two-part report on the implications of the Watergate break-in—the first such report having been given in a fourteen-minute segment on the Cronkite news program on October 27th. According to a subsequent affidavit by Stanton, "I told him that we expected to make the broadcast on October 30." (The second broadcast was actually made on October 31st, one week before the election.) Stanton went on, "Colson then complained bitterly that CBS was devoting too much attention to Watergate in its news reporting. Since I thought that he was urging that the first part of the two-part report had been unfair, I reviewed that broadcast with him trying to show why I believe it to be eminently fair and balanced. As I was doing so, however, Colson interrupted me and said, in substance, that 'whether the report was fair or not, it should not have been broadcast at all.' " The second part of the "CBS Evening News" report on Watergate, when it went on the air, appeared in considerably shorter form than that in which it was originally prepared for broadcast, and this led to subsequent speculation in the trade that the trimming of the report may have been a result of Colson's call. Richard Salant, the president of CBS News, has denied this. "I cut the second part because it repeated a section that we'd already run in a special report on Watergate in August. It was as simple as that," he told me. But Stanhope Gould, then an associate producer of the "CBS Evening News," who had prepared the report, has said that it wasn't that simple. According to Gould, after Colson had argued that the action of CBS in devoting so much time to the Watergate affair was in itself a sign of anti-Administration bias on the part of the network, Salant was summoned to see Paley. Then, Gould said, Salant arranged for a screening of the second part and, after seeing it, ordered it cut—over Gould's protests.

In early November, shortly after the election, Colson called Stanton again. According to Stanton's affidavit, Colson "said in substance that unless CBS substantially changed its news treatment of the Nixon Administration 'things will get much worse for CBS.' He also said, in substance, 'You didn't play ball during the campaign. . . . We'll bring you to your knees in Wall Street and on Madison Avenue.' " Colson, asked about this in an interview by Mike Wallace that appeared on the CBS program "60 Minutes" last May 26th, denied that he had threatened Stanton in this manner. "I think it's fair to say that I never had a conversation like that with Frank Stanton. I read that in the newspaper, and I was really surprised," Colson said. Stanton, in a talk I had with him after the Colson broadcast, insisted that he remembered the substance of the November conversation well and the phrase "We'll bring you to your knees in Wall Street" vividly.

IF what Stanton has said about Colson's conversation is accurate, Colson, in discussing possible retaliatory measures against the network, could hardly have been speaking for himself alone. On September 15th, six weeks before Colson called CBS headquarters

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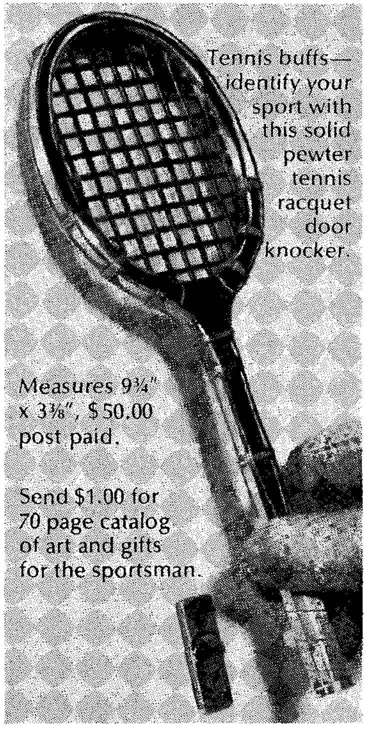

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to complain about the reporting on Watergate, the President, in the Oval Office at the White House (according to a passage in a taped conversation that was deleted from the published White House transcript of Presidential conversations but subsequently recovered from the original tape as subpoenaed by the House Judiciary Committee), was discussing with John Dean and H. R. Haldeman the future of two television stations that happened to be affiliated with the CBS network. These stations were WJXT, in Jacksonville, and WPLG, in Miami, both owned by the Washington *Post,* whose detailed investigative reporting on the Watergate affair had made it a journalistic scourge of the Administration. The Administration had also felt itself damaged by the *Post's* Jacksonville station, which in 1970 had dug out a speech that G. Harrold Carswell, then the Administration's nominee to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Court, made in 1948 advocating white supremacy. Part of the White House conversation went as follows:

Dean: And the *Post,* as you know, has got a, a, a real large team that they've assigned to do nothing but this . . . case.

President: Sure. . . .

Haldeman: The *Post* (unintelligible)

President: It's going to have its problems.

Haldeman: (unintelligible) . . .

President: That's right. The main, main thing is the *Post* is going to have damnable, damnable problems out of this one. They have a television station—

Dean: That's right, they do.

President: —and they're going to have to get it renewed.

Haldeman: They've got a radio station, too.

President: Does that come up, too? The point is, when does it come up?

Dean: I don't know. But the practice of non-licensees filing on top of licensees has certainly gotten more—

President: That's right.

Dean: —more active in the, this area.

President: And it's going to be God damn active here.

Dean: (laughter) (silence)

President: Well, the game has to be played awfully rough.

Nixon's prediction was followed within a few months by public action affecting the two *Post* stations. At the end of 1972, the federal licenses under which WJXT and WPLG operated came up for renewal, and when they did competing applications for use of the stations' broadcasting frequencies were filed with the F.C.C. by attorneys representing several groups of businessmen—investment bankers, real-estate developers, and so on—most of whom were known to be friendly to the President. The chairman of a group challenging the license of the *Post* station in Miami had been a partner of Nixon's, along with C. G. (Bebe) Rebozo, in Fisher's Island, an offshore-resort speculation in Florida; another principal was Sanford K. Bronstein, president and chief executive officer of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Miami, a new section of which was dedicated by President Nixon. (Bronstein has since been convicted of stealing hospital funds; the hospital corporation has gone into bankruptcy court.) In Jacksonville, a group challenging the WJXT license renewal was headed by the finance chairman of Nixon's reëlection-campaign organization in Florida. Aside from the party affiliations of the challengers, it seemed notable that of thirty-three Florida television stations whose licenses came up for renewal at that time the only two challenged by competing groups were those held by the *Post* stations.

This development struck a very sensitive nerve in the entire broadcasting industry. The pressure on the *Post,* which may have been motivated by national political considerations, was bound to be disturbing to local businessmen who owned and operated television stations in hundreds of cities throughout the nation. Under federal law, the standard term for a commercial broadcasting license, as granted by the F.C.C., is three years. Until the end of the sixties, renewal of these licenses had been all but automatic. But in 1969 a landmark decision by the F.C.C. caused a number of broadcasters nervously to realize that such renewals could not be taken for granted. In that year, when the question of a license for television station WHDH, in Boston, which was owned by the Boston *Herald-Traveler,* came before the F.C.C., three groups challenged the owners, and the F.C.C. granted the license to one of the competing groups. The F.C.C. decision was based on the principle that the ownership of such a station should directly participate in its day-to-day management—the F.C.C. held that the *Herald-Traveler* ownership did not—and that, in any event, cross-ownership of a television station by a newspaper in a particular market was less an asset in serving the public than was ownership by an independent corporation. When, following this, the license renewal of station WPIX, in New York, was similarly challenged by a competing group in 1969 (the challenge proceedings have not yet been resolved) on the grounds of undesirable cross-ownership and alleged shoddy news practices, the owners of TV stations all across the coun-

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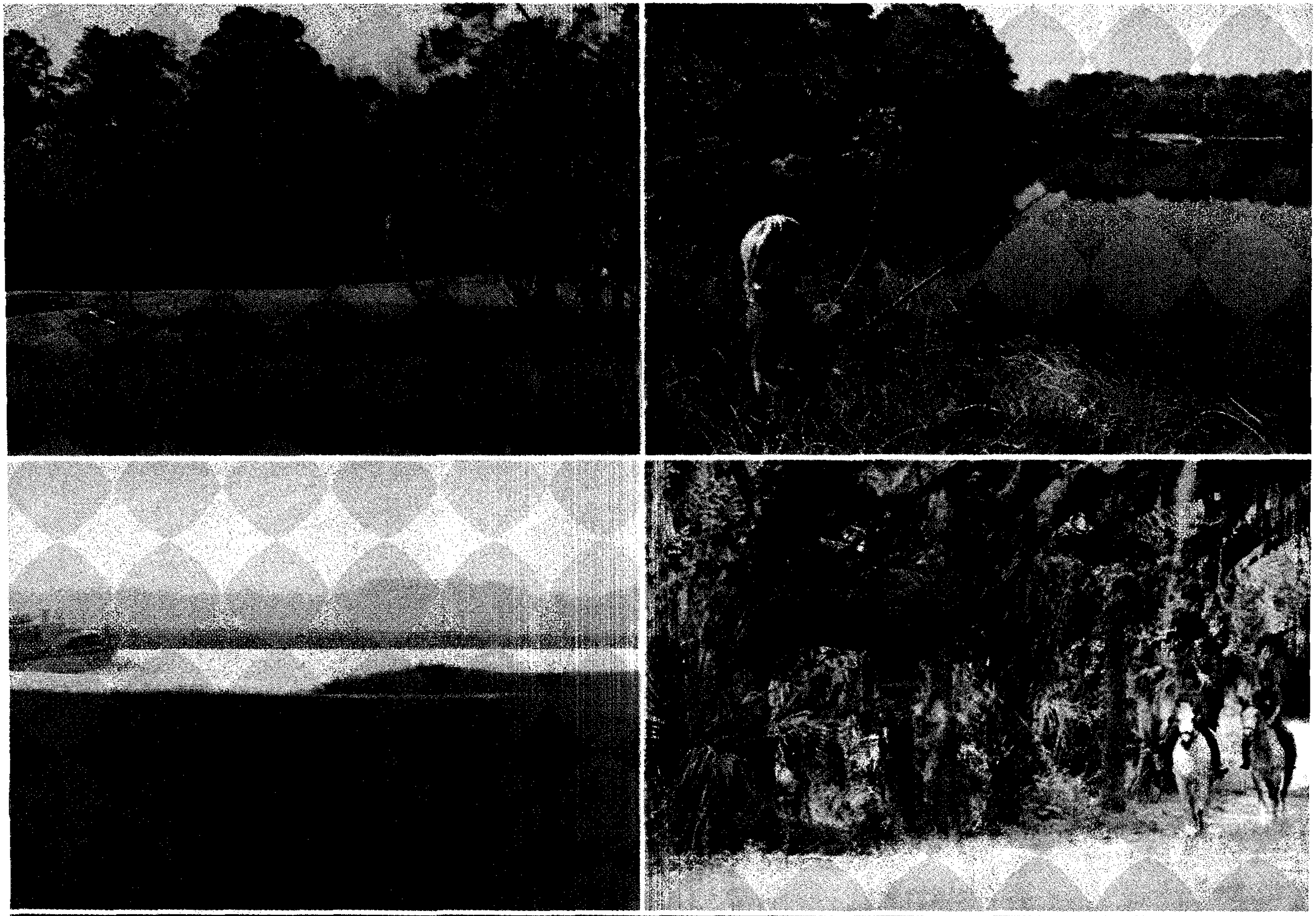

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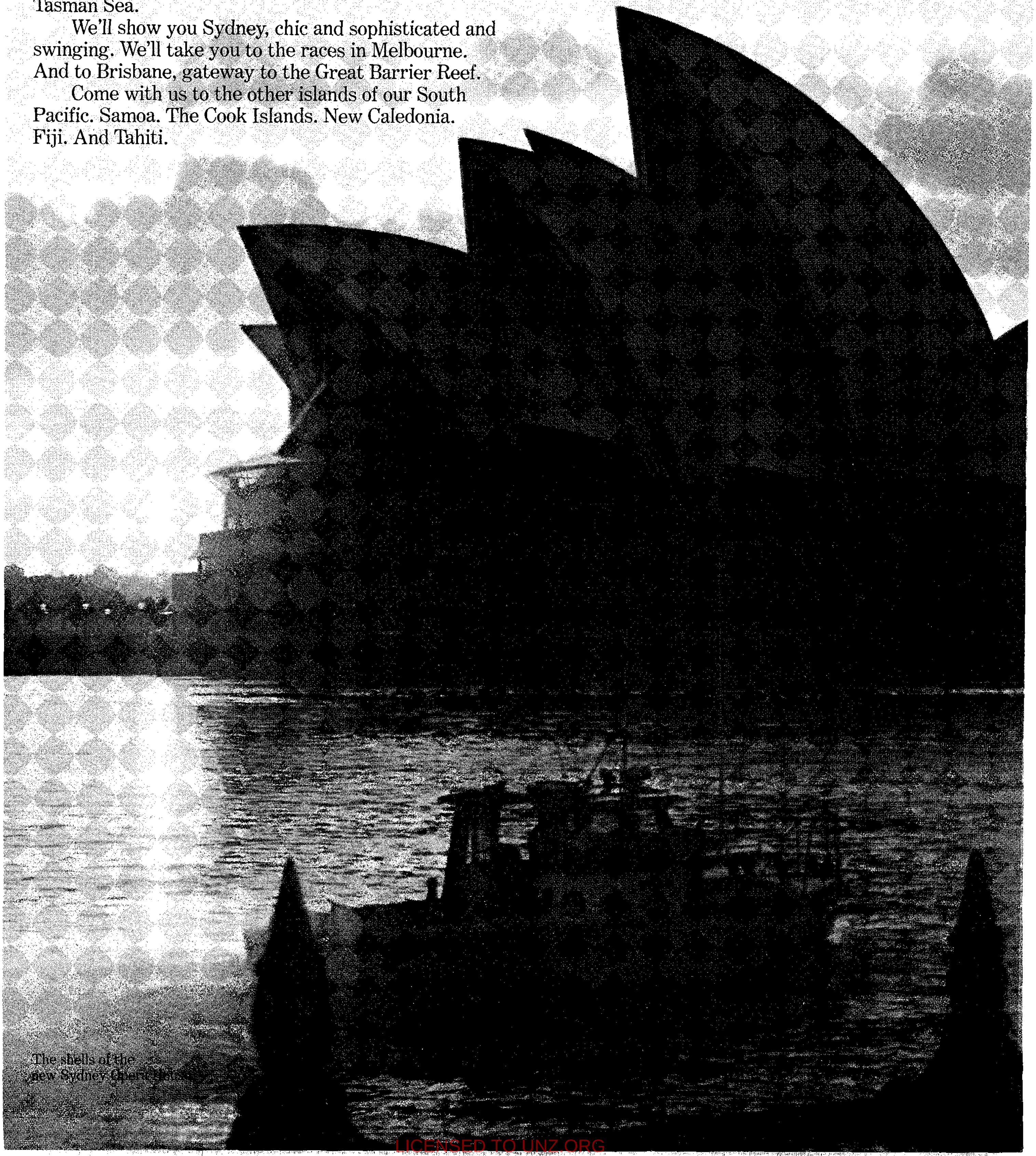

The shells of the new Sydney Opera House.

try became alarmed at the prospect of having their virtually automatic license renewals endangered.

According to the most recent F.C.C. figures, there are seven hundred and fourteen commercial television stations operating in the United States, and of these about twenty-four per cent—mostly stations operating on the UHF band—are unprofitable. Perhaps another seven per cent operate on an economically marginal basis. But the industry as a whole, which has become the dominant advertising medium in the country, is an unusually profitable one. Excluding the income of the networks, which supply them with programming services, in 1973 television broadcasting stations took in gross revenues of $2.06 billion, of which the net profit before taxes was $468 million, or approximately twenty-three per cent. Faced with the possibility that the golden shower descending on them might be turned off here or there by license challenges, the broadcasters, directly and through their trade and lobbying organization, the National Association of Broadcasters, persistently impressed upon congressmen and the Administration that they were in need of legislation giving them relief from feelings of insecurity over what they saw as dangerous tendencies in federal licensing practices.

The Nixon Administration's hostile attitude tended to reinforce other fears among broadcasting executives, both at the networks and at local stations. They were worried, for example, about the course of federal regulatory action being taken against false advertising claims over the air. In 1967, the F.C.C. had decided that, under its fairness doctrine, broadcasters running cigarette advertising must—because the subject of the effects of smoking on health was deemed controversial and of public importance—give free time, on request, to opponents of smoking for expression of their views; this decision had led to demands by other private groups—such as environmental groups opposing the use of leaded gasoline in cars—for free time to counter commercial advertising on television that they considered inimical to the public interest. From the broadcasters' point of view, it appeared that the Federal Trade Commission, under its reform-minded chairman, Miles W. Kirkpatrick, had given official encouragement to such efforts, and the agency was even drawing up plans to force advertisers to substantiate their advertising claims and to pay for corrective advertising where their commercials had been found to mislead the audience. The F.T.C. was cracking down on commercials that showed children miraculously growing right onscreen by the simple act of eating Wonder Bread, and it was charging the four big manufacturers of ready-to-eat breakfast cereals, whose annual advertising expenditures on television were enormous, with illegally monopolizing the breakfast-cereal market. As the broadcasters saw it, their situation as beneficiaries of the existing market structure was deteriorating by the month.

Another development that the broadcasters considered threatening to their market structure was cable television, through which, in the near future, communities throughout the country might be wired by coaxial cable to receive movies, live entertainment and sports, and various specialized services. The broadcasters wanted to prevent the existing cable services from picking up and relaying by cable standard commercial programs from distant points into communities then being served only by local commercial broadcasters; they also were very eager to discourage the progress of any system of pay television over cable facilities.

And most of the broadcasters feared that public broadcasting services over noncommercial stations, which had been financed in part by federal funds since the passage of the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967, were becoming interconnected in such a way as to constitute, in effect, a fourth network, capable of drawing away an appreciable part of the audiences of the commercial stations. As far as public television was concerned, of course, the commercial broadcasters had had intimations that the Administration was on their side, for reasons of its own. The people in the White House were clearly annoyed at what they considered an anti-Administration tone dominating many of the news and public-service programs going on the air under funding either by private foundations—in particular, the Ford Foundation—or through the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, a congressionally chartered nongovernmental body charged with advancing the development of public television. The White House people were particularly resentful about news reporting by Sander Vanocur, the former NBC correspondent, and about the content of programs such as "Bill Moyers' Journal" and "Washington Week in Review," which frequently contained material critical of the Nixon Administration. Since President Nixon had

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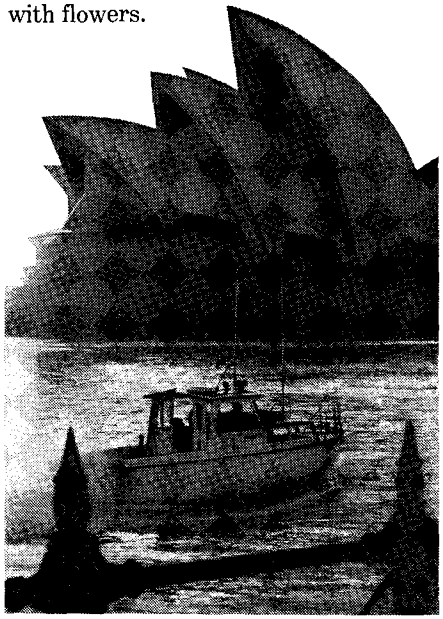

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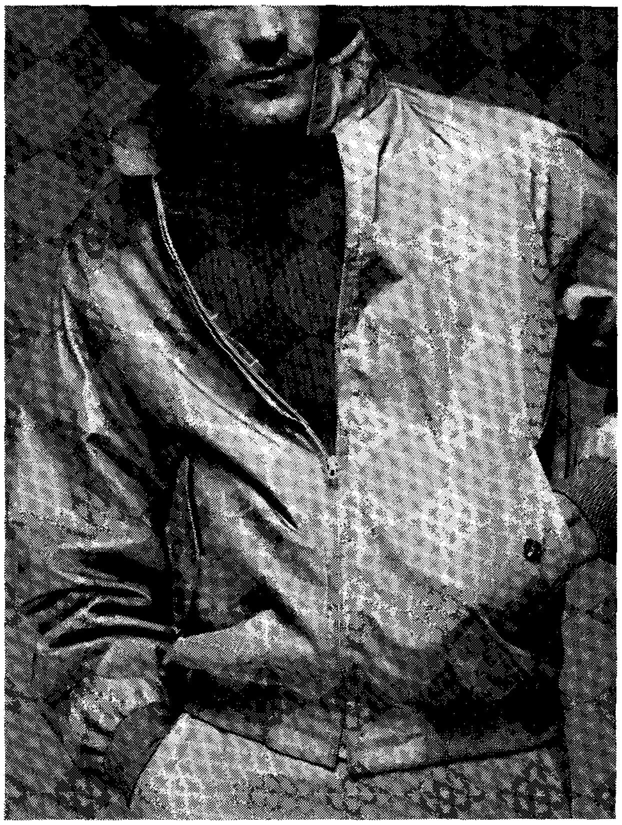
veto power over legislation coming out of Congress for public television, Administration pressure on the Corporation for Public Broadcasting was being keenly felt by members of the corporation's board, and, inevitably, by the people who produced and selected for syndication the programs being criticized by the White House.

When it came to the protection of purely commercial interests, the White House people reacted sympathetically to the representations of the broadcasting industry. In general, the Administration's only bone of contention with the station owners was that they were carrying network news programs whose content the Administration too often found objectionable. Actually, the great majority of the local broadcasters were conservative supporters of the President and his policies. On June 22, 1972, in a meeting arranged by Herbert Klein, President Nixon received a group of members of the National Association of Broadcasters at the White House. At the meeting, the broadcasters set forth their complaints concerning license-renewal challenges, their thorough dislike of the principle of counter-advertising, and their fears about the encouragement of anything resembling a public-television network. According to an account of the meeting in *Broadcasting*, the President told the broadcasters that he understood "the financial jeopardy created by renewal challenges" and that he believed the three-year renewal period for station licenses to be insufficient for the protection of licensees. One of the participants at the meeting later reported that the President "expressed strong disapproval" on the subject of counter-advertising for television, and said that those who advocated it "didn't understand the American system." (Since the most influential advocate of counter-commercials was Kirkpatrick, the President's own appointee to the chairmanship of the F.T.C., this remark went far to reduce the broadcasters' fears of government regulation.) The subject of cable television was touched upon only briefly at the meeting, apparently because some of the commercial broadcasters present also owned cable facilities. As for public television, the President, according to *Television Digest*, told the broadcasters of his "unhappiness over the development of public TV" and of his distaste for "using government funds in programming" having to do with controversial issues. One of the participants at the meeting and at a dinner that followed—a man who did not



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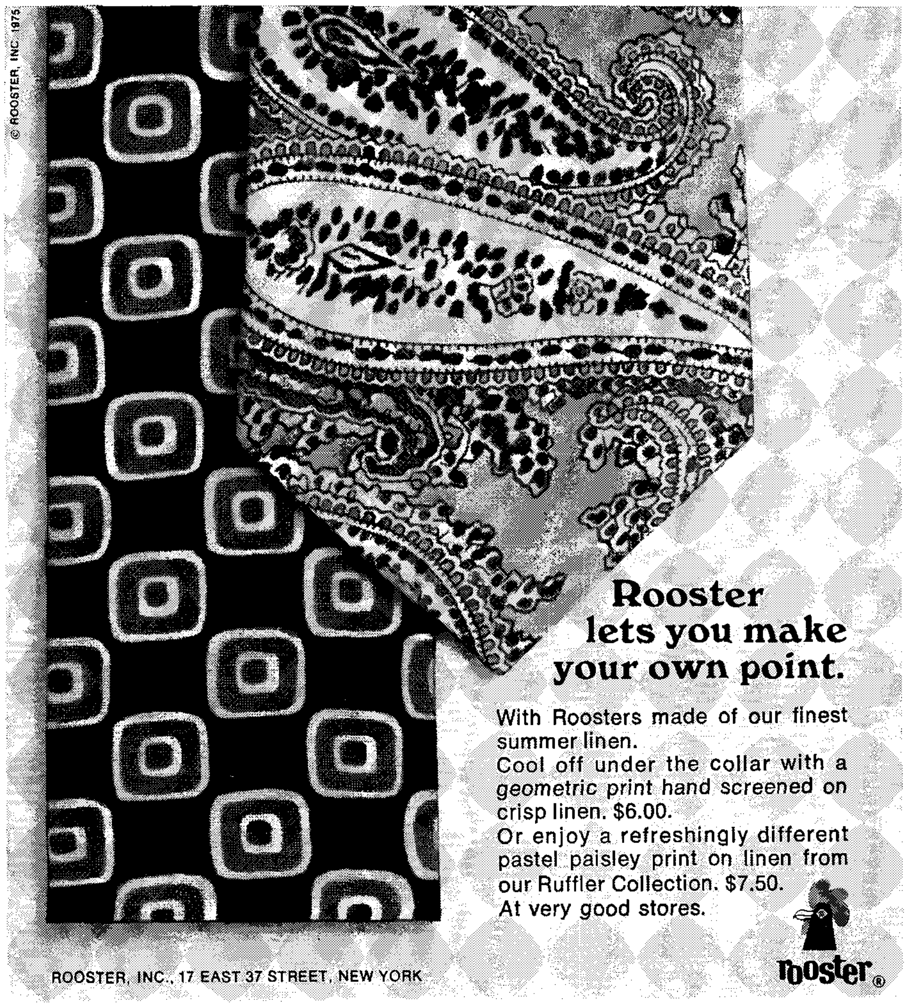

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share the views of most of the broadcasters present—has described some of the language used by spokesmen for the broadcasters and by the President concerning public television as "vituperative." And he has said that he was made "ashamed" by the tenor of the discussion that took place. He felt that an understanding was being reached between the Administration and the broadcasters that the latter would be protected from what they considered legislative and economic threats in return for a coöperative attitude on their part concerning the handling of news. He indicated that the majority of those present were highly pleased with the President's response to their representations.

On June 30th, eight days after the meeting with the broadcasters, President Nixon vetoed the Public Broadcasting Bill, which would have funded public television, through the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, at a level of $155 million over a two-year period. In his veto message, the President claimed that the Corporation for Public Broadcasting was "becoming the center of power" in public broadcasting, to the disadvantage of local noncommercial stations, and that this role was an undesirable one. And the broadcasters did not have to worry long about the problem of counter-advertising. In August, the President let it be known that he did not intend to reappoint Miles Kirkpatrick to the chairmanship of the F.T.C. when his term of office as chairman expired. (As a result, Kirkpatrick resigned from the Commission in January of 1973. The issue of counter-advertising on the air now appears to be a dead letter at the F.T.C.) Then, shortly after the 1972 Presidential election, the station owners learned what the Administration was prepared to do for them in the matter of license-renewal challenges—and at what price. For the past two years, Clay Whitehead, who, as head of the Office of Telecommunications Policy, was the Administration's official spokesman on the over-all problems of the television industry, had been maintaining in speeches before industry groups that the F.C.C. fairness doctrine was unworkable, in that any real enforcement of it would unavoidably bring about an undesirable involvement of government in assessing the content of programs. Instead, Whitehead had been proposing dropping the fairness doctrine; the right of citizens to obtain free air time to present differing views on controversial matters dealt with on the air would be replaced by

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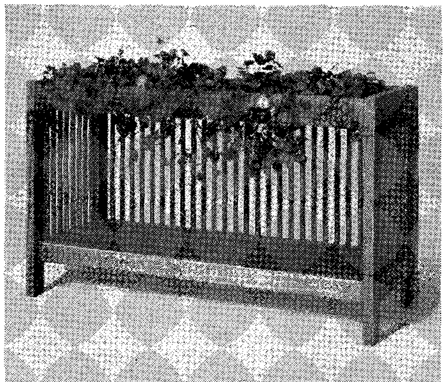

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their right to obtain access to the airwaves by paying for time. It was a conservative, free-play-of-the-market solution, not disagreeable to most commercial broadcasters. But in a speech on December 18, 1972, before a Sigma Delta Chi audience in Indianapolis, Whitehead suddenly reversed the Administration position and not only declared that the fairness doctrine was applicable for the present but went on to let the broadcasters know that the Administration intended to enforce it with a vengeance. Whitehead said that the Office of Telecommunications Policy had prepared a license-renewal bill for introduction in the coming Congress that would extend the broadcast-licensing period. But, he said, the local station managements would have to understand that "broadcasters' success in meeting their responsibility will be measured at license-renewal time," and that they would be held responsible not only for balanced content in their local programming but also for the content of the network news they carried. "The station owners and managers cannot abdicate responsibility for news judgments," he declared, and he asked whether station owners, just as they would take action against disc jockeys guilty of influencing broadcast content through commercial bribery, should not take action against "ideological plugola" in the news. "Who else but [local station] management can assure that the audience is being served by journalists dedicated to the highest professional standards?" he asked. "Who else but management can or should correct so-called professionals who confuse sensationalism with sense and who dispense élitist gossip in the guise of news analysis?" After this Agnew-like flourish, he warned, "Station managers and network officials who fail to act to correct imbalance or consistent bias from the networks—or who acquiesce by silence—can only be considered willing participants to be held fully accountable by the broadcaster's community at license-renewal time."

Whitehead's speech sent a shock wave through the industry. Its clear implication was that if the station owners wanted protection from license-renewal challenges they had better exert pressure on the networks to modify the political content of the news they were feeding the local stations. Thus, it appeared that the government's periodic judgment, through the license-renewal process, of the adequacy of broadcast content was to be applied not only to the news being broadcast by local stations, subject to F.C.C. jurisdiction, but also to the network news services, which in themselves were not licensees for the use of the public airwaves and thus were not directly subject to that jurisdiction. And continued ownership of a local broadcasting license was to be made explicitly dependent on the government's judgment of how the public interest was served by the sum of particular words prepared for delivery by correspondents in Washington, New York, Saigon, or Moscow, and all the accompanying video images.

Perhaps more than any other single move that the Administration had made against the networks since President Nixon came to office, the threat contained in the Whitehead speech hit home. The local broadcasters were natural political allies of the Administration, and a great many of them were already either suspicious or openly critical of what they considered the liberal leanings of the people responsible for network news. Complaints from the management of affiliated stations and pressure to dampen the strain of what was alleged to be liberalism, even crypto-radicalism, among network television correspondents and commentators were an ever-present element in the networks' relations with their affiliates. The network-news management people and the managements of the affiliated stations belonged, as they still do, to different worlds. The station owners were businessmen who, with fairly few exceptions, looked upon broadcasting primarily as an advertising medium, and they had no appetite for a news service of a sort that other business leaders in their community found distasteful. Further, many of the people running the local stations were men whose experience in station management was rooted in the early days of television, when most programming was created not by the station management but by advertisers. The advertisers, or their agencies, had the dominant role; management took a back seat in program production and concentrated on selling broadcast time and obtaining advertising contracts. The same had applied, pretty much, to network entertainment programming in the early years of the industry. But as television grew enormously, the networks assumed close control over their news and documentary operations, and in the mid-fifties they also took most of the control of their entertainment programming

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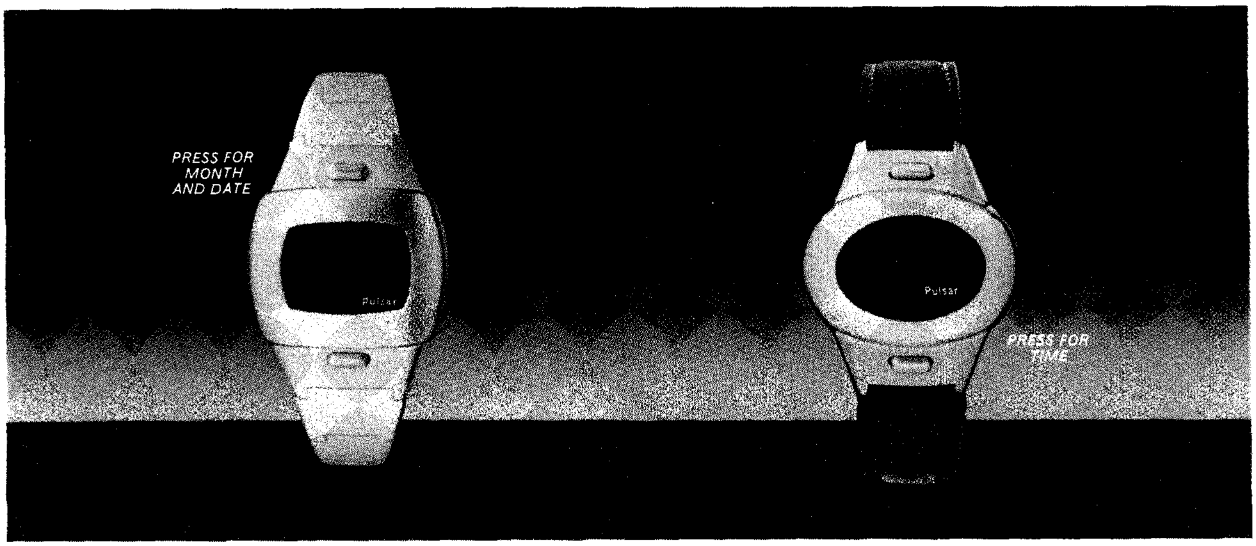
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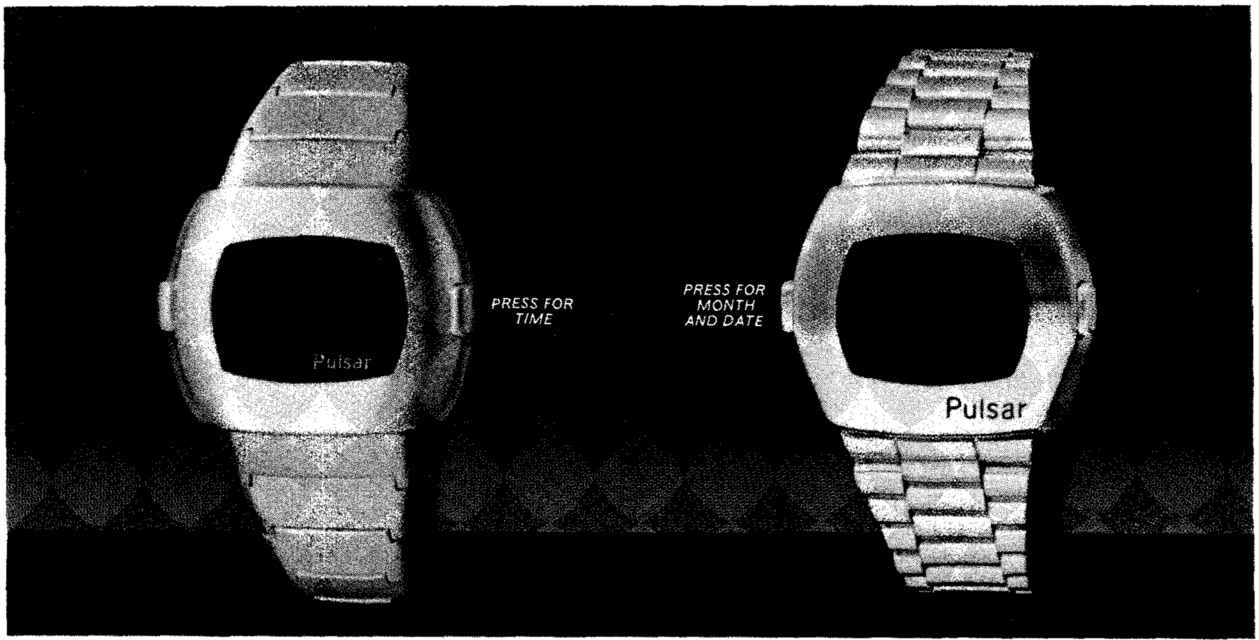
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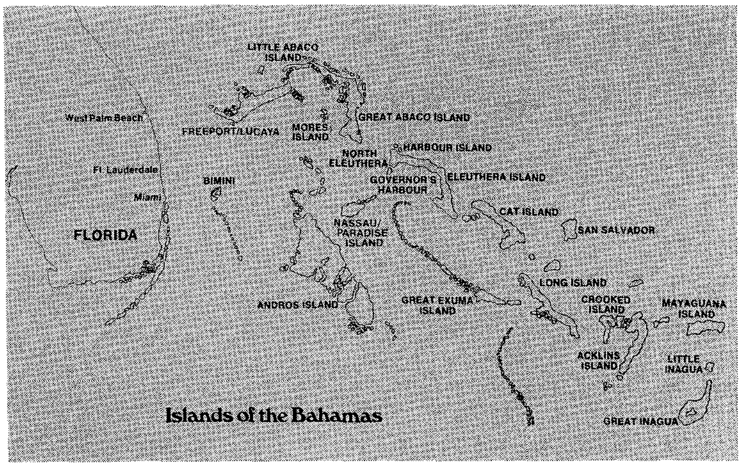
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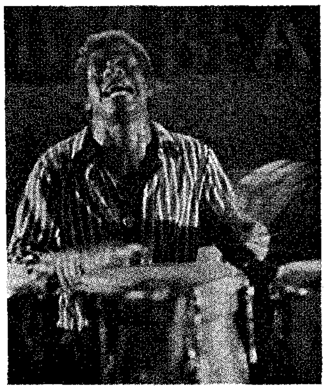

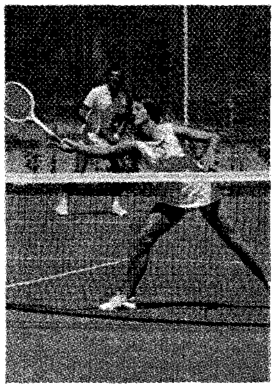

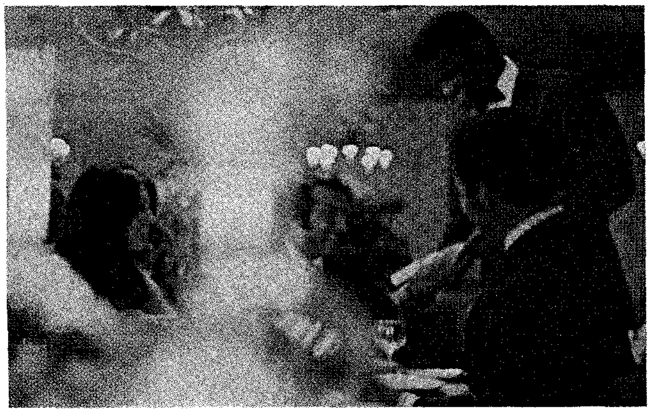

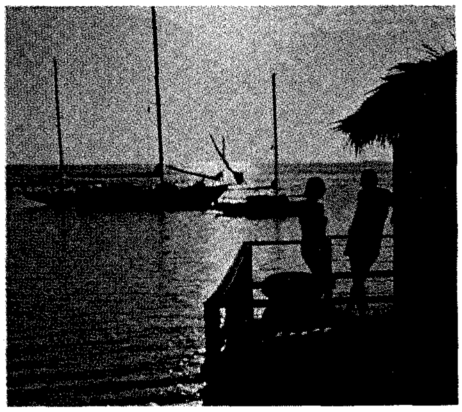

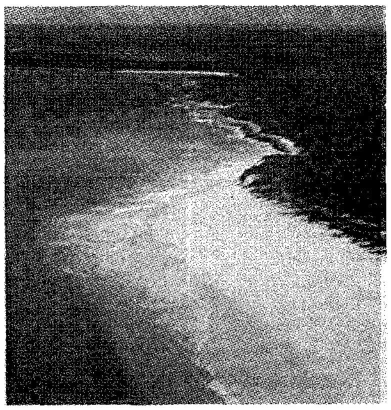

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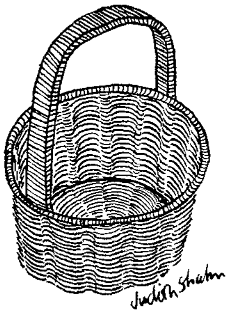
away from the advertisers and agencies. This change in control at the network level was not accompanied by similar changes—at least, to the same degree—on the local-station level; local programming remained, relatively speaking, advertiser-dominated and advertiser-oriented, and little local news tended to be put on the air which consistently went against the political grain of station-management or community-business sentiment. At the network level, the top management—certainly at CBS and NBC—has, as far as I have been able to observe, made fairly consistent efforts to insulate working news people from political and other pressures aimed at altering news content. But arrangements are rarely the same for news production on the local-station level, partly because of the business-oriented atmosphere in which station management is steeped. Speaking of relations between networks and their affiliates, Frank Stanton once told me, “Most of the station managers came out of the sales side, and a salesman by his very nature doesn’t want to have trouble with the client. Most of these station managers were dealing with customers who were conservative and probably didn’t like to hear some of the things that were being reported in the network news carried by the stations. That was an embarrassment to the station managers. Very few of them had had anything directly to do with news while they were on their way up in the business of broadcasting—we’re talking here about a first generation of station management in television. Some of them came out of radio or other businesses. They had very little appreciation of news, and that was a problem as television moved from an almost exclusively entertainment medium to one in which moving *information* became increasingly important. I remember once having an affiliate manager come in to see me; he said he ran what he called a test on his local news people each week to find out whether they were going too liberal on him, and he suggested that I run a similar test each week on *our* news people. I cite that as an example of how sensitive some of these men are about anything that would tend to offend the business community in their areas. They have to make local sales.”



THE grumbling of local broadcasters against the networks had grown in volume toward the latter part of the period of active American participation in the Vietnam war, and, in particular, dissatisfaction with the CBS reporting of the war was widespread among the managers of affiliated stations. In 1970, according to an interview that Richard Salant gave some time ago, the White House encouraged a number of the more rebellious CBS affiliates to send a delegation to Vietnam, where they were to make an issue of CBS news coverage of the war. With considerable difficulty, Salant was able to persuade the affiliates not to force such a confrontation. But after the Whitehead speech in Indianapolis in December, 1972, pressures on the networks from affiliates concerning the content of network news programs increased appreciably. Especially strong pressure was felt at CBS headquarters, and the CBS management suspected that, as in the past, many of the specific complaints about news handling had been provoked by the White House. Economic pressures were apparently felt from other sources, too. “We got feedback from national advertisers who had been giving us major advertising support, and they indicated to us that they were being discouraged from having as much of their billings on one network—namely, CBS—as they had,” Stanton told me. He added, “I expect it would not be too difficult for word to go out from the White House to some of the President’s friends in business that the White House was not very happy about supporting one network as against another.” Nor was this all, Stanton said. “The F.C.C. was snapping at our heels considerably, talking about all kinds of rule-making procedures, which had an unsettling effect on the investors downtown,” he recalled. “In my most Machiavellian moments, I used to think that this was Colson shaking the tree.” Stanton told me that Colson, in his telephone conversation of early November, 1972, just after the election—the one in which, according to Stanton, he threatened to bring CBS to its knees in Wall Street—had also said that “he wanted me to know what he had told a mutual friend about what was going to be done to us.” Stanton went on, “Among other things, he told me that the White House, through its Office of Telecommunications Policy, would implement recommendations about not having any repeat broadcasts, reruns, on in summertime—which, of course,

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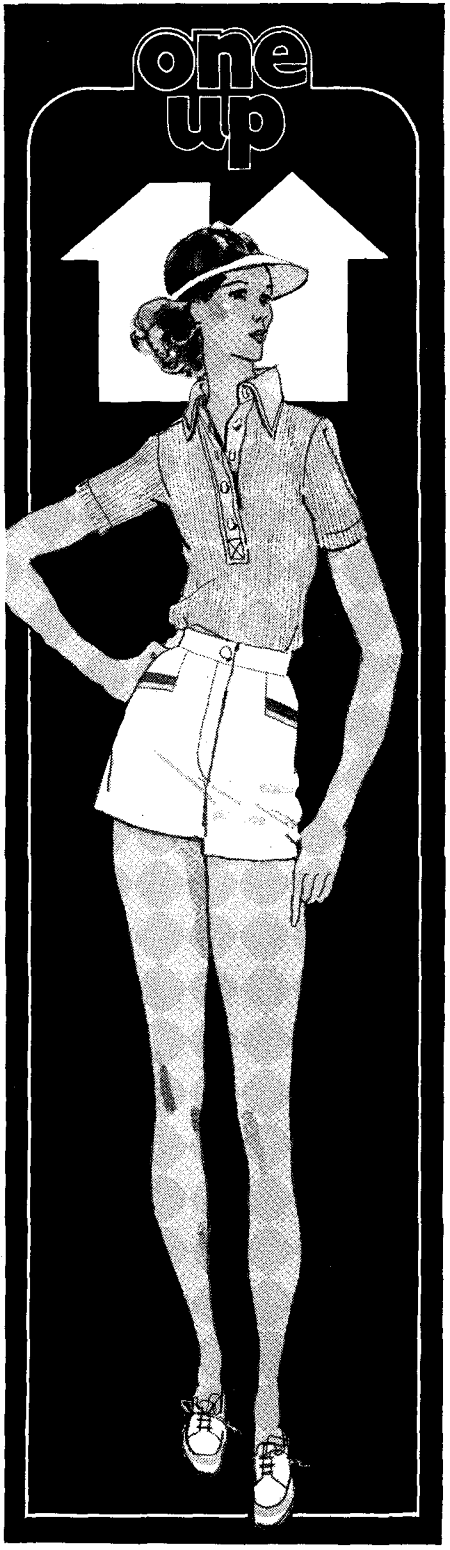

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was a matter of economic significance to us. He also talked about how the networks might be separated from company-owned stations, and he talked about the government's putting strong economic support behind the development of cable. All these things, of course, would tend to squeeze the networks economically."

There was no doubt that the Administration was interested in what could be done with cable television, and certain quiet gestures had been made to align operators of this small but potentially very influential industry with Administration policy. On July 3, 1972, William H. G. FitzGerald, chairman of the Washington, D.C., finance committee of the Committee to Re-Elect the President, wrote a memorandum to Clark MacGregor, chairman of the full committee, on the possible political usefulness of cable television even in its fledgling state. "There are over 2750 CATV systems [the initials stand for community antenna television] serving about 4,500 communities in the U.S.A. and about 20,000,000 viewers," he wrote. "The majority of the owners of these systems are either individuals or groups without connection with the other media. It would be possible to originate political programs, particularly for the President, which would not be followed by commentators as is the case with the major networks. The CATV type of broadcast should be very effective." FitzGerald went on to recall the June visit of the members of the National Association of Broadcasters, and he indicated that the broadcasters were poor givers, all considered. "The NAB group, in my opinion, has been less than friendly to the President and relatively little financial support has been given to the campaign," FitzGerald complained. He wrote that he had been talking to the vice-president for government relations of the National Cable Television Association and had a promise of "a first contribution of $25,000." (A handwritten notation on this part of FitzGerald's memo read "DOWN PAYMENT—BILL FITZGERALD.") He thought that a visit to the President by the executive board of the cable association "would be very productive," encouraging both additional campaign contributions and "wide programming of Republican broadcasts by this relatively conservative industry."

That was fairly small stuff. On a broader basis, the Administration people, and Whitehead in particular, were well aware of the vast economic in-

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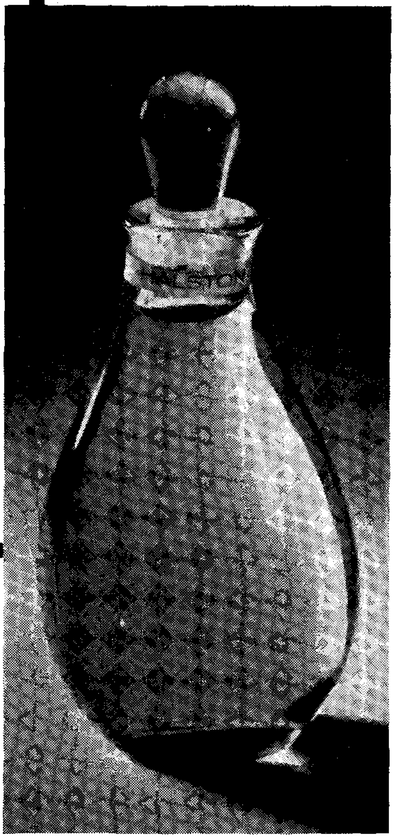

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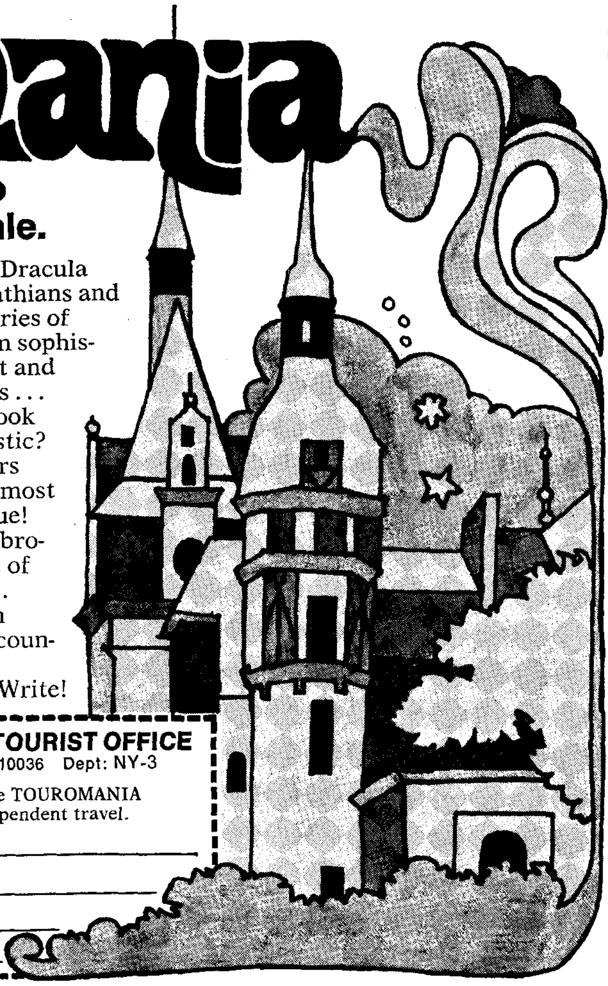
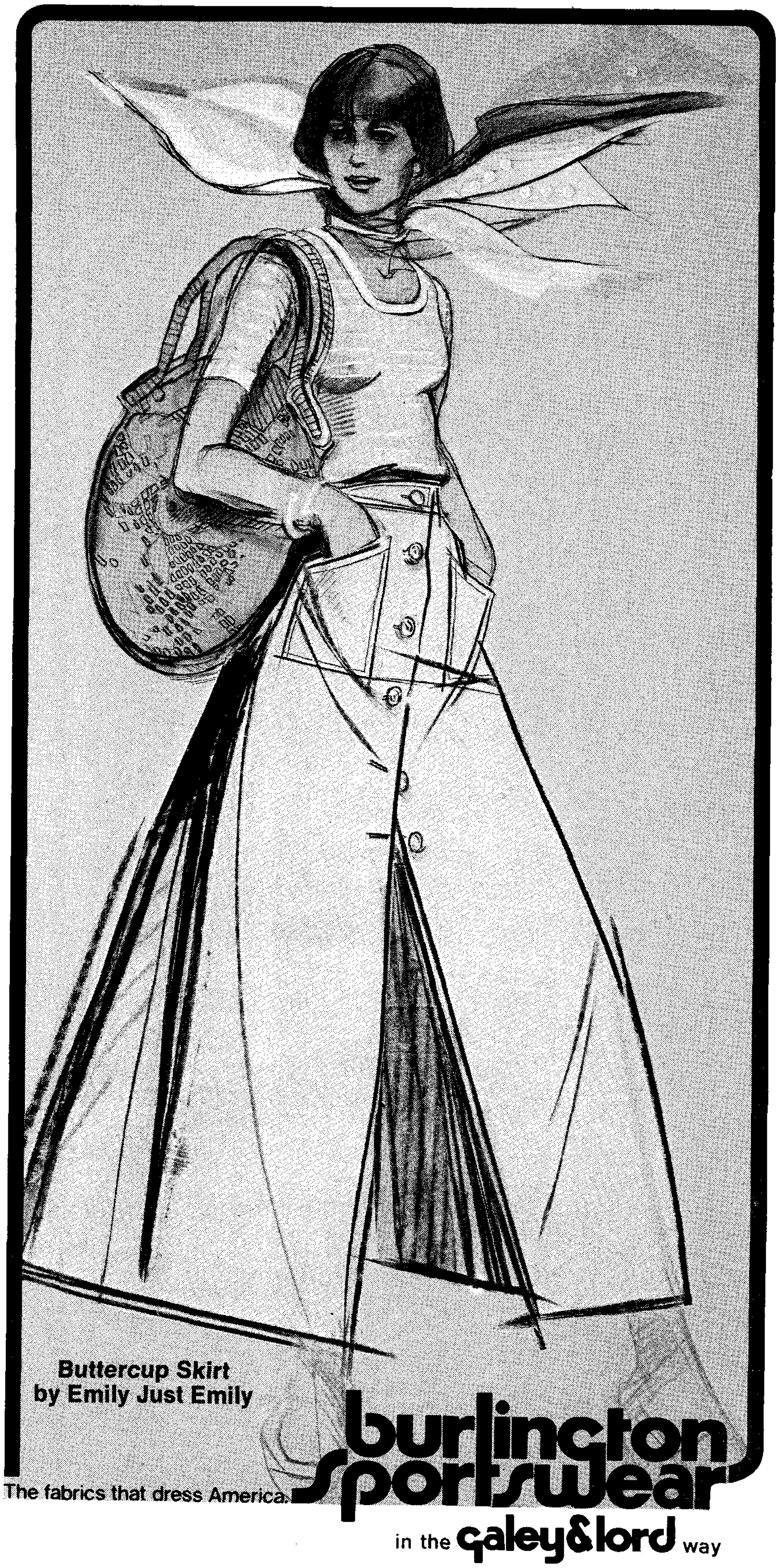


roads that a fully developed, nationally interconnected cable system could make into network broadcasting. But the force of any Nixon Administration threat to throw itself behind the development of cable was necessarily tempered by facts known to Stanton and others in top network management. First, any large-scale development of the cable industry would probably take at least a decade of active preparatory planning and so could not be accomplished during the remaining years of the Nixon Administration. And, second, any attempt by the Administration to rush the development of cable would almost certainly trigger a serious reaction from the owners of the networks' stations, who in most cases formed an important bridge to local business communities, and who were, furthermore, natural allies of the Administration on the question of network-news content. So for the time being the threat of cable, though real, was felt to be a long-range rather than an imminent one.

The threat Colson had allegedly made that the Administration intended to retaliate against the networks by separating them from their owned-and-operated stations was of a different order. If that had been carried out, it would certainly have been a considerable blow to the network economy. Not that the network operations in themselves were suffering. In 1972, when, Stanton says, he heard this threat from Colson, the three networks together grossed $1.27 billion. Out of this, their net profits before federal income taxes were $110.9 million—an increase, incidentally, of a hundred and six per cent over the profits of the previous year. (In 1973, the networks' increase in net profits slowed down to only sixty-six per cent over those in 1972.) Under present F.C.C. regulations, each of the networks is permitted to own five VHF commercial-television stations, and fifteen such stations are owned by the three networks—virtually all of these stations being major outlets in metropolitan areas. And their profitability has been remarkable. In 1972, the year Colson raised the topic, the networks' fifteen owned-and-operated stations earned a total of just over $327 million, out of which the net profits were just under $103 million. That is a profit margin approaching one dollar out of every three taken in. And the annual net profits of the fifteen owned-and-operated stations were more than three times the total depreciated original investment in their tangible broadcast



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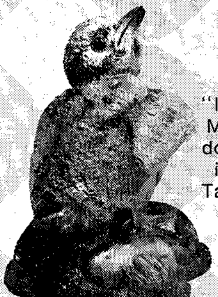

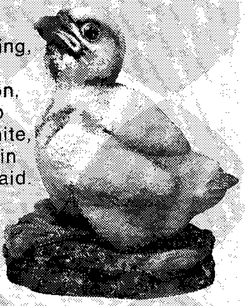

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property as declared to the F.C.C. Further, the economic importance of the owned-and-operated stations to the networks can be judged by the fact that while the net revenues of the owned-and-operated stations equalled about forty per cent of those of the network-only operations, their profits were almost equal to those of the network operations themselves. Under these circumstances, it is clear that any attempt by the federal government to bring about a separation of the networks from their owned-and-operated stations on the ground of diversifying the industry would have had a profound effect on the network economy. It would also undoubtedly have had a substantial effect in Wall Street. In 1972, at current market prices for major television stations, which ran to perhaps fifty million dollars apiece, the worth of the fifteen owned-and-operated stations was about three-quarters of a billion dollars, or twenty-five times the total declared depreciated value of the original investment in the tangible broadcast property involved.

The networks' apprehension increased toward the end of 1973, when word leaked out that Dean Burch, chairman of the F.C.C., had proposed a rule-making proceeding to determine whether the existing ownership of the network stations was in the public interest. Burch's proposal was said to be based on his position that the network stations together covered some twenty-three per cent of the total national television audience, and thus constituted an unduly large preponderance of power in the hands of the three networks in the realm of direct station-to-viewer broadcasting.

One man in government who was privy to Burch's thinking concerning divestiture of the owned-and-operated stations found his proposal somewhat strange at the time. This man said that up to then Burch, as befitted the outlook of a Goldwater conservative, had "never been excited about multiple ownership of television stations"—which is by no means confined to ownership by networks. In fact, he said, Burch usually voted, in cases as they arose before the Commission, to make license grants to multiple owners in major television markets. It seems fair to note, however, that if Burch did make such a proposal primarily for political reasons, that was something of a departure from his general course during his chairmanship of the F.C.C., for, in spite of his inauspicious start in asking for transcripts of commentaries on the President's Vietnam address in November, 1969, Burch, it is generally agreed by both liberals and conservatives on the Commission, and by people at the networks, too, attempted to conduct the work of the Commission in competent and fair fashion.

Whatever the motives behind any discussions of forced divestiture of the networks' stations, the networks were already acutely aware of other regulatory action being taken against them. In April, 1972, the Department of Justice filed an anti-trust suit against the three networks. The suit asked that the three networks be prohibited from carrying network-produced entertainment programs and from acquiring interests in entertainment programs bought from independent producers, and one count charged CBS in particular with systematically excluding from prime-time showing entertainment programs in which the network had no ownership, thereby violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. To the charges of anti-trust violations, the three networks entered general denials of wrongdoing, and they responded with the countercharge that the institution of the anti-trust suit was the result of a deliberate scheme of political harassment aimed at them for retaliatory purposes by the Administration. However, people in the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice, most of whom were far from being admirers of the leadership of the Nixon Administration—and whose beliefs on anti-trust enforcement generally were not viewed sympathetically by the leadership of the Administration—have insisted that the anti-trust action against the networks had been in preparation for a number of years and had been brought strictly on the merits of the case. Certainly the filing of the suit can hardly be ascribed to the networks' handling of the Watergate scandals as such, since the anti-trust action was filed two months before the Watergate break-in occurred. The roots, it might appear, lay deeper. In an affidavit filed last May relating to defense of the anti-trust complaint, Julian Goodman, of NBC, stated that on December 16, 1971, Herbert Klein met him at his office in Rockefeller Plaza. The discussion was general—the two men were on friendly terms. However, Goodman said, "I recall being surprised that [Klein] raised the subject of a possible anti-trust suit. I do not recall the precise words used by Mr. Klein, but I do recall that he said in substance that there was something bubbling under the surface at the Jus-

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tice Department in the way of an anti-trust suit against the networks, but he thought that 'we' have been able to contain or control it." Goodman's affidavit continued, "From my knowledge of the Administration's displeasure with our news coverage and of Mr. Klein's position within the Administration, I concluded from what Mr. Klein said, as I reported later that day to two of my colleagues, that the purpose of Mr. Klein's visit was to deliver a message. I inferred that there were forces in the Administration who wanted to bring an anti-trust suit for punitive reasons related to news coverage."

All in all, it was a strange situation. Complex economic factors were intertwined with fairly simple political interests. The networks were vulnerable to government regulation or litigation because of their dominating position as station owners in the television market—the annual profits of the fifteen network-owned-and-operated stations equalled nearly a third of the profits of the six hundred and seventy-seven other commercial-television stations in the country which reported to the F.C.C. As networks in the entertainment-programming business, they were vulnerable to government charges of anti-trust violations. As proprietors and producers of television news services, they were subject to pressures from the conservative-minded managers of their affiliated stations, who were being warned by Whitehead that the pattern of the content of the network news they relayed could be held against them at license-renewal time. But at the same time the networks, as station owners, could not fail to take some comfort from Whitehead's assurance that they were to be the beneficiaries of Administration-sponsored legislation to extend their license terms and protect their magically profitable investments. Indeed, last May, nearly eighteen months after Whitehead's speech, the Administration's legislation was quietly passed by the House without the slightest murmur of dissent from the networks, and was sent on to the Senate. (The bill died with the end of the session.)

Nevertheless, in the area of news content, the opposition of the White House, combined with the constant criticism emanating from network affiliates, produced the atmosphere of a state of siege at network news headquarters. Increasingly, the reporting being done on the air by network correspondents and commentators dealing with the subject of Watergate and the

Nixon Administration came under attack. The pressure was felt most keenly at CBS: Eric Sevareid, Daniel Schorr, Robert Pierpoint, Fred Graham, Dan Rather, and Walter Cronkite were all accused of giving reports and commentaries that were distorted, and tinged with overt malice toward the Administration. The tense relationship between the Administration and the networks was nowhere exemplified more clearly than in the air of confrontation apparent during a televised Presidential press conference on October 26, 1973, in the East Room of the White House shortly after the outbreak of the crisis in the Middle East. Midway through the press conference, in reply to a question concerning the effect on the country of the various shocks to which it had recently been subjected, the President declared:

> I have never heard or seen such outrageous, vicious, distorted reporting in twenty-seven years of public life. I'm not blaming anybody for that. Perhaps what happened is that what we did brought it about, and therefore the media decided that they would have to take that particular line.
>
> But when people are pounded night after night with that kind of frantic, hysterical reporting, it naturally shakes their confidence.

The President's words and the manner in which he uttered them gave the appearance of a spontaneous outburst. But a CBS producer, Sid Feders, who was standing in the wings, was not unduly surprised. In accordance with a network pooling arrangement, CBS was operating the cameras covering the press conference, and before it began Feders was standing offstage to give the President a time cue to walk into the East Room for the broadcast. Just before the President was due to enter the room, he asked Feders how much time he had to go. Feders held up his stopwatch and said, "Fifteen seconds, Mr. President." The President remarked, "I'm glad you people are accurate about some things." A few seconds later, Feders said, "Mr. President, it's time." To this the President said, "O.K., here we go." And he added, "Cronkite's not going to like this tonight, I hope." Then he went into the East Room, presumably all ready to produce his spontaneous outburst.

Toward the end of the press conference, Robert Pierpoint asked what seemed like a fairly ordinary follow-up question. He said, "Mr. President, you've lambasted the television networks pretty well. Could I ask you, at the risk of reopening an obvious

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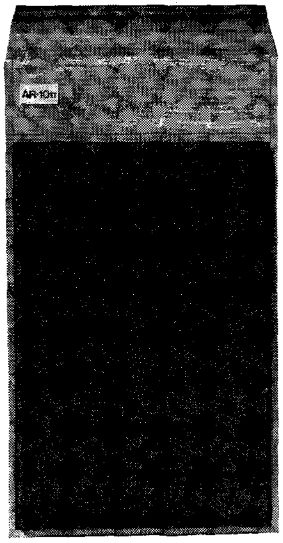

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wound—you say after you've put on a lot of heat that you don't blame anyone. I find that a little puzzling. What is it about the television coverage of you in these past weeks and months that has so aroused your anger?"

"Don't get the impression that you arouse my anger," the President said tensely, looking in Pierpoint's direction.

"I have that impression," Pierpoint said.

"You see, one can only be angry with those he respects," Nixon replied, and he abruptly motioned for the next question from another part of the room.

Since the President failed to give any specific answer to Pierpoint's question, representatives of the National News Council, a nonprofit organization formed in 1973 for the purpose of advancing fair reporting of news, sent a telegram to Ronald Ziegler three days after the press conference asking for "specific examples" of the reporting complained of. They also asked the heads of the news departments of the three networks for their coöperation in a study of the situation. After pressing the White House for some time, the News Council people eventually obtained two interviews at the White House with Kenneth Clawson, a White House aide, who made several charges against the networks of unfair news reporting but would not say whether or not these were responsible for the President's remarks. Repeated further efforts of the News Council people to obtain clarification and documentation of the President's charges were unsuccessful. After three months of trying to get "specific examples," the News Council representatives were obliged to abandon their efforts to get White House coöperation.

AMONG all the network correspondents whose reporting the President disapproved of, Dan Rather, the White House correspondent for CBS, seemed to hold a special place. And whenever, at such Presidential press conferences as were held after the broader implications of the Watergate affair broke into the open, Rather stood up to ask the President a question a special tension in the President's demeanor could be perceived by the millions of television viewers as well as by the press-conference audience itself. The look of distaste that appeared to be reserved for the reception of a Dan Rather question cannot be reflected in the typed transcript of a Nixon press conference, but the transcript of the one held at the Western White House, at San Clemente, on August 22, 1973, at least indicates a chill in the California sunshine:

> Q: Mr. President, I want to state this question with due respect to your office, but also as directly as possible.
>
> THE PRESIDENT: That would be unusual. (*Laughter*)
>
> Q: I would like to think not. It concerns—
>
> THE PRESIDENT: You are always respectful, Mr. Rather. You know that.
>
> Q: Thank you, Mr. President. It concerns the events surrounding Mr. Ehrlichman's contact . . .

The tension and edginess of the President when faced with questions by Rather may have culminated in the Presidential press conference held before a convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in Houston last March 19th. When, during that press conference, Rather got up, in turn among other correspondents, and began with the identifying words "Dan Rather, with CBS News," he was greeted by a mixture of applause and boos from the audience of station-management people. The President, shown in a closeup on the television screen, who had recognized Rather with barely disguised dislike, said quickly and sarcastically, "Are you running for something?" To which Rather replied—also quickly—"No, sir, Mr. President. Are you?" He then went on to ask a long question the gist of which was "How can the House meet its Constitutional responsibilities while you, the person under investigation, are allowed to limit its access to potential evidence?" Both men, as shown in the cutaway shots of the exchange, seemed to have been somewhat taken aback by the applause and boos that erupted with the utterance of Rather's name. In the past, as a CBS correspondent, Rather had conducted himself with notable on-camera coolness while covering such events as the civil-rights disturbances in the South in the early sixties and the Democratic National Convention in Chicago in 1968, when he was knocked down and manhandled on the Convention floor by strong-arm security people and got right up again and continued his on-camera reporting pretty much as if nothing had happened. A Texan who had been hired by CBS News to head its Dallas bureau, Rather had been a CBS White House correspondent for nearly a decade, and people in the Nixon White House not only considered his reporting anti-Administration but suspected him of being a Johnson Democrat and of intruding that point of view into his professional work. A White House

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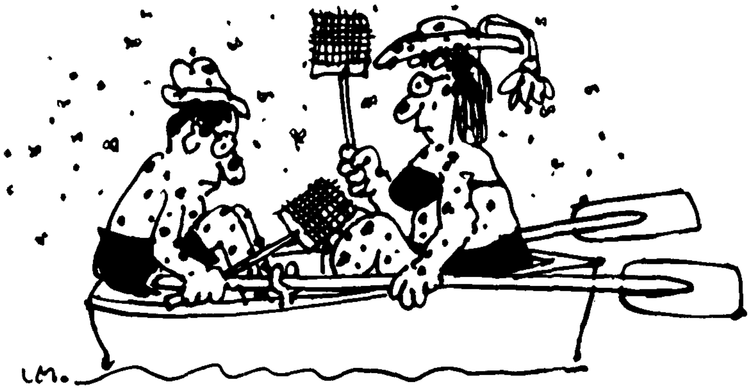

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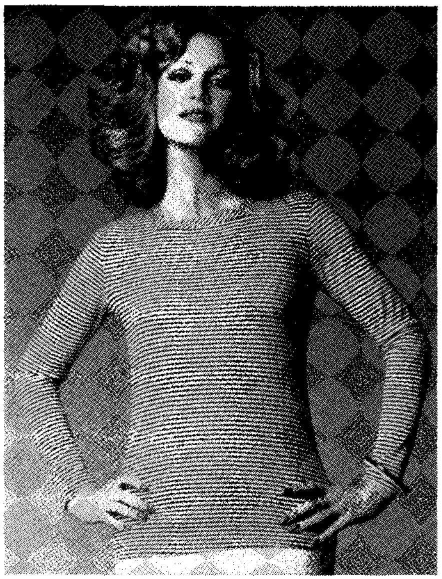

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memorandum to Jeb Magruder from his assistant Alvin Snyder on February 24, 1971, had noted:

> The Cronkite News wants to do a piece on our domestic PR operation, including interviews with Ed Morgan and Chuck Colson... Dan Rather is being assigned to the piece, and may make direct approaches... in an attempt to set up a filming schedule.
>
> It appears obvious that CBS is out to do a job on us, and I am sure you will agree that it would not be in our best interest to open anything up to them. I think the only person who should see Rather is Herb Klein.

One morning in April, 1971, John Ehrlichman, of the White House, who had come to New York to appear on a "CBS Morning News" program, had breakfast with Richard Salant, the president of CBS News. According to accounts that circulated in the press, Ehrlichman complained that the reporting of Rather—along with that of Daniel Schorr—was biassed against the Administration, and asked in ostensibly jocular fashion whether Rather couldn't be reassigned to a CBS bureau in Austin.

Subsequently, in Washington, Rather himself was called to a meeting at the White House with Ehrlichman and Haldeman, both of whom openly accused him of biassed reporting. Haldeman declared that what concerned him was that although Rather was sometimes inaccurate, "you sound like you know what you're talking about—people believe you." Which they shouldn't, Ehrlichman added. And Ehrlichman said that whereas only the President, Haldeman, and sometimes he himself knew what was actually going on in the White House, television viewers were always seeing Rather "out there on the White House lawn talking as though you know what's going on."

To the complaints about him from the Administration Rather had consistently reacted in his usual fairly cool fashion, but at the Presidential press conference in Houston it seemed that he had allowed himself to be provoked into displaying the antagonism he was accused of. To some extent, this loss of composure hurt Rather professionally. Within a week of the Houston press conference, I have been told, demands or strong suggestions were made to top CBS management from between ten and twenty CBS affiliated stations that Rather be removed from his job as White House correspondent for the network. The mail coming into CBS News from viewers was also heavily unfavorable to Rather. Shortly after the Houston press conference, Rather disappeared from the screen for several days. The CBS people said afterward that he had been on vacation. When he returned, reporters were unable to arrange interviews with him. "We're hiding Rather," Sanford Socolow, the chief of the CBS News Washington bureau, told a journalist who had asked that an interview with Rather be arranged. Socolow explained, "Rather wants to be laid off from all this secondary publicity around him, aside from his just wanting to get on with his job. We don't like all this intense interest in Rather, and neither does he. He's getting to be as big as a movie star. I'm in charge of protecting him. What he says he's going to say on CBS News." But these attempts to discourage the focus of press attention on Rather did not abate pressures on CBS from many of its affiliated stations—a subject on which the CBS News management was even more sensitive than on the subject of Rather. When I visited Richard Salant last year and asked for information on the relations between the network's news organization and its affiliates, I found him uncommunicative. "I don't want to talk about it," Salant said firmly. "I don't want to talk about our relations with our affiliates, because the view held very strongly by the affiliates themselves is that any differences should be discussed between us, and not taken outside. And so I'm just not going to talk about these relations."

Salant did reveal, at least by implication, something of the tension existing between the CBS News management and the affiliated stations in a speech he delivered in mid-May of 1974 at a session of the network's annual affiliates' conference. In his speech, he conceded that "there are a not insignificant number of you—I don't dare conduct a poll of just how many—who are disturbed by what we at CBS News do, and don't do" in the network's news treatment. Speaking of the criticism of Dan Rather that arose in particular out of the exchange at the Presidential press conference in Houston, Salant said, "I, and all of us, including, I suspect, Dan Rather, wish it hadn't happened." But he went on to praise Rather's reporting ability, and declared, "In all the circumstances, I do not feel that I would be justified in responding to the suggestion that I terminate or reassign Dan. . . . I cannot do what I believe to be wrong." And he insisted that although "there are many people, and some of you, who violently disagree with me," he believed that the network's coverage of Watergate had been notable for its "fairness, balance, and accuracy."

Earlier in the conference, at an executive-board session of affiliates from which Salant and other members of the CBS network were excluded, something of an uprising against CBS News had apparently been brewing among the more conservative of the affiliates. According to what I was later told, a serious attempt was made to obtain a full-scale discussion by the affiliated membership as a whole of the question of affiliate confidence in the CBS News management. This move toward what could have been an open fight over CBS news policy was barely headed off.

One of the most outspoken critics of CBS News was C. Wrede Petersmeyer, chairman of the board of the Corinthian Broadcasting Corporation, which owns five television stations, all CBS affiliates, in Houston, Tulsa, Sacramento, Fort Wayne, and Indianapolis, and which is a subsidiary of Dun & Bradstreet. Petersmeyer could fairly be categorized, by the standards of affiliated-station owners, as a moderate conservative. His denunciations of network-news policy had been, if categorical enough, less strident than those of his colleagues on the vociferous right wing. Not long after the conference, I visited the executive headquarters of Corinthian Broadcasting, an elegant set of offices on Park Avenue in New York, and had a talk with Petersmeyer, a tall, well-dressed man in his middle fifties. He received me courteously, and although, like Salant, he would not discuss just what had taken place behind closed doors at the CBS affiliates' meeting ("That is a family matter"), he did talk about his views on network news.

"The problems of network television news go well beyond Watergate and have been of concern to a number of television-station owners for a great many years," he told me. "I can remember many meetings of the industry in which broadcasters from all over the country have been extremely critical of the networks, no matter which network they might be affiliated with. They know that the viewers of television news who object to the treatment of some of the news don't make too much distinction between networks—to them it's 'television.' " Petersmeyer went on, "The problem of the affiliates versus the networks is a unique one in journalism. The newspapers throughout the country have available to them the services

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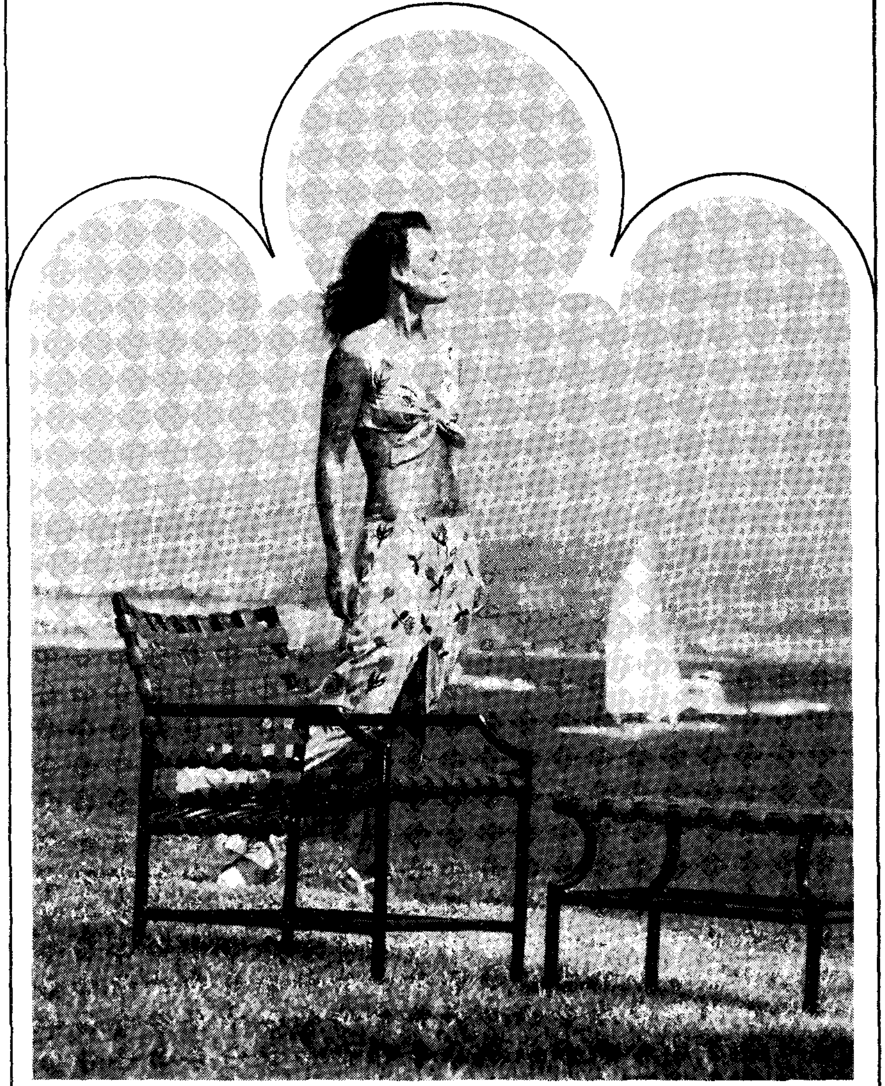

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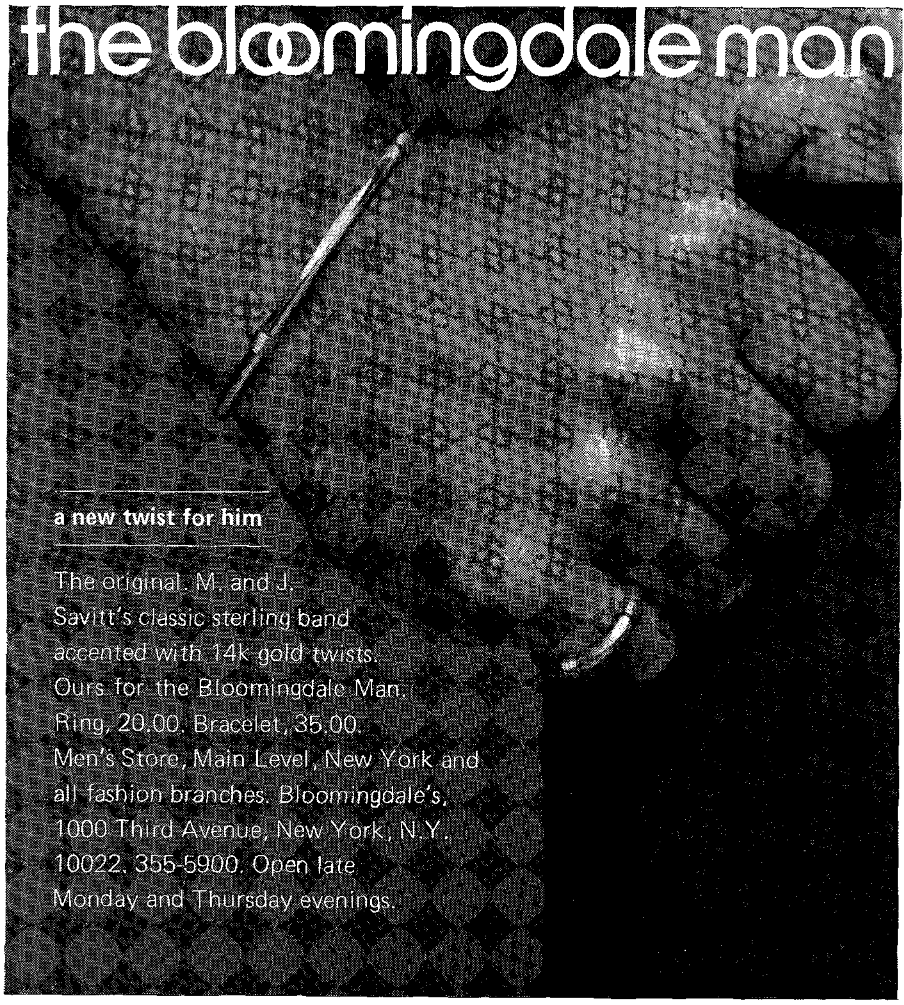
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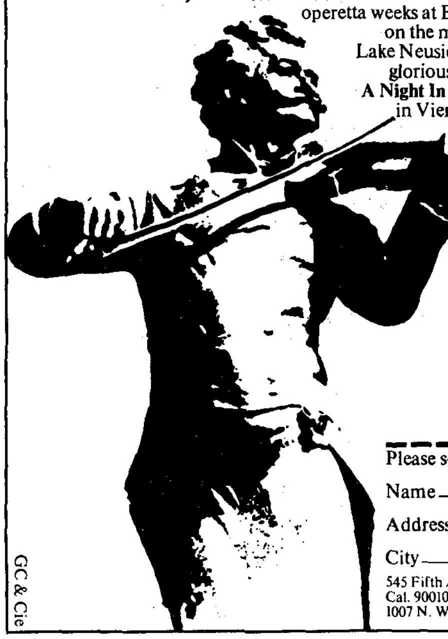


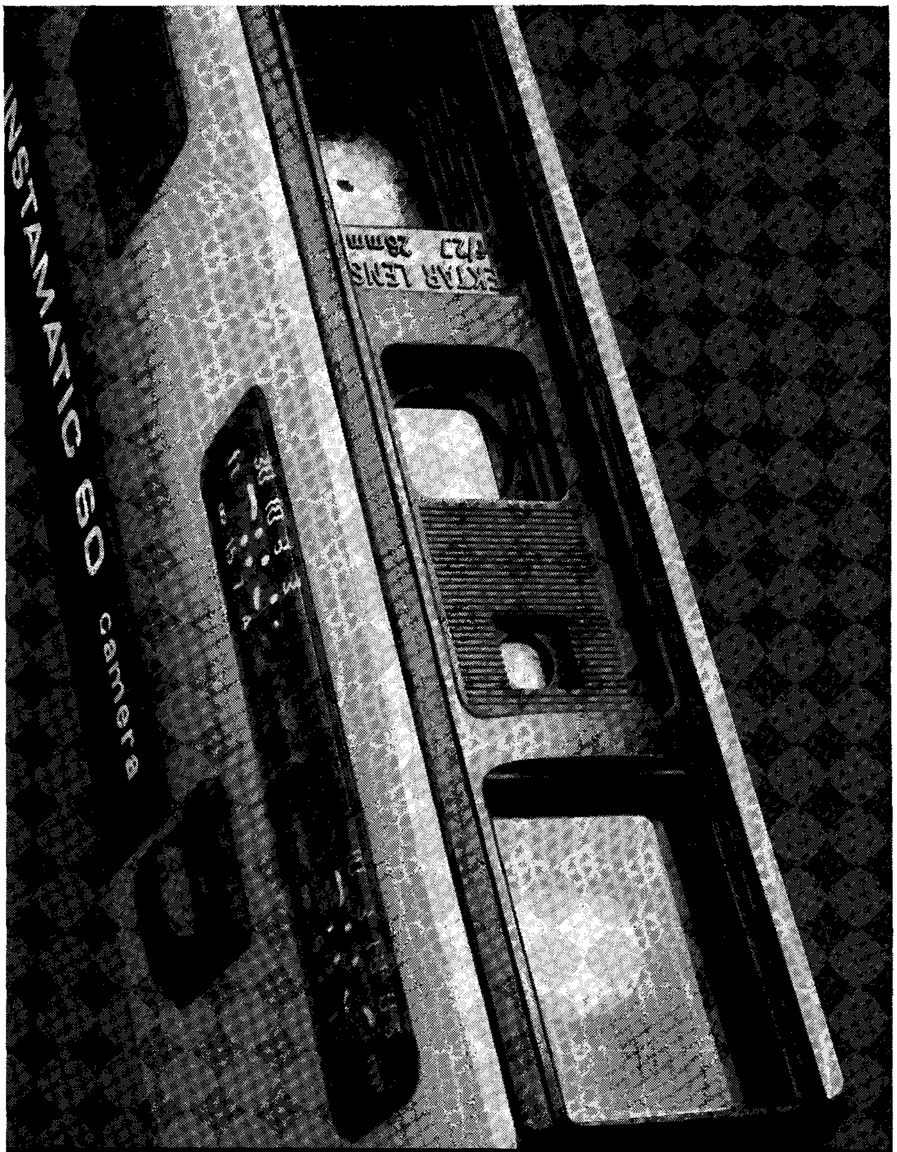
of A.P. and U.P.I., from which particular news items can be picked up or not, depending on what editors want. That's not the case with network news. The networks are permitted to own only five VHF stations apiece, and for the balance of the country they need a hundred and seventy-five to two hundred affiliates to disseminate their news. It's a partnership arrangement, in which we as affiliates are responsible for what we as station licensees put out over our airwaves. Yet in the network-news area we can't prescreen the news. As it comes down the line in live feeds, we don't have an opportunity to exercise any professional judgment on it." And what was coming down the line, he said, was far too much reporting in which fact was interwoven with interpretation.

"The whole question of confidence in the media in the news area is reaching a serious stage," Petersmeyer said. "I sense that among the sophisticated people that I see something of. People sophisticated certainly in the business world—chairmen or presidents of major corporations who are not political animals. I see a number of them frequently at the National Golf Club in Augusta. They are concerned about what they see as personal journalism dealing with the coverage of political matters, business matters, like the oil crisis, banking, inflation, where there isn't a sufficient set of facts being provided so as to give a perspective to the public. These people feel a crisis of confidence in all the media. But especially in television."

CONSIDERING all the pressures or outright threats from the Nixon Administration, from the regulatory agencies, and from the combined forces of government and business conservatism as reflected in the stance of the affiliated stations, not to mention economic preoccupations even closer to home, it is truly surprising that top network management has insulated the correspondents and the producers of news programs and documentaries from political interference to the degree that it has. All during the Nixon Administration generally, and specifically during the period of the Watergate disclosures, the networks were clearly conscious of their responsibility to maintain their independence in the area of news. And yet the question must be faced just how well the networks actually did in their reporting on Watergate. The fact of the overt and covert attacks on the network news organizations does not, after all, constitute proof of a high quality of network journalism. And despite all the recitals by competent reporters of fast-breaking news on the nightly network news programs, which form the news staple for most Americans, the amount of detailed and original investigative reporting done on the air by the networks on Watergate was surely quite unimpressive. It was simply not comparable to the reporting that appeared in, for example, the Washington *Post* and the New York *Times*.

What is in question here is less the competence of the journalists who work for the network news organizations—some of them extremely capable, and virtually all of them very hardworking—than the limits that the medium tends to impose on the exercise of their competence. Television may intensify the impact of what a network correspondent has to say on the screen, but under present circumstances it limits the quality of his reporting. A correspondent who has a chance to talk for two minutes—out of a total of twenty-three—on a half-hour network evening news program can count himself a fairly fortunate man in the competitive nightly scramble for time on the air. And during that time he will have delivered himself of perhaps two hundred and fifty words. How informative can journalism like that be on complex subjects? Network reporting consists mostly of the short take, the quick wrapup, and the brief example. A lot of it amounts to little more than oral caption writing. The brevity that the form imposes on correspondents inevitably leads them into a stylistic compression in which subtleties and complexities that television has no time for tend to be conveyed through the correspondent's manner of delivery and personal on-screen demeanor. The effectiveness of television in conveying personality and in juxtaposing words and images to give them the maximum impact naturally encourages and abets a dramatic journalistic structure, in which the correspondent's own style and attitude tend to become the most prominent elements. And this tendency, there can be no doubt, grew increasingly evident in network television reporting of the Watergate affair.

Looking back over the whole subject of Nixon and television, Daniel Schorr, who is certainly one of the most competent correspondents on the air, told me, "Television is a strange medium. It's essentially a theatrical medium. And when we construct a news story, we always go to the ques-



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tion of who's going to give us the other side. Consequently, we tend to build stories around conflicting personalities. During Watergate, you'd notice more often than not that it was Rodino versus St. Clair, or something of the sort, and the whole impeachment question got to be embodied in personalities. They became the living symbols. We want always, of course, *to be the reporter—to maintain the* role of neutral, hiding-in-the-woodwork narrator of events—but at the same time we're on the air and we're in show business. And there has to be an element of drama, which usually means conflict, in order to attract an audience, which means success in this business."

This, in turn, can lead a reporter into a peculiar journalistic trap. Dan Rather has the reputation of being a competent, persistent, and skeptical reporter. In person, Rather is a mild-mannered and courteous man, but as seen on television, at Presidential press conferences or standing in front of the White House and speaking of events inside, he appeared as a relentless uncoverer and pursuer of executive wrongdoing—a handsome, black-haired journalistic personification, almost, of retributive justice. What he had to say to his audience he said in a series of terse sentences, with phrases rhythmically spaced in such a way as to convey a sense of dramatic portent, and delivered with a sense of control and self-discipline. Rather's reporting enraged Nixon's White House staff, apparently drew upon him the undying enmity of Nixon himself, and made him a celebrity among the tens of millions of people who follow CBS news. He could go nowhere in public without being recognized. People constantly asked for his autograph. On the lecture circuit, where he appeared regularly and spoke on Watergate and government affairs for large fees, he became something of a hero, especially among people of college age. (Viewer mail to CBS, however, was weighted against him during the Watergate period.) When President Nixon went to Xenia, Ohio, to inspect the damage caused by the tornado that struck there last April, the television news cameras caught signs carried by people at the airport, near Dayton, which read "DAN RATHER FOR PRESIDENT." Yet during the Watergate developments Rather's television work was not notable for investigative reporting; like all the other highly paid television correspondents who were reporting from the White House, he was out-

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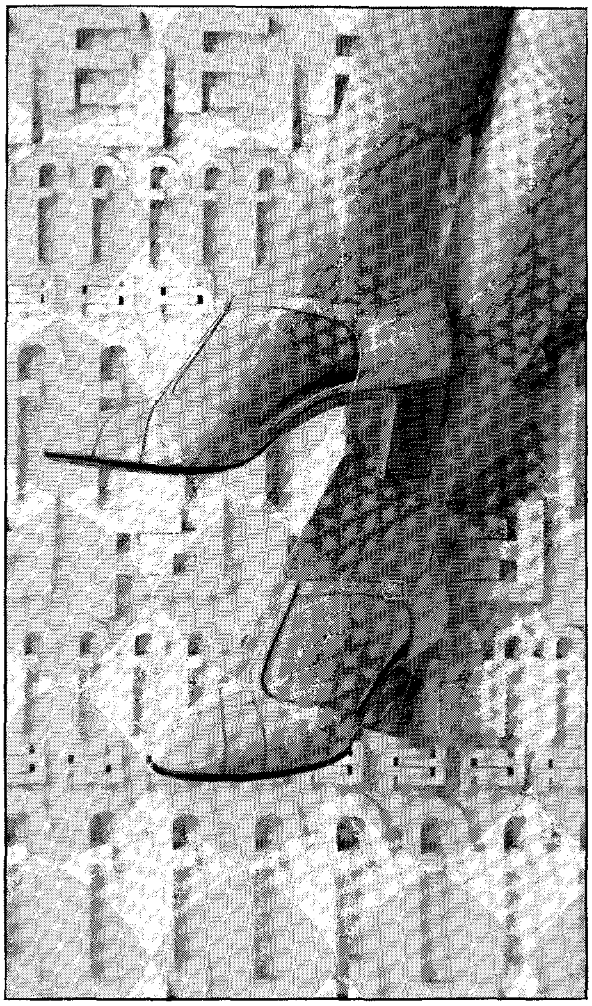

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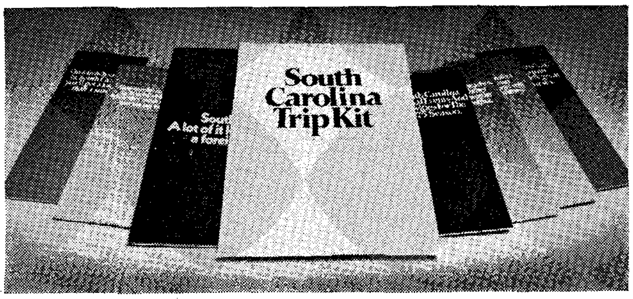

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classed in the disclosure of the underpinnings of Watergate by two local reporters on the Washington *Post*. And his subsequent reporting on Watergate did not compare with the detailed investigative reports in the Washington *Post* and in the *Times*. This may be due in part to the fact that the White House—and especially the Nixon White House—has not always been the best place to obtain information about what is going on within the executive branch. But the fact remains that Rather's capacity for conveying a sense of drama on the screen, together with his own growing fame, ultimately tended to limit his value as a correspondent. It was a dangerous situation for a reporter to slide into—far more dangerous, in a way, than being an object of a Presidential attack. The CBS way of coping with that problem was to resort to the device of "hiding Rather." But the predicament of Rather, who was subsequently reassigned as the anchorman for "CBS Reports," serves to emphasize the underlying conditions that make it so difficult for network television journalism to put the standards of journalism itself consistently ahead of all other considerations.

The attacks of the Administration on the institution of network news may have had economic consequences to network stocks in Wall Street, but they haven't necessarily hurt individual correspondents economically. The investigation of Daniel Schorr came to public light through no effort on Schorr's part or on the part of CBS, but it did him no harm professionally—as Schorr himself, who is fully conscious of the ironies involved, told me. "It didn't harm us, because we are in show business, where the most important thing is to be an identifiable person," Schorr said. "And if something happens to you so as to single you out, it helps to make you identifiable as a television personality. It helps to make you more salable. I've calculated that the F.B.I. investigation of me, together with my being put on the Administration enemies list, has been worth a hundred thousand dollars to me, through lecture fees and through a renegotiation of my contract with CBS. People know my name and remember me because inadvertently I became turned into a personality through events and actions beyond my control. But not necessarily through what I'd like to be remembered for, which is my reporting on and investigation of conditions in government. I would go around the country and people would

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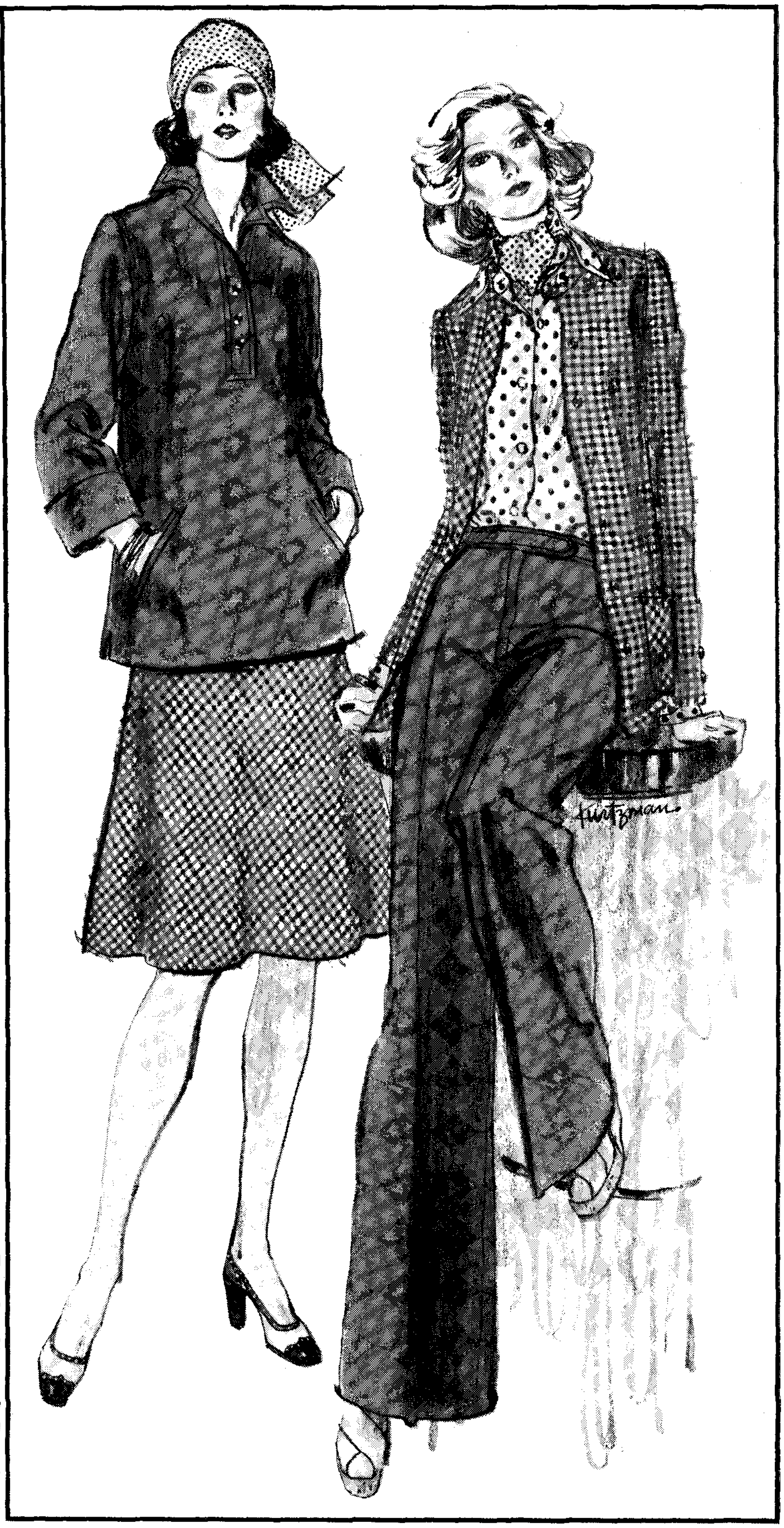

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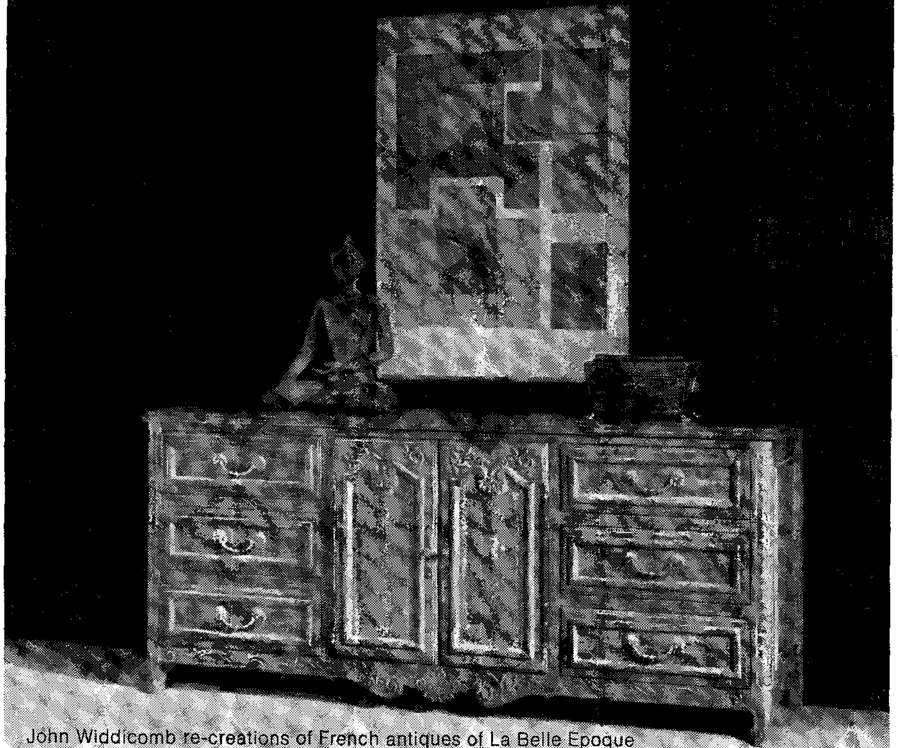
say, 'Go on giving them hell, you're very brave,' and so on, and I don't know what they were talking about, really. I was not in any imminent danger of anything, and I had a big corporation behind me. But a personality somehow had been created for me. And you find that unless you're very tough and strong in resisting it you begin to play the part that's been assigned to you, because it's a useful thing to have. It means recognition for you, just as other personalities are recognizable—Walter Cronkite as everybody's uncle, Eric Sevareid as the sage. You may not see the role yourself, but after a while you begin to play up the role that others have cast you in. Because if you have no role of your own—if you aren't remembered for one thing—then you aren't a success in show business. That is as frankly as I can say it. We're reporters. We don't want to be show-biz people, but it happens, and when it does we almost unconsciously begin to slip into that pattern. And what may help you as a television personality may hurt you in your reporting."

What Schorr found particularly bothersome in covering Watergate developments on network news programs, he told me in an interview last spring, when everyone's attention was fastened on the accumulating revelations, were the temptations to assume some sort of prosecutor's role. "While I was proud of the performance of the media in the early days of Watergate, I wasn't happy about it," he said. "Because I'm an old-time enough reporter to have a queasy feeling about naming people and hurting them before they've been indicted or convicted. The press found itself in the position of making unofficial sorts of indictment. I suppose that the reason for this was that the Watergate coverup—the failure of justice, the failure of the initial group of federal prosecutors to work as they should have—created a vacuum, and the press, in effect, stepped into the vacuum, assuming, at least for a while, a quasi-prosecutorial role. Well, maybe we were lucky, in the sense that nobody we—so to speak—unofficially indicted *wasn't* subsequently formally indicted. But now I think it's right for us to withdraw from an extraordinary state of emergency, because I don't think that this is a viable way for the press to continue. I mean, there's a tendency, once you've done it and succeeded at it, to make it a routine. And it turns out that it is very hard to withdraw from what by normal standards might be considered an aggressive posture, because it becomes a competitive



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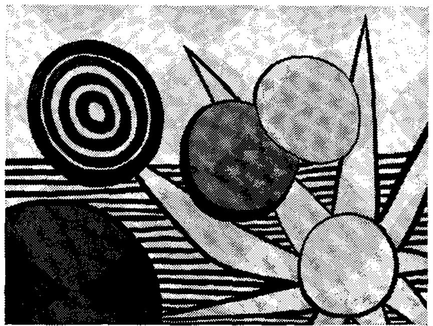

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matter between the networks. It's like disarmament—we will if NBC will. I, for one, am willing to pass up some of those little scoops, those little advantages. I just want to get back onto what I think is more solid ground, journalistically speaking."

Schorr's reference to the comfort of having a big corporation behind him raised the matter of the economic power of the networks, which, as he and many of his colleagues see it, can be a mixed blessing. "I think we've come to the point where big concentrations of power can be controlled only by other big concentrations of power," Schorr told me. "Just as it would take the federal government to control the oil industry, which even its power hasn't succeeded in doing yet, so it takes big news organizations to stand up to big government, with a lot of money behind them, and a lot of power. That's what the Washington *Post* had and needed, and that's what the networks have and need." But the fact is that the economic power of the television industry, as it now stands, is based on a condition of high profit and hard selling, involving much exploitation of the frailties of its audiences. In this respect, there was a special irony in the Nixon Administration's attacks on television, since it is hard to escape the conclusion that the manipulation of the feelings of vast numbers of people ("Will it play in Peoria?") that is associated with the excesses of the Nixon Administration arose less out of politics than out of an extension of mass-marketing techniques, for which the television screen is the prime instrument. After all, where did the media manipulators of the Nixon Administration come from? In considerable part, they came from the advertising industry—which nowadays, in effect, means television. Time buyers, account executives, station-relations managers—it sometimes seems as though half the whole crew came out of television and its associated P.R. and marketing complex. In the long run, it is perhaps the intellectual and political mendacity we have seen exemplified in such people, whether in government or out of it, that television news staffs have most to fear.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

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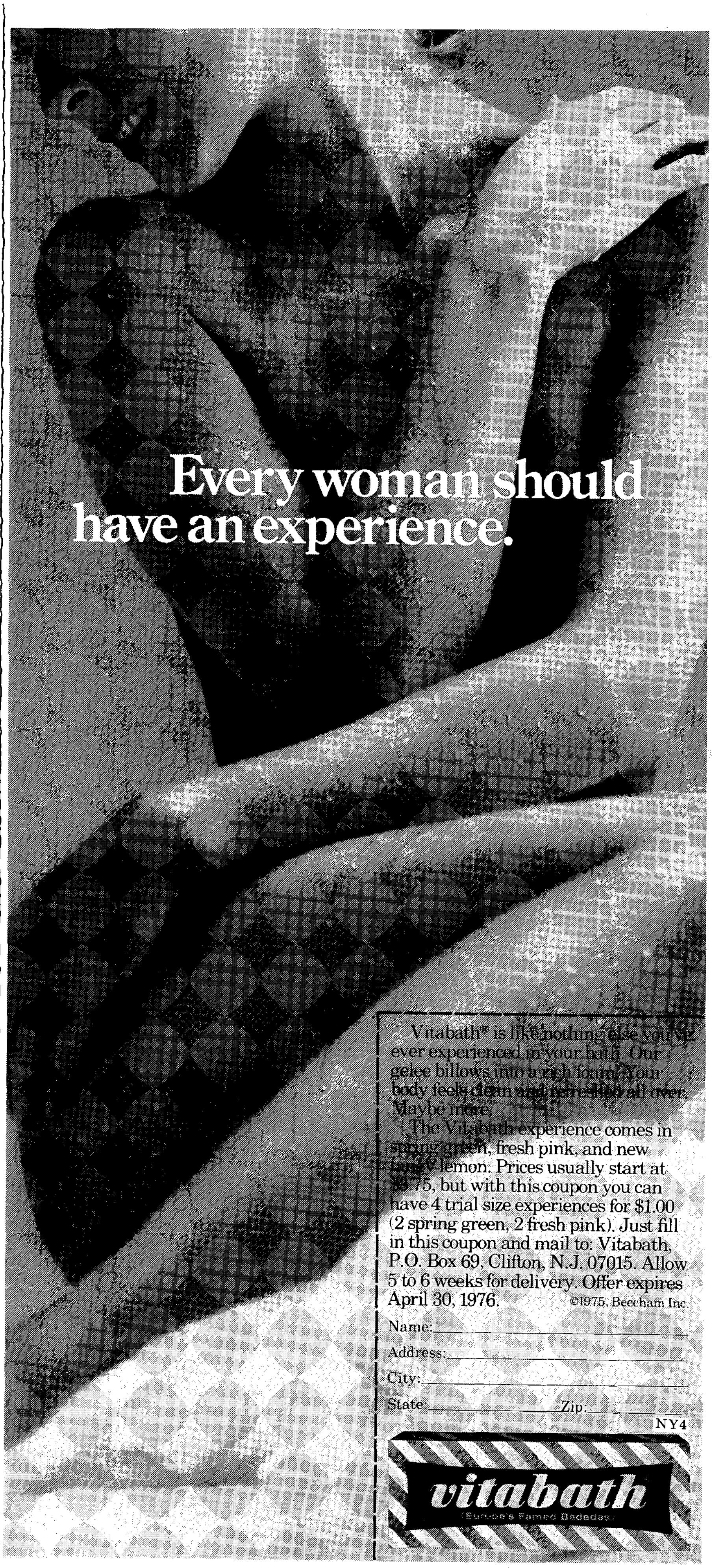
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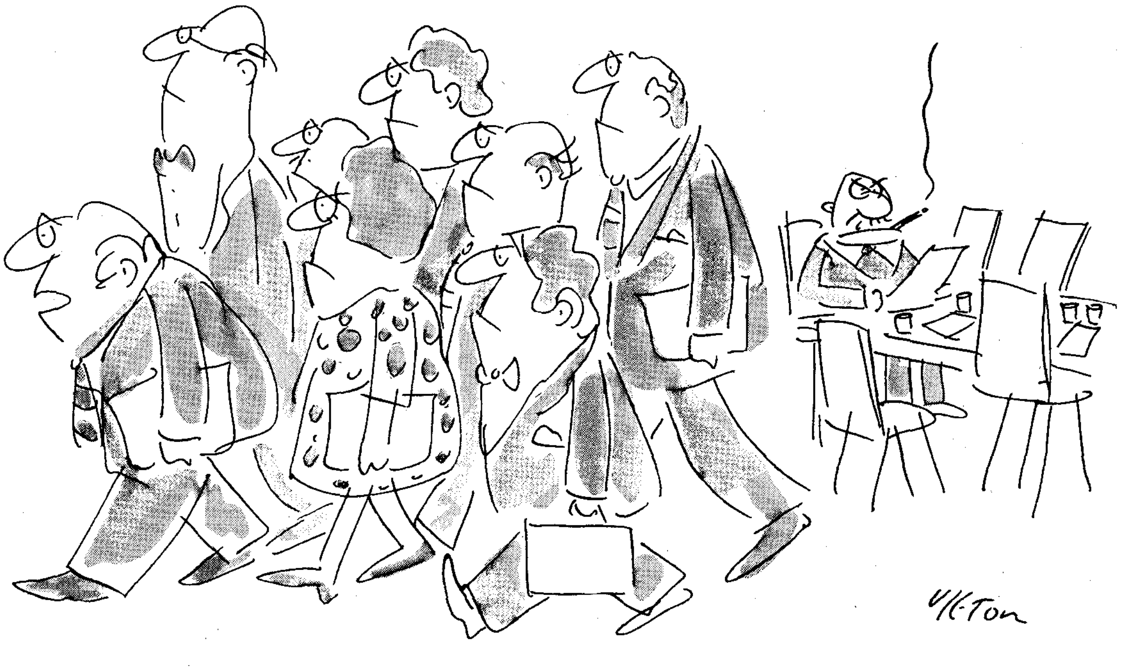
THE THEATRE

DISAPPOINTMENTS

THERE is little to be said about the new musical "Goodtime Charley," at the Palace, except that it fails and that, thanks to Joel Grey and Ann Reinking, it fails in a singularly winning way. The musical has a book, by Sidney Michaels, that cannot possibly live up to its author's lofty intentions for it, and it has songs—music by Larry Grossman, lyrics by Hal Hackady—that are pleasing in their mild fashion only because they awaken memories of songs that are more than mildly pleasing. I am aghast at Mr. Michaels' recklessness in attempting to recount in musical-comedy terms the lives of the Dauphin and Joan of Arc. Not only is Joan one of the most mysterious figures in all history; she was burned at the stake, and her frightful death is the natural climax of any story that one tries to tell about her and the king she crowned at Reims. Is one going to make the burning a big Broadway smasheroo of a scene? If not, how is one going to work one's way around that missing scene? Moreover, in telling Joan's story very much as Shaw has told it, how is one going to keep the audience from constantly comparing "Goodtime Charley" with "Saint Joan"—one of the wittiest, most closely reasoned, and most impassioned plays of our century? Mr. Michaels gives his court nobles and church dignitaries a diction that is Times Square Colloquial, sprinkled with TV jokes. He even risks a scene in a confessional between General de la Trémoïlle and Archbishop Renaud de Chartres that has the look of taking place in a privy. Well! We are a long way from Shaw and a still longer way from the Maid, whoever and whatever she may have been.

Joel Grey plays the woebegone Dauphin with the finesse of a seasoned trouper; it is less a feat of acting than a lightly sketched-in impersonation, in which what interests us is Grey's manipulation of his singing and dancing skills—even, for that matter, his manipulation of his small, shapely person. When Joan calls him with soldierly affection "little Charley," he seems no bigger and no braver than a lost child in a wood; when he is made king, he summons up just enough strength to bear the weight of his crown. Joan is superlatively well played by Ann Reinking, who made a dazzling name for herself last season in "Over Here." The Joan invented by Mr. Michaels might well have proved laughable; Miss Reinking gives her a sweetness and dignity that delightfully balance the Dauphin's skittery waywardness. Susan Browning manages to be charming in the tiresome role of Agnes Sorel, and Richard B. Shull is droll as Minguet, a page who stumbles timidly up the feudal social ladder to the high rung of baron. Rouben Ter-Arutunian has had the brilliant notion of making his sets exact pastiches of paintings by Maxfield Parrish, and Willa Kim has gone to the same source for her romantic, many-colored costumes. The lighting is by Feder, the dances and musical numbers have been staged by Onna White, and the direction is by Peter H. Hunt.

A SECOND disappointment of the week is "A Doll's House," at the Vivian Beaumont. One had perhaps heard too much praise of the production while it was out of town; one was ready to find Liv Ullmann's Nora memorable, and it is simply competent. She is an attractive woman and a good actress, though on this occasion not an exceptional one. Sam Waterston's Torvald, especially in the third act, struck me as the most satisfactory aspect of a radically imperfect rendering of the play. Ibsen was never more openly didactic than in "A Doll's House," in part because the justice he sought for women was still far in the future; it is literally the case that he makes every point not once or twice but several times. In the present instance, the director, Tormod Skagestad, has fatally chosen to emphasize Ibsen's heavy-handedness instead of disguising it. Clump, clump, clump go the turns of the plot, and every turn is signalled to us moments in advance. To make bad matters worse, the cast, except for Ullmann and Waterston, is ill chosen, and the setting, by Santo Loquasto, is intentionally drab. The costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein.



"Well, the majority blew it again."

FROM London, which has shipped over to us this season practically everything except the Battersea Bridge, has come something called "The Rocky Horror Show." It is a horror, all right, and it is even, from time to time, a show, but "rocky"—"unstable, wobbly, marked by ob-

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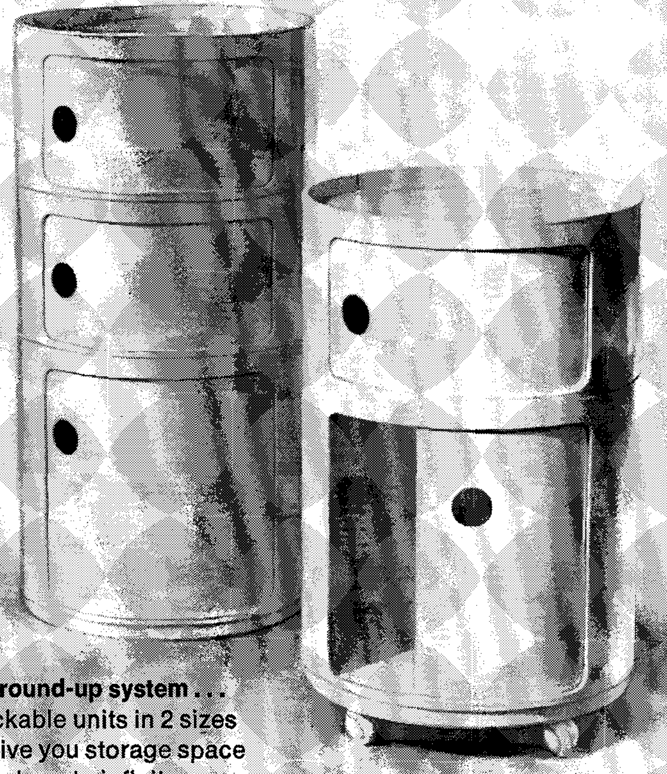

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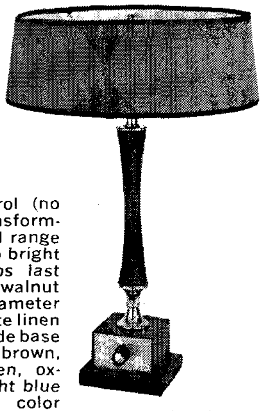

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stacles"—is the word that really rings true. The star is a young man named Tim Curry, who, glitteringly besequined and gorgeously bewigged, plays the transsexual master-mistress of a castle somewhere in dark and stormy Transylvania. Strange things befall a straight young American couple when they seek to take refuge in the castle. End of plot description. The production is right up there with "Man on the Moon," and has nothing to recommend it except that it has been the occasion for turning the grand old Belasco into an attractive cabaret—the seats have been taken out, and café tables and chairs are scattered about al fresco. (The Tiffany lighting fixtures and the panelled walls and ornate plasterwork have been preserved.) I hope the Shuberts, who own the theatre, will keep booking productions into it until they get a hit; it is good to have lights blazing on West Forty-fourth Street, and not only from delicatessens and liquor stores. For the record—a grisly thought—the book, music, and lyrics of "The Rocky Horror Show" are by Richard O'Brien, and the direction is by Jim Sharman.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

At Home with the Edwardses

THE Negro Ensemble Company has opened its season at the St. Marks with a good play—"The First Breeze of Summer," by Leslie Lee—in a bountiful production under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. The story is of a weekend in the life of a fairly well-to-do black family—nothing more and nothing less, except that in that weekend Mr. Lee has created a full-blooded, fully rounded family, who are revealed and grow (and die) before our eyes. There is no plot, in the traditional sense, but there is a point to the play—a theme of a beloved old woman whose life is ending (and whose past is set before us in a series of flashbacks) and her grandson, a high-school boy with ambitions to become a doctor or scientist, whose life is beginning. The script, made up of many small scenes, not one of which goes to waste, is clear and simple—sometimes deceptively so. Many of the complexities are in the characters—their circumstances, what they feel and have gone through, what they say, and what they take for granted or just leave unspoken.

An enterprise such as this, of course, requires first-rate actors, and Mr.

Ward has assembled a cast, including himself, that is capable of impressive virtuosity. As the grandmother, Frances Foster, in a white wig, is anything but the commonplace wisdom-dispenser one might expect; she is far too frisky, too full of humor and impulse and spirit. She even beats the kid in a game of anagrams. In the flashbacks, she is an ardent young woman called Lucretia (charmingly played by Janet League), who becomes pregnant first by a black lover (Carl Crudup) and then by a white one (Anthony McKay), both of whom desert her. Finally, she marries a miner and prospective minister named Edwards, who, when he discovers her past, despairingly goes back to the mines. He is played by Mr. Ward, and his scenes—at first enthusiastic and inspired, and then cast down and embittered—are among the best of the evening. Moses Gunn, with the quiet power and distinction we have come to expect of him, portrays Lucretia's only legitimate child, now a gray-haired man and the head of the Edwards household. He is Milton Edwards, a plasterer, and his older son is now his assistant and associate in the business. In another strong scene we see the son persuade his father to raise an estimate on a job for a white builder, and then we see the father submit to the builder's haggling and bring the estimate down again, as the son outwardly and the father inwardly seethe; Milton Edwards, although he knows his own skill, feels that the only way he can get work from the whites is by doing it more cheaply than anyone else. An actor who calls himself simply Reyno is remarkable as the younger son—counterpoint to the grandmother, and her great favorite. A loving, stormy, rebellious boy, at odds with his father, he is at greater odds with his adolescent self. Even his protective, devoted older brother (very well played by Charles Brown) cannot help much. When the boy learns, from a catty, throwaway remark of his aunt's, that she is half white, he suddenly realizes what his adored grandmother's life must have been, and he goes wild with anger. She doesn't have much time left to set him straight, but she does. Among the other good actors are Ethel Ayler as Milton's soothing wife, Barbara Montgomery as his half-white half sister, and Lou Myers as a visiting preacher. The scenery is by Edward Burbridge and the lighting by Sandra L. Ross. Everybody concerned does credit to Mr. Ward, Mr. Lee, and the Negro Ensemble Company.

—EDITH OLIVER

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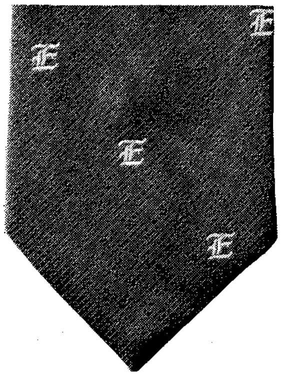

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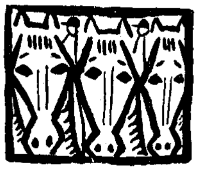
THE RACE TRACK

Maryland, My Maryland!



THE twenty-second running of the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie was a fitting memorial to the best racing secretary and handicapper the Maryland track ever had. Campbell, when he wasn't planning races and assigning weights to the horses who ran in them, used to relax by cooking the delectable Creole dishes for which his home town, New Orleans, is famous. Ten entries competed in this year's event, and McCarron, who had four winners during the afternoon, and who is the country's winningest jockey, sent Flight to Glory into a long lead and held it for half the route before his mount tired. Jolly John, a Maryland-bred colt who runs well only when he is in the mood, was suitably disposed on this occasion, and took the race by a nose from Spirit Rock. Continuous Court, four lengths away, was third. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:05⅕. It was John's first victory this season, though he gave Little Current a lively time in last year's Belmont Stakes, and a worthwhile victory, too. His share of the $100,000 purse came to $74,165. Despite the March weather, the crowd numbered more than 17,000, the largest this grandstand has held in several years.

AS expected, Step Nicely did just that in the Roseben Handicap at Aqueduct. Even carrying 124 pounds, the dark bay, who is owned by Jack Dreyfus, Jr., and trained by Allen Jerkens, both of Hobeau Farm, was the odds-on favorite and won by nearly two lengths from Monetary Principle, to whom he gave sixteen pounds. Piamem, to whom he gave eight, was third. None of the horses who did well in the Paumonok, on opening day, came close this time out. Hudson County, who had won his division in the Paumonok, led for the first couple of furlongs but wearied and finished next to last. Fields continue to be small, but a crowd of 31,000 gathered in the stand, and the bets were in excess of $4,000,000.

HIALEAH closed last week with the forty-fifth running of the $100,000 Turf Cup Handicap. In the

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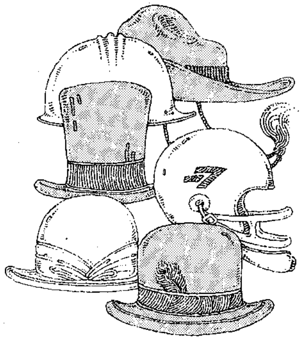

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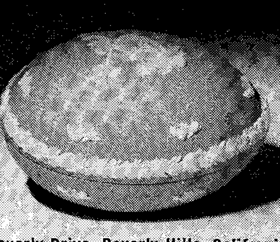

351 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210

stretch, Ogden Phipps's Outdoors came up fast on the rail to win by a length from Nelson Bunker Hunt's Barcas, who took the place from Buffalo Lark, who had led for most of the mile and a half. The favorite, Bertram Firestone's London Company, was sixth. Back in the old days when they were trained by Mr. Fitz, and later by Bill Winfrey and Eddie Neloy, the horses of the Wheatley Stable-Ogden Phipps establishment were high on the list hereabouts. Then the pendulum began to swing, as it did for many big stables, and despite the best efforts of John Russell, who did so well with the horses of Fred Hooper, and with Susan's Girl in particular, Wheatley's luck was too bad for words. Now, as it will do sometimes, the pendulum is swinging the other way. Outdoors is the first winner the stable has had in a stakes as big as the Turf Cup for a long time. Mr. Phipps also has a three-year-old, Our Hero, who is well fancied for the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct. And his daughter Cynthia has another prospect in Singh, who won the Swift Stakes at Aqueduct.

Whether the gates of Hialeah will open next year remains in the laps not of the gods but of the directors of this showplace of American racing and Florida's Board of Business Regulation. Though this year's attendance was higher by nearly three and a half per cent than Gulfstream Park's last year, when Gulfstream had the choice dates, betting was off by more than five and a half per cent. Remember when Joe Widener's special train ran from Palm Beach to Hialeah? Oh, well.

GULFSTREAM PARK, which this year opened the day after Hialeah closed, has plenty of horses. The Appleton Handicap had twenty-seven entries and was run in two divisions, with Duke Tom winning the first and Beau Bugle the second. Proud and Bold won the Donn by a length and a half from Holding Pattern, with Arbees Boy third.

SOME days you can do nothing wrong on a race track. More often you can do nothing right. Ask Pancho Martin. In the several months he was at Santa Anita he saddled two winners. In his first week at Aqueduct he saddled fifteen. —AUDAX MINOR

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U.S. JOURNAL: MIAMI BEACH

HARVEY ST. JEAN HAD IT MADE

CRIMINAL lawyers are not the kind of lawyers who claim to be just as happy if their names never appear in a newspaper. One guide to how well a criminal lawyer is doing, in fact, may be how many times he is mentioned in the newspapers and in what size type—the criminal case that attracts the attention of the press often being one in which the defendant is important enough to be able to pay his attorney. A top criminal lawyer has his biography written serially in the tabloids. In the private office of Harvey St. Jean, by all accounts the top criminal lawyer in Miami Beach, the wall decorations were not just framed diplomas but framed newspaper clippings. His outer office had the Spy caricatures of English judges that most American lawyers must receive from their wives most Christmases, but it also had a series of originals by a local newspaper artist who had drawn the lawyer in the courtroom scenes as a tall, imposing man with gray hair and heavy black eyebrows—Harvey St. Jean. St. Jean had plenty of clients who made the front page of the Miami papers. (" 'I'm so happy,' cries Mrs. Shirley Mae Lewis Tuesday after a circuit-court jury acquitted her in the murder of a Miami Beach widow. Donald C. Bliss pleaded guilty Monday to the stabbing of Mrs. Ruth Berkman and accused Mrs. Lewis of handing him the knife.") He also had clients whose fate was of importance to newspapers in Philadelphia and New York. For years, St. Jean was in the papers as the attorney for people who had become familiar enough to be given nicknames, the way halfbacks and middleweights are given nicknames. The Crying Adjmis, for instance, a family of bric-a-brac hustlers accused (and acquitted) of bilking a rich widow out of half a million dollars with the help of a phony French priest who said that only the widow's money could save his orphanage and village from a greedy German named Finklestein. ("I was a softie," the victim acknowledged.) Jack (Murph the Surf) Murphy, who, with a couple of other Miami beachboys, managed to steal the Star of India sapphire and the deLong Star Ruby from the American Museum of Natural History and pass the ruby along—or so the government alleged—to Richard Duncan Pearson, another client of Harvey St. Jean. The widow of Arthur (Fat Man) Blatt, who became a widow by putting five bullets into the Fat Man, a jeweller by trade and someone suspected by the police for a while of having the deLong Ruby in his inventory. And Candy—Candace Mossler, who was accused of having arranged with her nephew Melvin Powers to beat her millionaire husband to death with a large Coke bottle. Candy hired both Percy Foreman and Harvey St. Jean to argue her innocence. The fruits of their triumph included a wire-service picture of Candy kissing St. Jean in appreciation and a huge acquittal headline on the front page of that final law journal for big-time criminal attorneys—the New York *Daily News*.

"Harvey St. Jean had it made," Edna Buchanan and Gene Miller began their front-page story in the Miami *Herald* December 12th. "He had money, a reputation as a crack criminal lawyer, and time to tee off for 18 holes at La Gorce Country Club any afternoon he wanted. Most afternoons he did.

"When he left his apartment at the Jockey Club Wednesday morning . . . he had his golf clubs in the trunk of his Cadillac. Wednesday looked like an easy day. He figured he might pick up a game later with Eddie Arcaro, the jockey. He didn't.

"In the crisp bright light of Miami Beach, someone murdered him. He was found shot to death in his car."

HARVEY ST. JEAN started his Miami Beach career digging ditches for the city—a poor boy from Holyoke, Massachusetts, whose résumé could not have gone much beyond some clippings of high-school athletic triumphs. It was 1939, with the Depression still on in most of the country. "People came here because things weren't right where they came from," Bernard Wieder, a Miami Beach lawyer who had been St. Jean's friend and fellow-ditchdigger in those days, said recently. "This was pioneer country." Some of the pioneers were just drifters; some were ambitious. One of the people who dug ditches with St. Jean and Wieder became president of the bank in whose aqua high rise, on the Lincoln Road Mall, both of them eventually practiced law. Another was elected mayor of Miami Beach. St. Jean and Wieder both took the examinations to become policemen—a seasonal occupation then—and firemen. Wieder still has an early picture of them as policemen

ıt the Miami Beach version of a com-
munity event—a wedding of Bernarr
Macfadden, the health faddist. St.
Jean saved a picture of himself in po-
ice uniform standing behind a posed
meeting of Jake LaMotta, Rocky
Graziano, and Walter Winchell.

In 1951—when, after years of hold-
ıng down a regular police job and at-
ending law school at the same time,
St. Jean was admitted to the bar—a
ot of people considered the practice of
riminal law to be a step down from
ractically anything. The leading crim-
ıal lawyer in Miami Beach owed his
reëminence to being the favored at-
orney for members of the S. & G.
yndicate, which used to control the
ambling in south Florida. Many of
is colleagues at the criminal bar were
onsidered hacks or shysters. There are
ow criminal lawyers who spend a lot
f their time defending sophisticated
usinessmen charged with tax evasion,
ut criminal lawyers are still not quite
espectable in the sense that, say, spe-
alists in trusts or corporate mergers
e respectable. Their clients are usual-
not the kind of people with whom it
ould be appropriate to discuss the case
ver luncheon at a decent club. There
often talk of fees paid in stolen goods
of chumminess with mobsters. "To a
ofessional detective, any criminal at-
rney has to be a certain part fixer,"
professional detective with the Miami
each force said recently. When Har-
y St. Jean was already the leading
iminal attorney in Miami and was
panding into some business ventures,
ose city councilmen who argued, un-
ccessfully, against awarding him the
ntract to run the concessions at the
y golf course based their argument
the kind of undesirables he defend-
and might associate with in business.
ke any two groups of people thrown
gether, criminal lawyers and their
entele sometimes develop complicat-
links of style, or even of family.
ne of St. Jean's associates was once
ırried to a woman who had previous-
been married to one of St. Jean's
ents. One of St. Jean's own wives—
had a number of them—was once
ırried to a man identified as a close
sociate of Frank Costello. She almost
came some criminal lawyer's client
rself—so St. Jean said during the
vorce case—by pointing a gun at him
d pulling the trigger twice on what
ppened to be empty chambers.

Even people who assume all crimi-
l lawyers to be part fixer refer to
ırvey St. Jean as a gentleman. He
ıs a soft-spoken man, closemouthed
out important matters but affable

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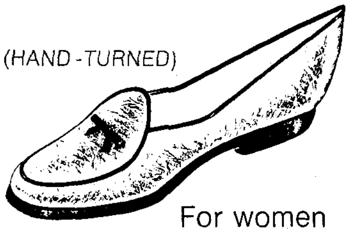

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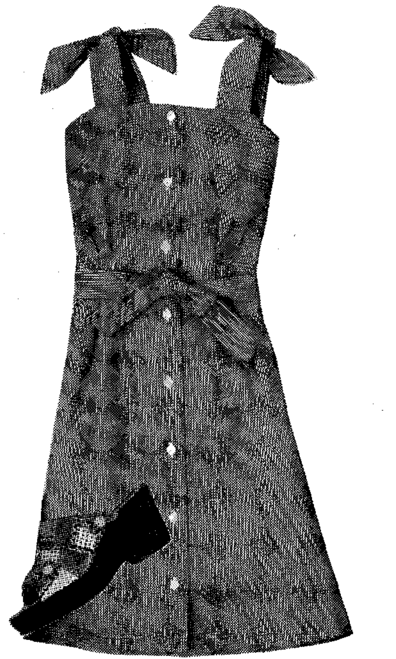

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about routine ones. People who had known him for years could not recall ever hearing him raise his voice. The judges liked him, and so did the police. As someone who had been a policeman for years himself, he had friends on the force who could steer clients in his direction, and he could translate the stilted jargon of police reports into some vision of what must have really happened. He steadily worked his way up from pickpockets to jewel thieves. St. Jean was never an eloquent or flamboyant man—tables went unpounded and tears went unshed during his summations—but he was shrewd about picking juries and thorough about rules of evidence that often made it possible to exclude from consideration the statement or the jewelry necessary for a prosecution. As the Warren Court decisions increasingly emphasized the rights of the individual, criminal law was increasingly practiced not with eloquent summations but with detailed challenges to the affidavit that led to a search warrant or with hard questions about how the defendant was treated at the station house. Harvey St. Jean became what his partner, Lawrence Hoffman, believes was the finest search-and-seizure lawyer in the country.

As his practice grew and some real-estate investments began to pay off, St. Jean began to lead the south-Florida version of life at the top. There may be cities in which the respectability of a self-made criminal lawyer will always have its limits, but in Miami just about everyone seems to have a tenuous hold on respectability anyway. The historic attraction of the area for promoters and grifters and profligates being what it is, Miami remains a hard place to cash a check. The difference between an established family and a new family sometimes seems to be that the established family pulled off some successful land-flipping in the thirties instead of the fifties. The dominant standard of a club like the Jockey Club—often described around town as "the 'in' place" or "a swinging joint" or "the place to be"—is ready money, and motivation by money is assumed. (Some pieces of African sculpture for sale in a showcase are identified as "Rare Collector's Items for Investors in African Art.") The golf club that elected Harvey St. Jean to its board of governors—La Gorce Country Club, in Miami Beach—had, according to an estimate in the Miami *Herald* a few years ago, five hundred millionaires among eleven hundred members, including a Firestone and a du Pont. It had the final

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badge of exclusivity in Miami Beach: it excluded Jews, like the one British planters' club in a newly independent African country that can't bring itself to alter its membership rules enough to allow in the new President. But La Gorce was not founded until after the Second World War. And one of its members was accused by the Internal Revenue Service a few years ago of having used it as a base for hustling some five hundred thousand unreported dollars from golf or poker patsies, and a *Herald* story about changes in its board of governors a couple of years ago described one of them as "auto dealer, former state senator, and sometime associate of bookmakers."

In the past several years, anyone looking for Harvey St. Jean was likely to find him at La Gorce or the Jockey Club or in his office—and his office became, increasingly, the least likely of the three. In 1970, St. Jean had an operation for some old knee injuries—the Miami Dolphins team surgeon was his doctor—and, still in his fifties, he began to tell people he was semi-retired. He spent a lot of time on the golf course and on various business ventures. A couple of times a year, he went to the Golden Door spa in California. "He just said he was semi-retired as a way to avoid the wise guys who wanted him to do small cases for nothing," Jack Nageley, a Miami Beach criminal lawyer who once worked for St. Jean, has said. "If there was enough money involved, Harvey was there." The money was in the occasional big criminal trial and, more and more, in the divorce work brought in by his fame or by his contacts with rich and important people.

A divorce lawyer who lived at the Jockey Club could feel as secure about his future as a dentist who lived in Hershey, Pennsylvania. The standing joke at the Jockey Club is that the average age of the residents is forty—"that's a sixty-year-old guy and a twenty-year-old broad." The club consists of a couple of high rises full of condominiums for the live-in members, some tennis courts, a marina in which some of the boats seem large enough to serve as destroyer escorts, a restaurant, and a bar whose patrons are so uniformly the type of people who order drinks by brand ("J & B and a twist, Joe, and an extra-dry Tanqueray Martini") that the bartender's reaction to being asked for a Scotch-and-soda is likely to be a moment of puzzlement, as if he had just been asked for a jug of homemade busthead. The Jockey Club is a place

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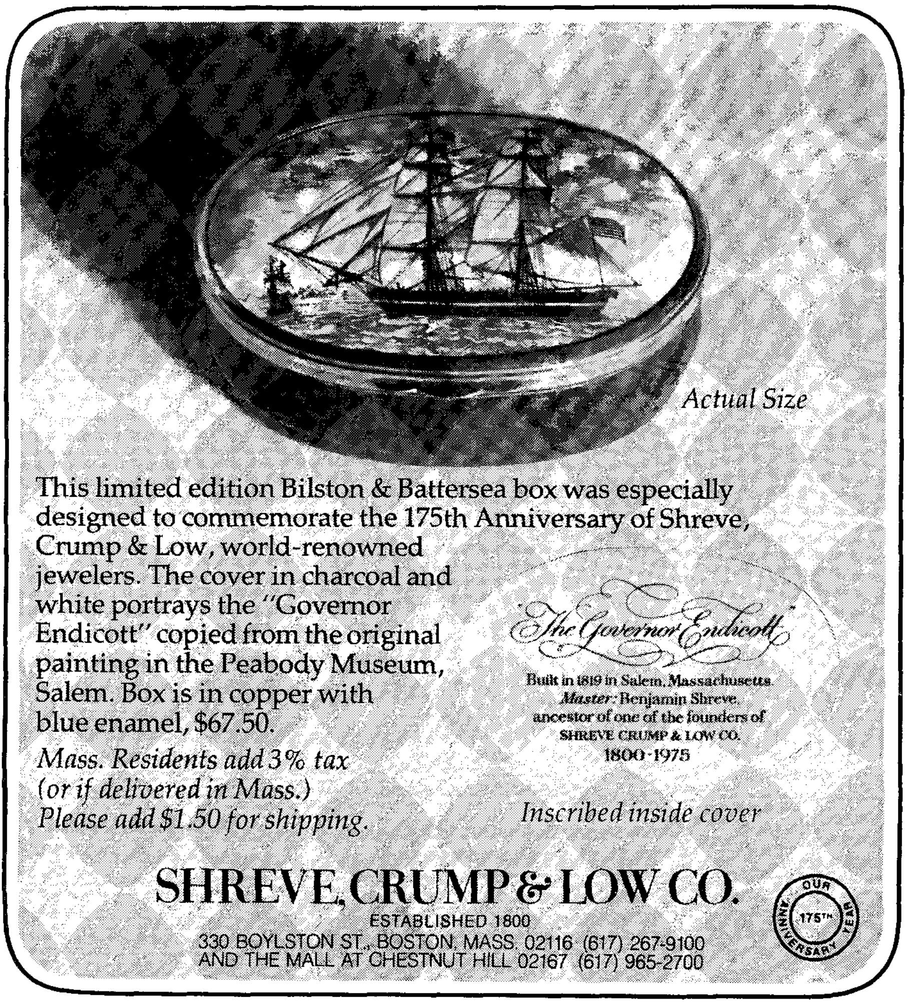

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in which the names dropped at the bar are vaguely familiar—familiar because the people were once in films or because their families have even more money than they can spend on boats and alimony payments—and the names displayed on the membership invitations seem designed to trigger the same kind of brand identification as modish brands of gin. Twenty-five years after he stood anonymously behind Walter Winchell, Harvey St. Jean lived, with his wife, in a condominium at a club whose board of governors includes Perry Como and Pierre du Pont and Fess Parker. He owned two condominiums at the Jockey Club, in fact, having moved into a larger one after his marriage and held on to his bachelor apartment. He had been talking about trying to consolidate their mortgages. He apparently had a cash-flow problem. But he had sent a check to the condominium sales office at the Cricket Club, which is being built just north of the Jockey Club. The Cricket Club will have a full spa, and many people believe that it will be the new place to live.

WALTER PHILBIN looks and talks enough like a detective to play one in the movies—and has played one, several times. In "Lenny," the New York detective sergeant who arrested Bruce at a night club and then testified, with some embarrassment, in court as to his language and gestures was played by Walter Philbin. In real life, he is a major, the chief of detectives of the Miami Beach Police Department, and in real life he had some dealings with Lenny Bruce. ("I harassed him pretty good.") Philbin joined the Miami Beach force the year after Harvey St. Jean left—another poor boy from Massachusetts. "We more or less grew up together—me on the force, him in the practice of law," Philbin said recently. "I beat him on ten or eleven first-degree-murder cases. I was his nemesis." St. Jean won some, too. "I once collared a guy on a stakeout with two hundred thousand dollars in stolen jewels—*and a gun*," Philbin says. "Harvey got him off on search-and-seizure." Philbin believes that he and Harvey St. Jean exchanged the respect of competent adversaries, and he recalls thinking about that when he arrived at a public parking lot between the Lincoln Road Mall and the Convention Center late on a Wednesday morning last December and found St. Jean shot to death inside his Cadillac. "When we were taking him out of the car, it was a funny

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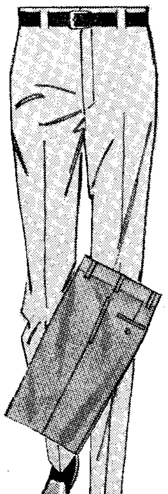

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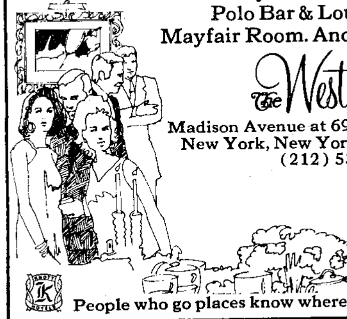

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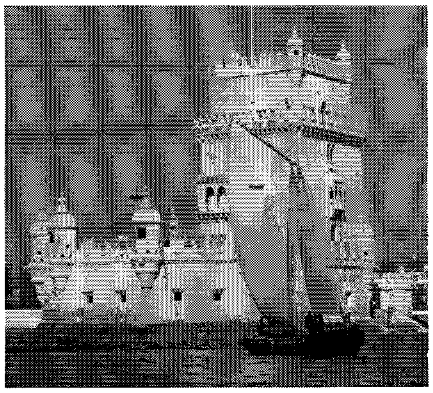

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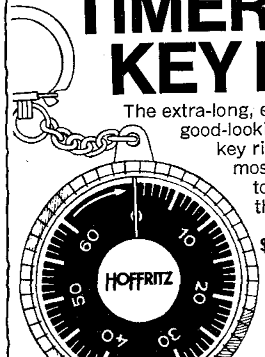

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thing to think about, but I thought Harvey would be glad that if anyone had to investigate his murder it would be me—because I think he had respect for me as a homicide investigator," Philbin said. "It was an almost communicative feeling: 'Don't worry about it, Harvey.' And him saying, 'Well, I'm glad you're here, because if anybody can get the son of a bitch, you can.' "

There may be detectives who would regard that as the recollection of a member of the Screen Actors Guild, but any homicide investigator would sympathize with the next thought Philbin recalls having: "Jesus, God! He's got a hundred guys capable of killing him." A disgruntled client? An ex-wife? One of the undesirables that people said St. Jean had as associates in his business ventures? A hit man from the mob? Just a thief who heard that St. Jean often carried a lot of cash with him? Philbin's detectives fairly quickly eliminated the possibility of random robbery, and turned up only one undesirable and no strong suspects among St. Jean's business associates. ("I almost wish I could talk to Harvey: 'How could you get involved with this creep?' ") The street talk and the prison grapevine produced a theory about St. Jean's murder almost immediately: that he had been killed on the orders of a Cuban cocaine dealer, a former client, who believed St. Jean had a lot of his money and was refusing to return it. The theory was consistent with some of the physical evidence, Philbin thought, such as the fact that St. Jean had been robbed. ("It's a matter of honor with an Italian hit man not to touch anything; Cubans rob the guy as part of the deal—the price plus what he's carrying.") It was the theory in newspaper headlines within a day or two of the shooting, and it remains the dominant theory in the Police Department today, even though Walter Philbin, for one, is not optimistic about ever finding enough evidence to indict whoever it was who actually pulled the trigger.

Since the St. Jean killing, Philbin has arrived at some strong views on the version of organized crime that has developed among post-Castro Cuban immigrants. He believes that Cuban gangsters often behave the way Italian gangsters did in the twenties, when they had been in the country only fifteen or twenty years themselves—extorting money from their own community's businessmen, for instance, and shooting at each other a lot in arguments over power. The Cubans differ,

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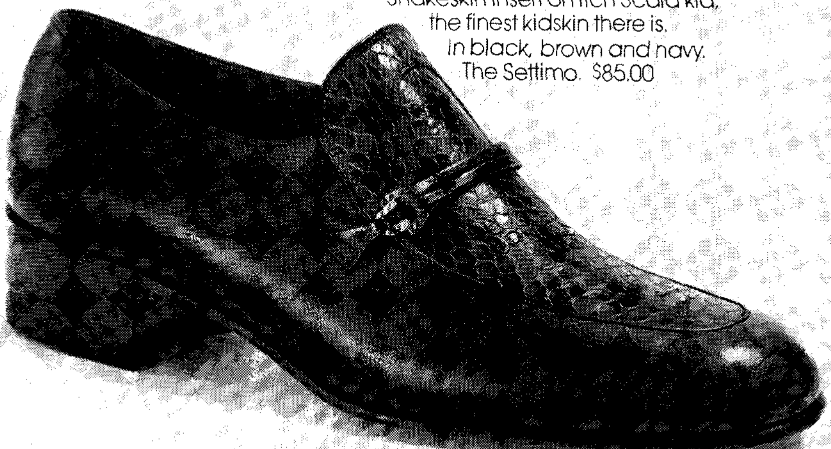

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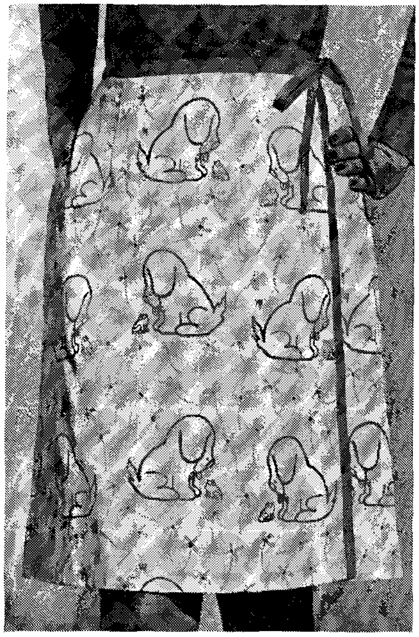

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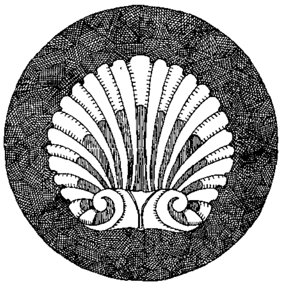

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he believes, in concentrating on a type of business that some of the old-style immigrant gangsters avoided—drugs. The people in charge of Cuban organized crime learned organization from the American gangsters who were in Cuba at the end of the Batista regime, Philbin thinks, and the eighteen- and twenty-year-olds now used as runners and enforcers learned how to be hoods right in the United States of America. "When the Cubans first came here, we'd always say they were no trouble," Philbin said recently. "Strong family ties. Strong culture. Now, eighteen, nineteen years later, we got nothing but trouble. They've lost their strong family ties, they've lost their strong culture. And the sad thing is that *we've* done it. We've Americanized them. They learned everything on our streets." The organized Cuban operation that uses the street toughs, Philbin thinks, is much more powerful than has been believed. Among the people who may have underestimated the Cubans was Harvey St. Jean.

Why the client in question believed that St. Jean owed him money remains a matter of conjecture, of course. There is a theory, expressed in the newspapers by Dade County State Attorney Richard Gerstein, that "some of those people just assume that if they pay large fees they are buying a dismissal or acquittal." There is a theory that St. Jean, a controlled and unemotional man in the courtroom, might have exacerbated such a misunderstanding by carrying on a defense that could have seemed unenergetic to a Latin. It is possible, of course, that the money that changed hands really was for services other than the defense of one case. It is even possible that Harvey St. Jean, a secretive man with a cash-flow problem, really did keep some money he should have returned. "Harvey had almost scrupulously avoided drug cases," Philbin says. "He was doing pretty well without them. But this was so much money he couldn't turn it down." The amount usually mentioned is something over a hundred thousand dollars. "Harvey knew all the angles," Jack Nageley said not long ago. "But his love of money did him in."

HARVEY ST. JEAN made banner headlines again with his funeral. "The friends of Harvey St. Jean, the honest ones, assembled before an open casket Saturday for piped organ music—and the prayers of a priest who never met him," Gene Miller wrote in the *Herald*. "It was simple and

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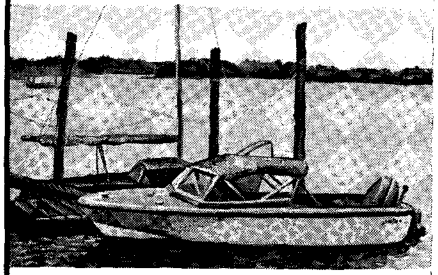

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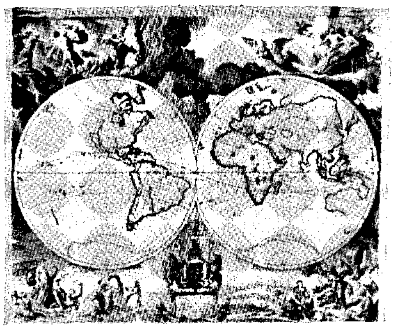

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quick. Only the last of his seven wives attended. Detectives saw none of his notorious clients. Harvey J. St. Jean, criminal lawyer, is now case number 385393." In a short eulogy, a friend called St. Jean "a sportsman and a sport." His widow, Dorothy St. Jean, got a lot of sympathy letters from important people and ordinary people, and even some people who wrote from prison—the type of client she could remember her husband's considering "a thief, but a nice thief." She also got the cash-flow problem. She is a bright, red-haired woman who, like her husband, came to Miami Beach poor, twenty years ago—a secretary from New Jersey. She worked her way up from a cocktail-waitress job to a job at one of the big hotels organizing conventions and Super Bowl charters. Last fall, she had quit her job and devoted her organizing energies to charity work. She was having lunch at La Gorce when she heard of her husband's death. One of the ironies she mentions when she talks about the murder is that she and Harvey St. Jean, two people who had worked their way up, finally had it made. "People came up afterward and said, 'At least, his problems are over now,' " she said recently. "Listen. He didn't have any problems."

—Calvin Trillin

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[*Birgit Nilsson in the Times*]

Wolfgang [Windgassen] was never a prima donna but always a member of the team. I also never saw him lose his temper; on the contrary, he was able to calm those who were losing theirs. The only time I noted a hint of annoyance was once when a conductor was dragging his tempi unduly. He mumbled under his breath: "When a conductor gets old and tired, his tempi are getting much slower. Then the critics comment how he has deepened his interpretation. Unfortunately that leaves us singers in the impossible position of trying to adjust our lung power to these crazy tempi, and then, when occasionally we sing flat, those same critics say we are old and finished."

•

The trick was repeated twice more, and by the time his latest train ran into the open at Golders Green, Robert was confident he was alone. When they reached the end of the line at Edgware Road, the only people in his coach were women, a couple of bearded rabbits, and an old man with a severe cough. —*"Aphrodite Means Death," by John Appleby.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Fantasy and the Fact

ANY music lover's spirits should leap at the prospect of five days of concerts, presented by a city's major orchestra and chamber-music society, billed as a "Mini-Festival Around Schubert." What would he expect? Programs carefully chosen to show Schubert's music in its close context and in distant perspectives; an introduction to some wonderful songs that have so far not entered the standard repertory; some unfamiliar chamber and choral music; some familiar chamber and orchestral and piano music lovingly performed; one concert, at least, sounded on the instruments of Schubert's day or on modern copies of them; introductory talks, or lecture-recitals, presenting the latest fruits of Schubert scholarship and linking these to the programs of the week. What else? A program book that might include, say, an essay by Charles Rosen expanding the splendid aperçus about Schubert in the epilogue of his "The Classical Style;" full notes, of course, on all the works performed, with sufficient background to define the position of each in the total picture composed by the programs; a timetable of any other Schubert concerts and of any Schubert opera productions in or near the city; a note about when any Schubert Masses were to be sung in any of the city's churches; an account of the best books about Schubert (latest among them a Vienna House reprint of his enchanting letters), a guide to the best editions of his music available, and a discography of the most desirable records. And in the lobbies of the halls where the concerts were given, a Schubert exhibition, and, naturally, the books, the scores, and the records on sale.

In any musical center except New York such expectations would probably be fulfilled. Here, the "Mini-Festival Around Schubert," presented last week by the Philharmonic in collaboration with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, proved to be a flabby, half-baked affair. There may have been some loving performances (though there were none in the concerts I attended). There was a performance of the cantata "Lazarus." Yet nothing else along the lines suggested above. It is true that several good works were played. But half a page of platitudes from Pierre Boulez ("His imprint can be found in the works of many later composers;" "To know Schubert only through his symphonic works is to know him insufficiently") scarcely helped to explain the structure of the haphazard programs, and his was the only "general" essay. The notes by Harris Goldsmith did not add perspective. To contrast Schubert's Octet with the Beethoven Septet is to discover much about him; the Septet opened the celebration (the Octet did not figure in it). This is all that Mr. Goldsmith had to say about the relation of it and the Schubert work:

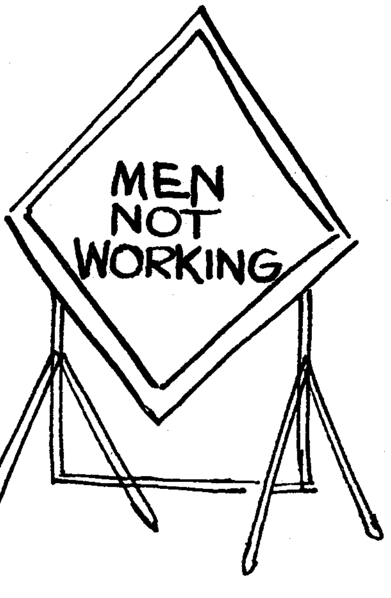
> Granted the popularity of the Septet, it hardly need be added that Spohr, Hummel, and others took their heed of the piece. The "others" included one Franz Schubert who penned an Octet that owes its very existence to Beethoven's precursor.

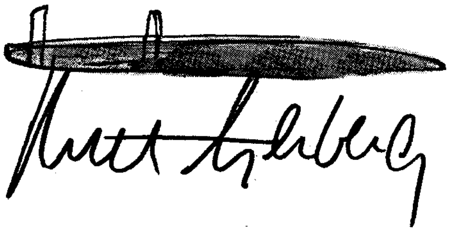
Another program opened with Antonio Salieri's "Axur, Re d'Ormus" overture (last played by the Philharmonic in 1965). Mr. Goldsmith noted that Beethoven was proud to style himself a Salieri pupil, quoted the Grove entry in one paragraph, and paraphrased it in the next. It would have been more to the point to tell the audience that Schubert was a Salieri pupil.

No Schubert songs were billed—which may have been deliberate, though the omission was unexplained—but in the event (illness brought a change of vocalist and of program) three were sung. They were "Die Junge Nonne," "Der Lindenbaum," and "Erlkönig." There must be half a dozen talented Juilliard students (to look no further) with less hackneyed Schubert songs ready at performance pitch—and, for that matter, a keener sense of Schubert style than was shown by Betty Allen.

THERE are to be four new productions in the City Opera's spring season. One is of Mozart's "Idomeneo," an important addition to the New York repertory. Another is of a curiosity—"Die Tote Stadt," composed in 1920 by the young Erich Korngold, and chosen by Jeritza for her Metropolitan début the following year. Those two are still to come. The others—of Puccini's "Turandot" and Richard Strauss's "Salome"—double the Metropolitan fare without even the distinction of being English-language performances.

There are two reasons for reviving "Salome" today—as an "audiovisual concerto" for a remarkable soprano (another Welitch, Varnay, or Anja Silja), or as a vehicle for a virtuoso orchestra and its star conductor (such as the Chicago Symphony under Solti, who gave a tremendous performance, with the added attraction of Birgit Nilsson as heroine, in Carnegie Hall earlier this season). There seems to be no good reason for the City Opera's having tackled "Salome." Maralin Niska gets through the title role in competent house-soprano fashion, but there is no special force or allure in either her singing or her acting of the





art. And the orchestra is reduced.
trauss composed his opera for about a
undred players and so, even in houses
f Covent Garden size, they sometimes
ill over into the stage boxes); to
ake the work accessible to theatres of
ore modest means, he prepared an
ternative version for regular large
rchestra (with triple instead of four-
ld and fivefold woodwinds), and an-
her still further reduced. "Salome"
omes in the middle size at the State
heatre, but this is a big place, with
otoriously dead acoustics, and so the
lge of the music was blunted. A good
al of the individual playing was of
gh quality, and Julius Rudel, con-
ucting, drew the best from his forces.
was not enough. "Salome" can seem
be at once a repellent opera and
score of blazing genius. But on
is occasion it provided a dull eve-
ng.

For his heroine, Strauss wanted "a
xteen-year-old princess with the voice
an Isolde." (We can hear one in
e London recording, made in 1961;
eing Nilsson enact the role might be
other matter.) He also remarked that
nyone who has observed the deco-
m with which Eastern women be-
ve will understand that Salome, be-
g a chaste virgin and an Oriental
incess, must be played with the sim-
est and most restrained of gestures,
less her defeat by the powerful, hos-
le world is to excite, instead of com-
ssion, only disgust and terror." So
e composer said—yet it must be
wned that the three notable stage
lomes mentioned above (Welitch,
arnay, and Silja) were far from sim-
e and restrained. Miss Niska shim-
ied about slinkily in the early scenes,
ripped to display a shapely body dur-
g the Dance of the Seven Veils, and
lled around with the head of the
aptist in the finale, but seemed to
ve no clear ideas about the char-
ter and its development. Ian Stras-
gel, who directed, and Douglas W.
hmidt, who designed the set, gave no
dication that they did not consider
e piece a load of old rubbish. They
ay be right—except in respect of the
rtuoso score—but then why bother
ith it? The effect was tacky B movie,
Night in Old Galilee. The set
as a kind of debased Bakst, in murky
lors. The costumes, designed by
andy Barcelo, were caricatures—
erodias as the Duchess, Herod as the
ed King (but Salome not at all like
lice). Hans Sondheimer's lighting
nded to fall on the characters' shoul-
ers and leave their eyes in pools of
adow. There was a lively, entertain-

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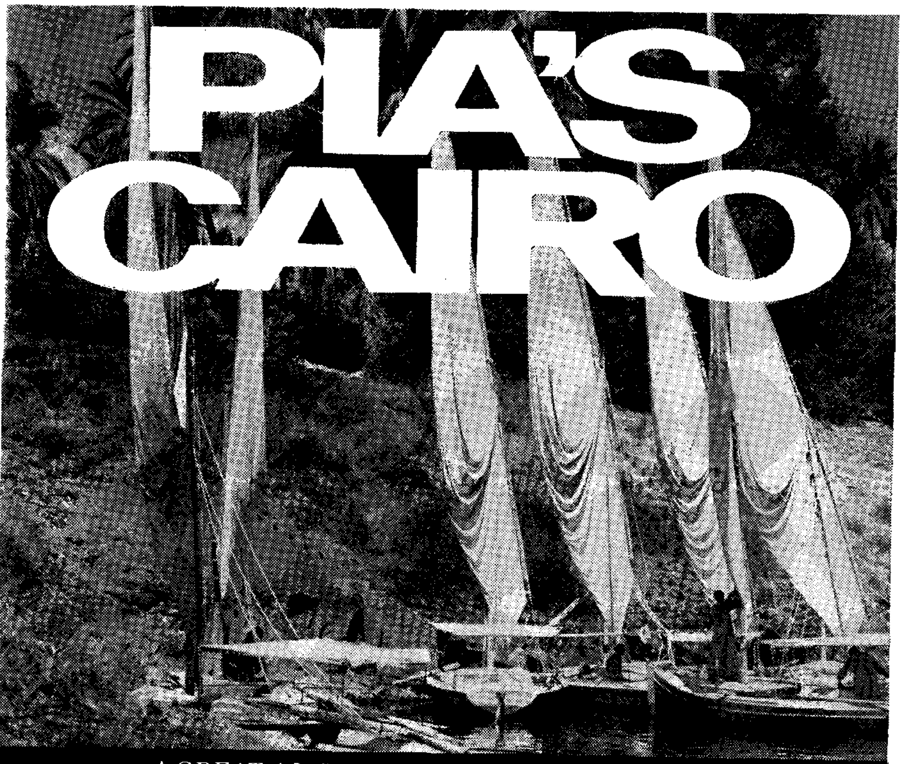

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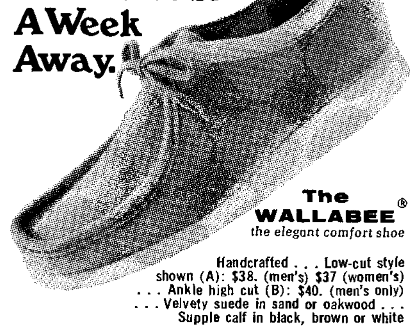

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ing, and pungent Herod, Alan Crofoot. Frances Bible was an imposing Herodias. Miss Niska—any account of a "Salome" performance returns constantly to its heroine—had some good, shining notes, but her voice was uneven and unreliable; often there was no firm core of pure, easy tone. Neither her words nor those of the dullish Jokanaan, William Justus, told strongly. Herod's did. So did those of two soldiers, Willard White and Irwin Densen, whose strong, forthright declamation was a pleasure.

"TURANDOT" is another opera that might as well have been left unperformed at the State Theatre—left to the Metropolitan—since the City Opera could not muster a suitable cast for it. The title role is a killer, except to a soprano with lungs of leather and vocal cords of steel. Rachel Mathes (who sang Gerhilde, a Valkyrie, at the Met "Walküre" the night before "Turandot") will surely have no voice left if she goes on forcing it as hard as she did here. Already there was an unhealthy wobble in the sound. As an actress she was puddingy. Perhaps, intent on making a big noise, and keeping her balance the while on the steep staircase that fills most of the sets, she had little attention left for niceties of interpretation. Calaf was Ermanno Mauro, a Covent Garden lyric tenor (Pinkerton, etc.), who bawled his way through the heavy music. In its gaudy fashion, Beni Montresor's décor is rather prettier than Cecil Beaton's, at the Met, but Beaton at least provided a staircase from whose treads the soprano can sing in safety; Montresor's is a constant invitation to a tumble. Dino Yannopoulos's direction has no strong character but is perfectly acceptable. Mr. Rudel drew good sound from the orchestra and chorus. His cuts are curious (there was a sudden bump in the Ping-Pang-Pong scene), but he did include Turandot's aria "Del primo pianto," which, although it falls into the section completed by Alfano, is an essential part of Puccini's design. If only Miss Mathes could have sung it more affectingly!

"FIGARO," revived during the early days of the City Opera's season, was a happier occasion. There was nothing especially distinguished about it, except the crisp, elegant Figaro of Samuel Ramey, projected with a clarity of voice and a definition of phrasing that could take him straight to Glyndebourne. There was nothing especially wrong, except an Almaviva, John Darrenkamp, whose manner was more

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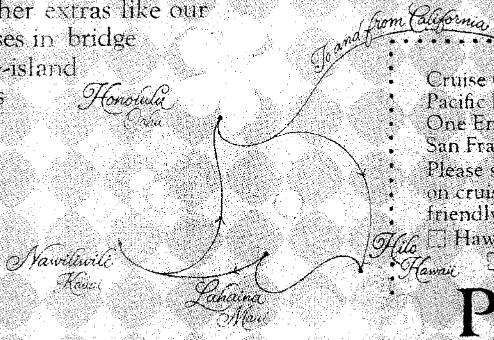

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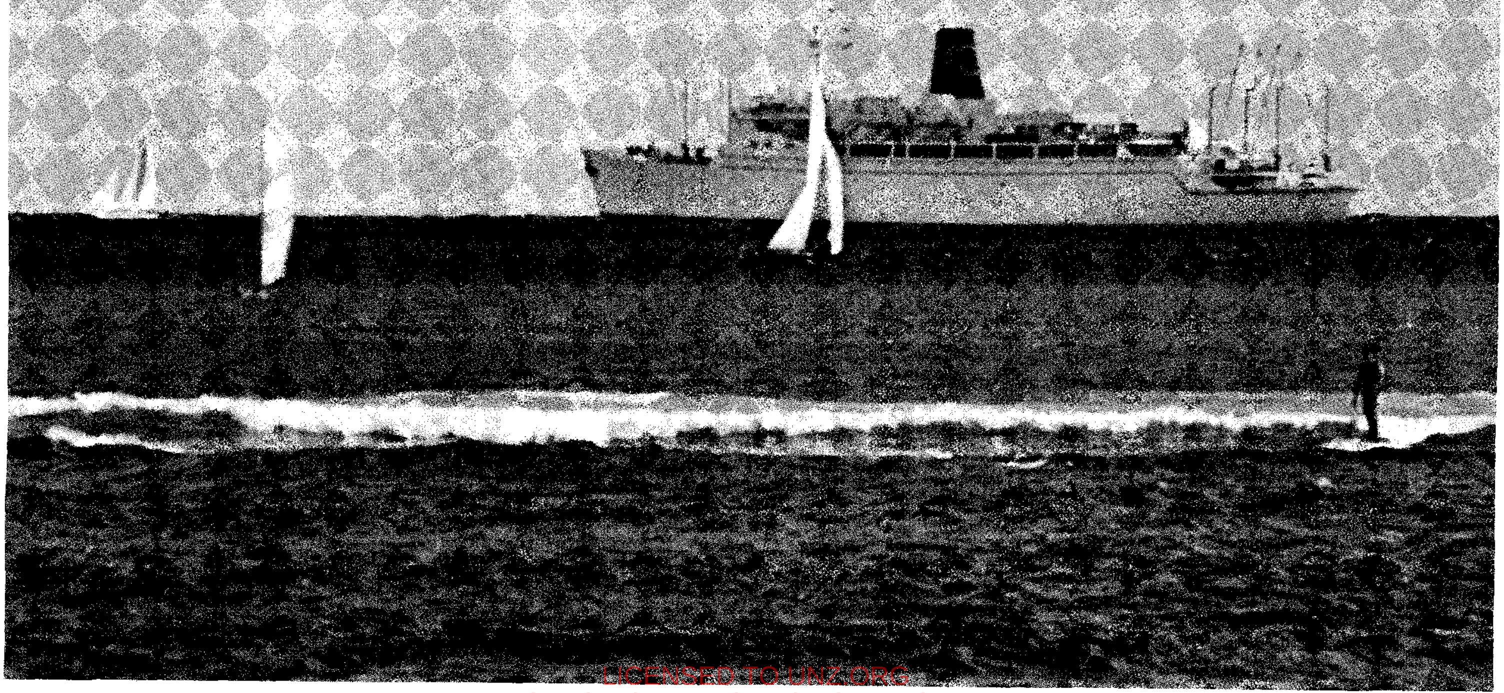

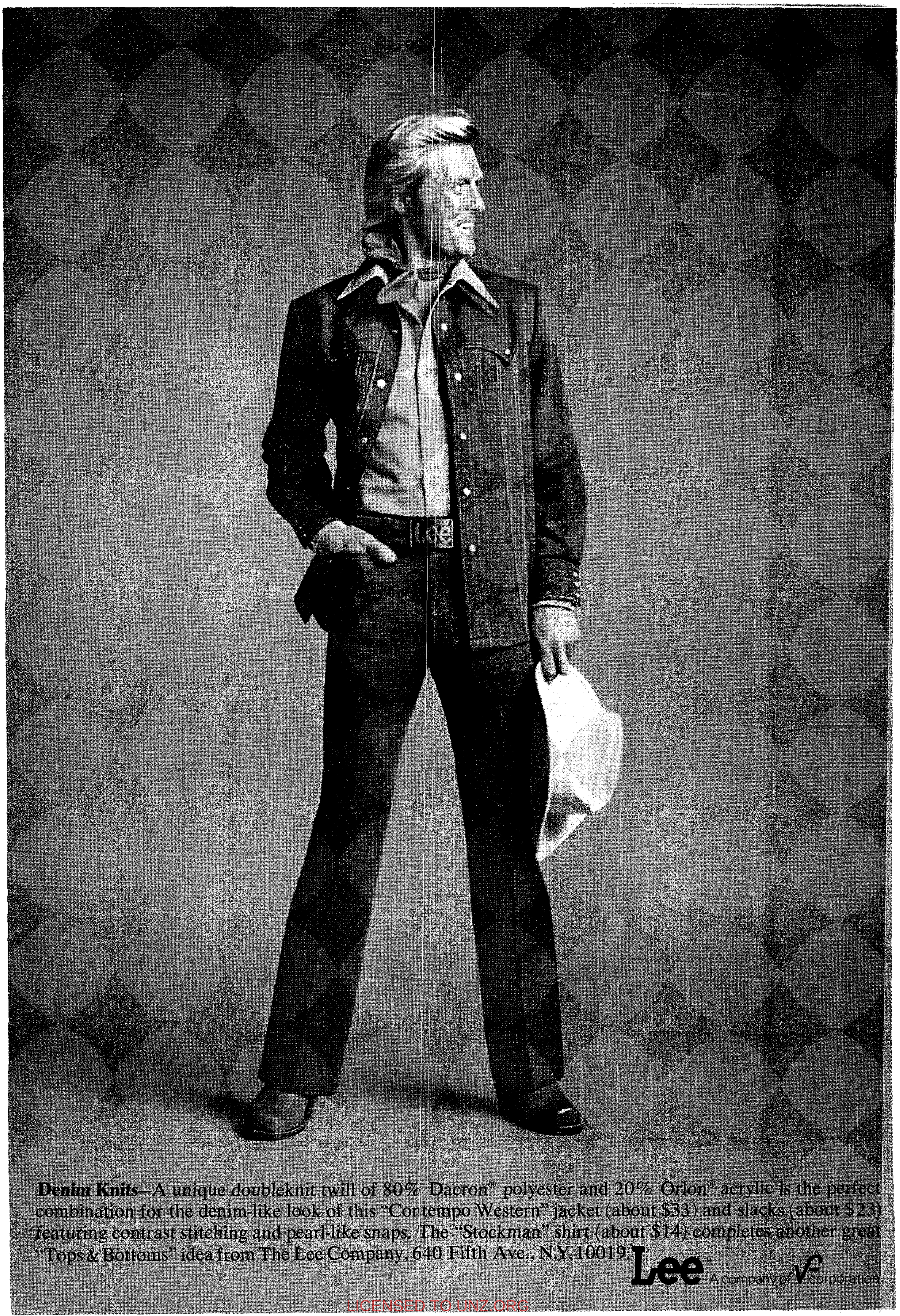

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that of a footman than of a count. Patricia Wells' Countess Almaviva, now laid out on more traditional lines than those set for her by Götz Friedrich at last year's Holland Festival, has grown in dignity and charm. Sandra Walker's Marcellina is a delightfully ripe, warm, uncaricatured impersonation. David Hicks' direction is neat and unfussy. Christopher Keene, conducting, sometimes got out of time with his singers, but not often. The opera was sung in the very clear English of Ruth and Thomas Martin (until Glenys Fowles, the Susanna, broke into the Dent version for "Deh vieni"). Some improvements have been made to the Martins' printed text—it is tribute to the enunciation that one could hear this—and more still could be made ("That's the only solution whereby our man . . . can be forced to accede to all her dictates" and "With this complication they cannot contend" are needlessly stilted phrases). The Moberly-Raeburn refashioning of Act III, by which the Countess's aria follows hard on the Count's, was adopted. Both dramatically and musically, this reconstruction of Mozart's presumed first plan is convincing.

A "PURITANI" on a Sunday evening—and thus this company's fourth performance in a space of two days—found the orchestra and the chorus in more ragged form. The production, by Tito Capobianco, is handsome. Carl Toms' heraldic décor is fine. Beverly Sills, as Elvira, looked wonderful, acted enchantingly, and expressed the music with great eloquence, so far as her voice would allow. But that voice, unlike her person, was in very poor shape, and developed a flutter on almost every sustained note. Nevertheless, she was commanding. Sir Richard and Sir George (Richard Fredricks and Robert Hale) were almost comical in their failure to grasp how Bellini should be sung. Can they speak Italian, or just pronounce it? Enrico Di Giuseppe, the Arthur, was a stick. —ANDREW PORTER

•

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—*Philadelphia Daily News.*

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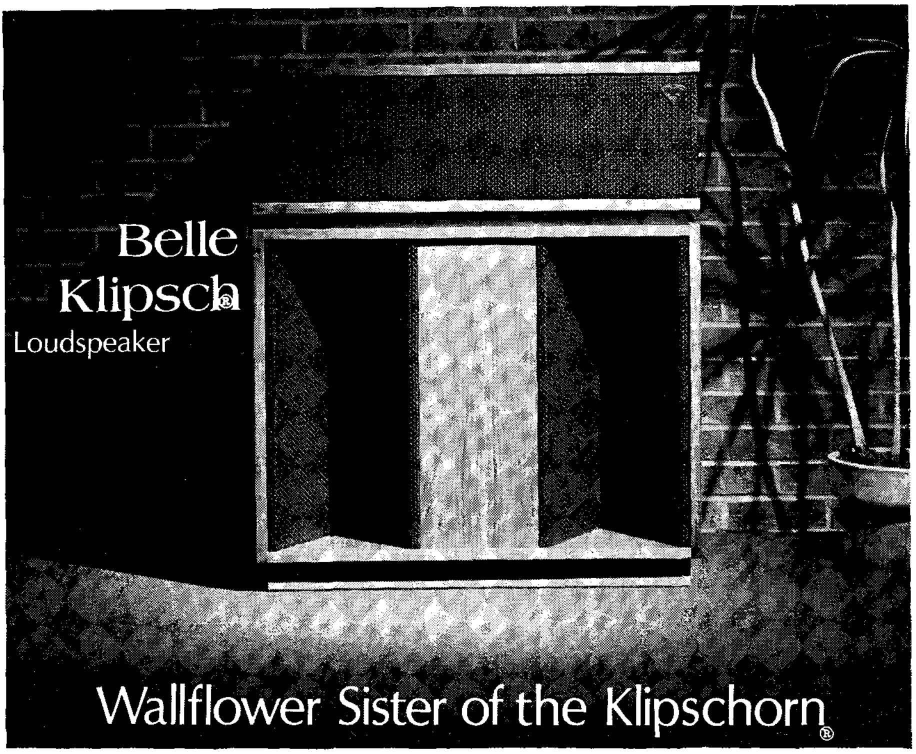

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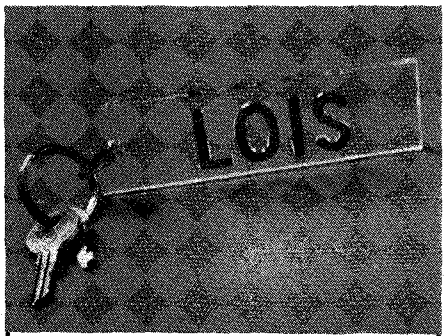

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

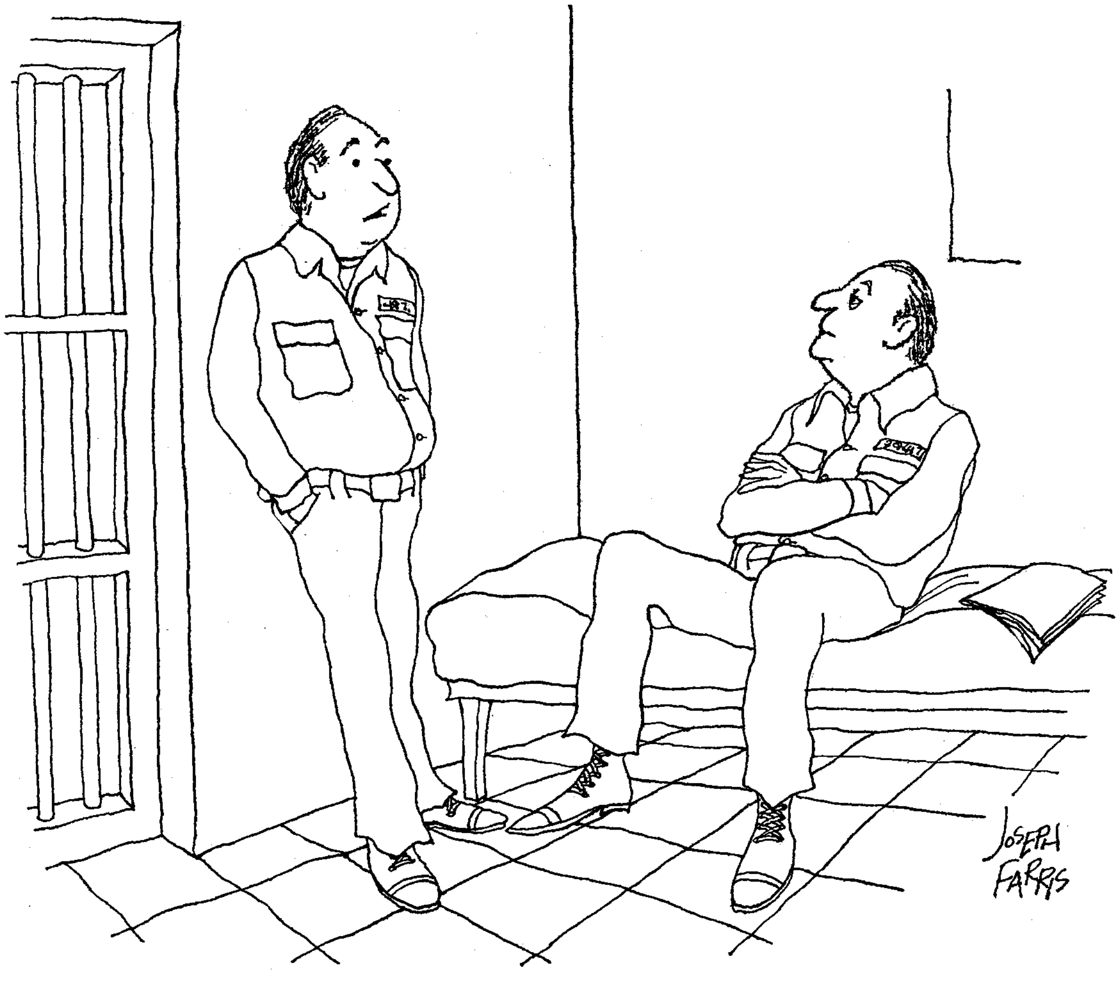
Talent Isn't Enough

"Funny Lady," the eight-and-a-half-million-dollar sequel to "Funny Girl," crashes along for almost an hour and then it hits a failure point, from which it never recovers. Fanny Brice (Barbra Streisand) is starring in the show "Crazy Quilt," produced by Billy Rose (James Caan), a hot-shot young businessman and songwriter. He is so inexperienced that he has loaded the show down with cluttered routines and impossibly complicated scenery. On opening night in Atlantic City, it takes so long to get from one number to the next that most of the audience walks out and the show isn't yet over when the papers come out with the reviews of the first act. Fanny teaches Billy how to pare away the excess, and by the time they open in New York "Crazy Quilt" is a hit. But when Fanny's song ("There's gonna be a great day") stops the show in New York, it is ludicrously overproduced, with black bodies salaaming before the white goddess and gyrating on platforms among turgid Art Deco designs. This number violates our faith in what the movie has been saying; it's like something from a Streisand TV special. "Funny Lady" itself suggests a bigger version of "Crazy Quilt" in Atlantic City.

You can see that the moviemakers weren't just going to make a movie—they were going to kill us. That's the thinking that has all but destroyed the American musical, and it may destroy Barbra Streisand, too. There's a vast difference between an actress trying to do something new and an actress trying to wow the public by doing what got applause before. Streisand is in beautiful voice, and her singing is terrific—too terrific. It's no longer singing, it's something else—that strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The audience's attention is directed away from the music and onto the star's feat in charging it with false energy. Streisand is out to knock you cold, and you get cold, all right. The dialogue throughout is sharp and bitchy, and Streisand's inflections are beyond criticism—she doesn't deliver a wisecrack, she detonates it—but the cracks, too, are high-powered, designed to blitz us rather than to reveal character. This Fanny Brice isn't human. Streisand's performance is like the most spectacular, hard-edge female impersonator's imitation of Barbra Streisand. And her imitators have actually come so close that when she repeats herself she seems to be taking off from them, showing that she can outdo them. It's a performance calculated to make people yell without feeling a thing—except adoration.

People who make movie show-biz bios always seem to back away from their subject—the inner workings of the theatre, and what life onstage does to people and what it brings out in them. In the first hour, "Funny Lady" gets into this subject; the approach is too brittle, but it has vitality. In these scenes, Fanny seems a knowledgeable, tough broad; it's surprising to see her in such a harsh light, but the pressure-cooker theatrical environment takes hold of the audience's imagination. This compelling, deliberately abrasive view is thrown away, however, in that "Great Day" number, and we're left with nothing but Fanny's arthritic torchbearing.

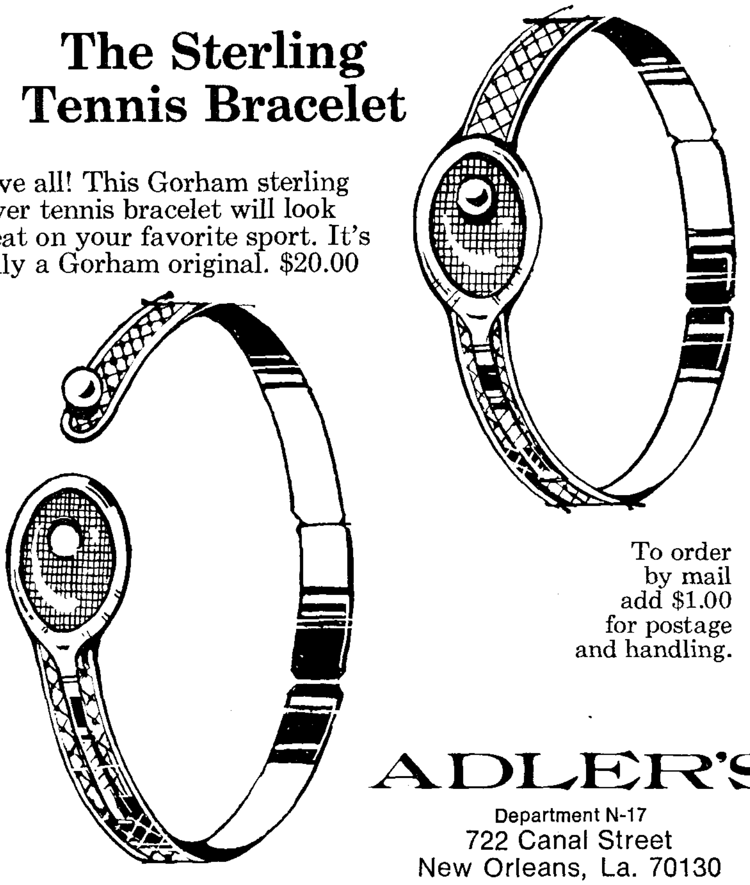
Fanny Brice herself, who summed up her marriage to the felonious candyman-gambler Nicky Arnstein and her subsequent marriage to the wizard-entrepreneur Billy Rose with "I never liked the man I loved, and I never loved the man I liked," was a profoundly straightforward woman. Surrounded by Ziegfeld glorification (she was a Ziegfeld star for a span of twenty-six years), she represented a woman without illusions about herself. The title of her 1930 movie—"Be Yourself!"—epitomized her appeal: her blond rival simpered and flirted, but Fanny had her head screwed on straight and she got the guy. If he left her, he came back—because he knew where he stood with her. Fanny Brice made earthiness sexy. Since she was urban and street-wise, hers was a very special earthiness—the maternal allure of a city woman who was on



"My confidence in the system is restored. I really was guilty."

the level. Even her torch songs had a simple blues honesty that gave them depth; that's why you can still be moved by her records. Fanny Brice's comedy was a stylized form of honesty and a direct expression of her feelings about life. She didn't become an alcoholic, a suicide, or a narcissistic pain. She made big money, kept her footing, raised her children, remained loyal to her friends, and talked straight and dirty. How did she do it? Was humor her balance wheel? And how did she feel about her life? Did it hurt the dedicatedly elegant woman who had worked her way up from poverty and become part of the international aristocracy of the theatre that as bratty Baby Snooks on radio she reached a wider audience than ever before? Was she bitter about becoming a caricature, or did she take that, too, in stride? "Funny Lady" concentrates on the heartbreak (which is the most ordinary thing about Fanny Brice), and not on what makes her legendary: she was a great sane comic—and there aren't many. She was an even greater ballad singer, and maybe the biggest mystery is how she managed to be accepted both as a comedienne and as a tragic-voiced popular artist.

"Funny Lady" (produced, like "Funny Girl," by Ray Stark) opens temptingly with Streisand as Fanny Brice onstage at the "Ziegfeld Follies," wearing orange ruffles and a pink bonnet, and singing "Blind Date" in a wonky parody of a Jewish accent. When Fanny goes backstage, Bobby (Roddy McDowall), a chorus boy, hands her a blue envelope that has arrived with a bouquet—her divorce decree—and she goes into shock. It's an even worse blow to us—when we realize that she's been hoping for a reconciliation with that handsome heel (and audience depressant) Nicky Arnstein (Omar Sharif). Since in the first film she met Nicky before she became a Ziegfeld headliner, in 1910, and it's now the middle of the Depression, the moviemakers seem demented, asking her to drag that torch around for decades. (Actually, it was Fanny Brice who filed for divorce, not Arnstein, and that was back in 1927.) "Funny Girl" provided a satin cushion for Streisand; she nestled in the rich film craftsmanship while her fast, satirical lines expressed her disbelief—and delight. Parodying the romantic conventions, she was so poignant in her humor that she reactivated them, and the director, William Wyler, always kept us involved in her Cinderella-with-the-wrong-prince emotions. "Funny Girl"



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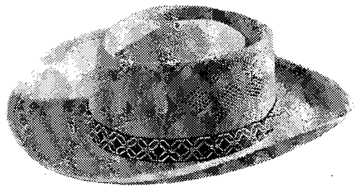

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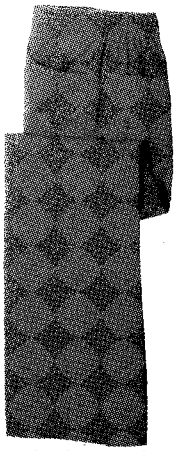
was true to its corrupt big-bio form; "Funny Lady," directed by Herbert Ross, isn't true to anything. The zingers and the musical numbers are indebted to "Cabaret," but the plot is right out of those terrible forties movies in which couples who break up spend a lifetime thinking about each other, with encounters every five or ten years. And we get a double load of it here, with two graying ex-husbands.

Every artist works on instinct, but when we talk about Barbra Streisand's working on instinct we mean something special: she's had so little experience in the theatre she relies on instinct in a void. And her instinct has been playing her false lately. In her November, 1973, TV special, "Barbra Streisand . . . and Other Musical Instruments," her voice was pure and she looked lovely, but the show was sterile. It was all externals—all satin cushion. The only time her singing warmed up was in "Cryin' Time," with Ray Charles, and during that song there was a moment when he was singing and she was harmonizing, listening to him too charmingly, her fingers busily toying on the piano—dear God, she was stealing scenes from a blind man. Her instinct played her false when she decided to do "For Pete's Sake," a slapstick sitcom with exhausted jokes and no characterization. Her intuitive timing didn't work on the lines that were programmed to be pounded out, and she was a cartoon of her worst mannerisms. She was, in fact, what people who didn't like her had always said she was—shrill. And her instinct should have told her that it was lazy to imitate Liza Minnelli's success in Bob Fosse's "Cabaret." "Funny Lady" has taken the screenwriter Jay Presson Allen and the songwriters John Kander and Fred Ebb from "Cabaret," and among the Kander-and-Ebb numbers there are two that are done in the forced-emotion, fag-hag style of Big Broadway showstoppers. "How Lucky Can You Get?" is a gutsy-masochist Judy Garland-style number sung alone in a deserted theatre after Fanny learns that Nicky has remarried; Streisand does some patented Minnelli tricks in it. "Let's Hear It for Me" is a self-assertive, slam-bang number to travel on—an embarrassing recap of "Don't Rain on My Parade," in "Funny Girl." In that one, Streisand went from train to tugboat to ocean liner; here she goes from a silvery Rolls-Royce (valued at $85,000, according to the production notes) to a biplane, while the audience chuckles at the self-plagiarism. (It seemed to me that the



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audience didn't take the film even halfway seriously after this sequence.) When Streisand sang "My Man" at the close of the first film, gaining in force as she went along, her virtuosity told us that although Fanny had lost in love, she was strong enough to express her emotion in her singing, and that the end of the movie was barely the beginning of Fanny's career. The only dramatic function that these two new songs serve is exhibitionism. When you hear Streisand shout "Come on, kids, let's hear it, let's hear it for me!" you know damned well who the kids are: the song is destined to be a jukebox favorite in every gay bar in the world.

There is a danger now for any woman musical-comedy star that she will begin to give her screaming fans what they want, not realizing how much malice and how much bad taste are mixed with their worship. (On the way out of the theatre, the same young men who had shouted "Bravo!" after her musical assaults were exchanging spiteful remarks about how she looked.) Streisand was womanly in the midst of the circusy twenty-to-twenty-five-million-dollar "Hello, Dolly!" She didn't give it the drag-queen souping up that she gives "Funny Lady" and that is often now regarded as proof of a real star at work. The difference centers on how she carries *herself*: the Ray Aghayan and Bob Mackie clothes aren't becoming, because she wears them like a man and turns herself into a transvestite. The turbans and magenta fox are like a Halloween rig, and she swings into a room as if she were winding up for a shot put. Each scene is a fashion number, and for Fanny to spot Nicky in Los Angeles he has to be playing polo and she must arrive at the polo grounds in a Maybach Zeppelin touring car (valued at $250,000). Nothing happens in a casual setting, and that means finally that nothing happens except the changing sets and the new outfits (forty—count 'em).

The worst scene Herbert Ross has ever directed must be Nicky's telling Fanny that he can now afford to leave his millionaire wife and come back to her. Sharif takes so long to say his lines that you think maybe he's waiting for the daffodils, and Streisand is photographed so unflatteringly that all you can do is stare at her dainty, slenderizing dress and wonder why there's been so much care for her body and so little for her face—and her expression. When Sharif kisses her, we get the glitzy tenderness of throbbing Joan Crawford music on the track—only

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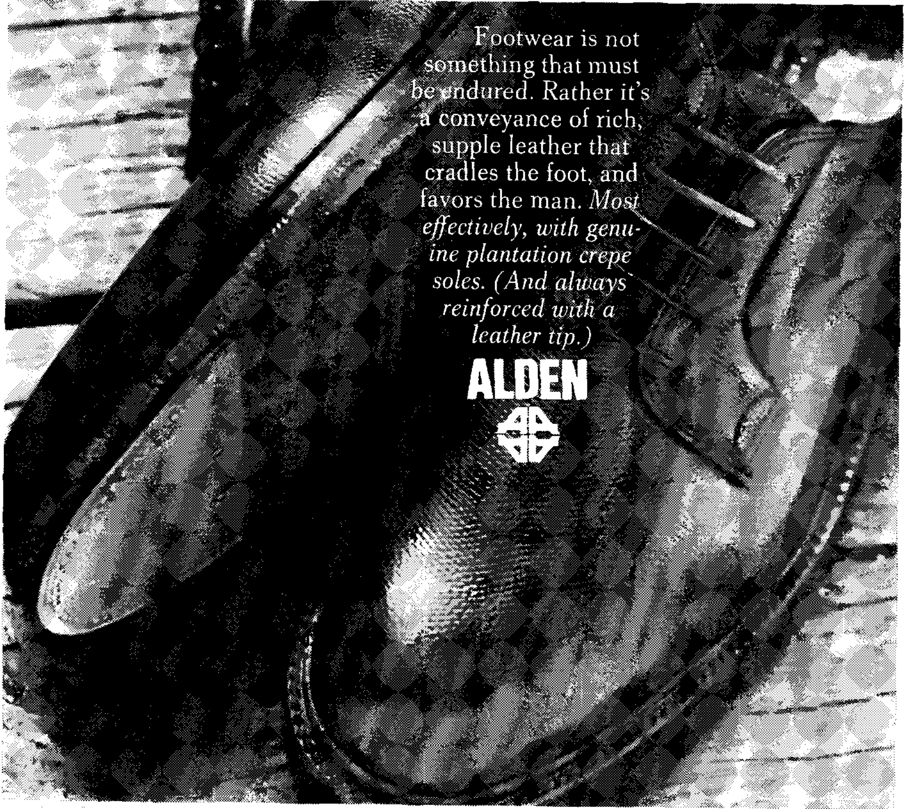

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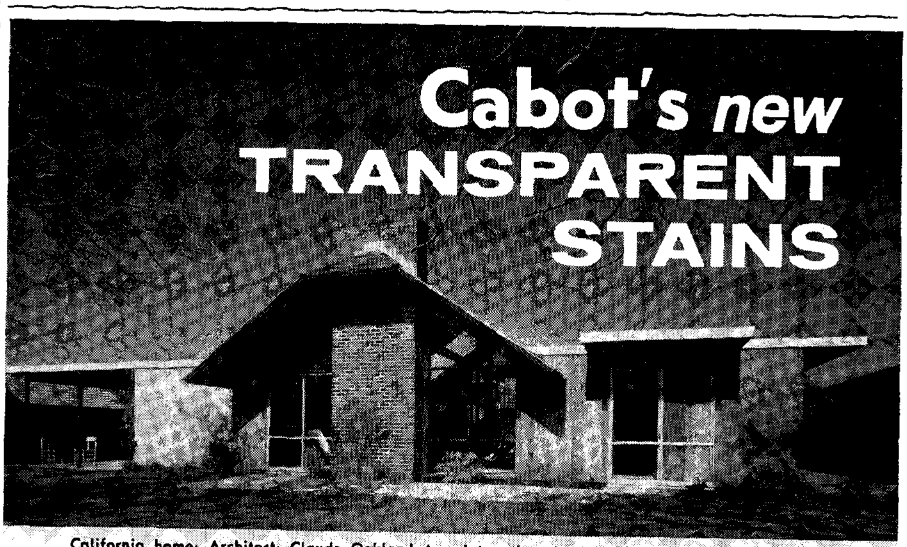

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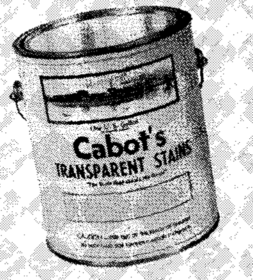

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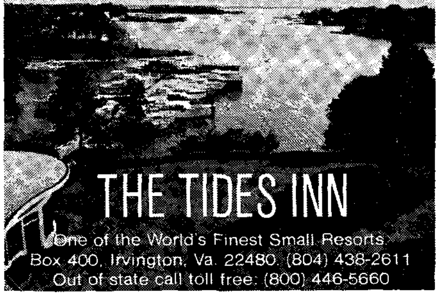

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now it's the strains of "People who need people are the luckiest people in the world." The nostalgic glamour just barely squeaked by in "The Way We Were" (also produced by Ray Stark), but it doesn't get by here. When at last she tells Nicky off, the audience's applause isn't for her awakening—it's because we're rid of his flumping in and out of the movie. On Fanny's and Billy's honeymoon train, Streisand sings Kander and Ebb's "Isn't This Better?" to the sleeping groom, cradling him and running her fingers through his hair, while a night-light gives her face a prima-donna blue glow—which is just what Joan Crawford would have wanted, if only she'd been able to sing.

The best scenes are the early ones with James Caan as Billy Rose, the short czar of mass-marketed live entertainment for world's fairs and centennials, and one of those rare individuals who become rich and world-famous without acquiring any class. Caan's Billy never stands up straight; he leans forward so he won't miss out on anything. He's a smart man who has never learned how to relax or play, a drone you'd be embarrassed to be seen with. In his awful greenish suits, and hats worn low, almost flat across the brow, he's essentially scrubby; he always needs a shave, and he's flushed and sweaty—his pores oozing anxiety and eagerness. Caan makes you care for this man's desperation. It's a shift from his recent roles, and his light, boyish voice—a disadvantage in some of them—is very effective, since, the way he uses it, Billy sounds uncultivated and unsure of himself. Billy's inability to accept what he is or to change provides the only believable tension. Roddy McDowall is wasted as the homosexual performer whom Fanny befriends and turns into a secretary-companion. It's an unenviable role: others get to make dirty cracks about Bobby, and McDowall doesn't get to answer. We never see what Fanny's relationship to Bobby is, so we can't judge whether the movie means to suggest that he fills a psychological need that a heterosexual would balk at. There's no attempt to show why so many women stars have homosexual attendants—often husbands—serving as idolatrous domestics, representatives of their audience in constant attendance. The crowded movie is remarkably empty except for Caan and McDowall. Ziegfeld and Billy Rose didn't go in for one-woman shows, and Streisand shouldn't be treated as a queen bee.

Herbert Ross used to be a choreog-

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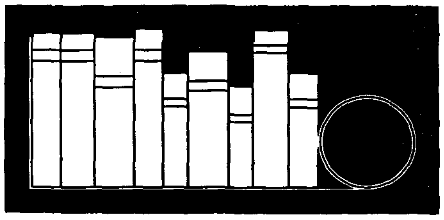

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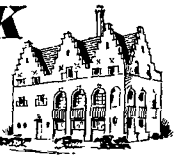

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rapher, and he staged the musical sequences in "Funny Girl," but the choreography here is garish and it's performed indifferently. When Ross tries to be Bob Fosse (an attempt that is blatant in the dance sequence "Clap Hands, Here Comes Charley," featuring Fosse's "Pippin" star, Ben Vereen), he's more like Jack Cole, the pre-Fosse master of steamy writhing. The Fosse mannerisms, which grew out of his own movements as a dancer and are organic with him (as one can see in his solo in "The Little Prince"), are hazardous without his choreography. The Fosse dynamism is compounded of speed and jerky movements; he uses stop motion for a more powerful immediate effect than one can obtain through fluid movement. Arresting the motion at its most distorted—the performers frequently turn their backs to the audience, hips wrenched out—Fosse has made a style by showing us the strain of Broadway's killer feats of movement. It's Broadway "excitement" converted into a choreographic conception, and round-bottomed Ben Vereen is a hypy practitioner of it. His number here brings down the house—predictably, since it's that kind of number—but it's a sloppy imitation of Fosse's spaz dancing.

Perhaps "Funny Lady" got into this mixture of styles out of fear that the optimism of Fanny Brice's period would appear old-fashioned now. One of the problems facing producers who want to do musicals is that if a musical is upbeat it seems square and if it isn't upbeat it seems to violate the musical-comedy form, which derives from the kinesthetic pleasures of song and dance. "Cabaret" found a solution to the happy-equals-square problem: it worked

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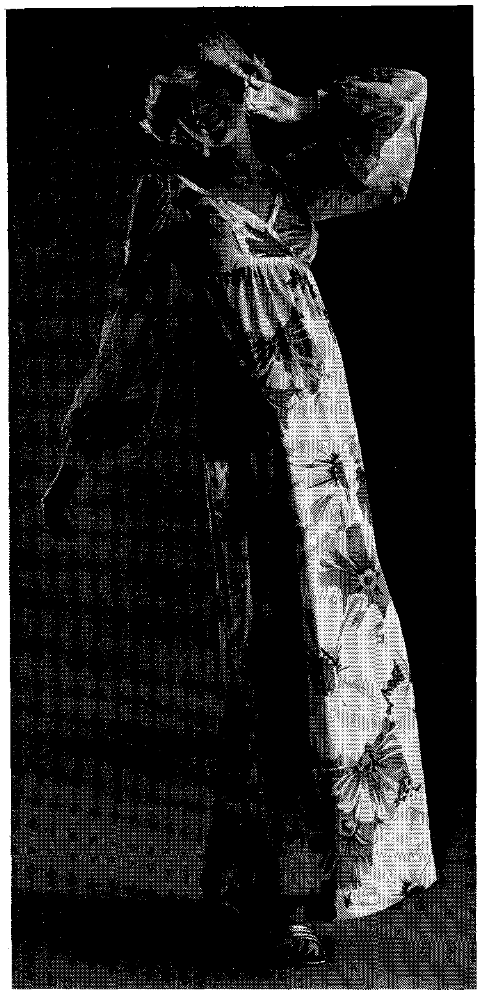

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on electricity and wit, which made *us* happy. In the "Cabaret" finale, Liza Minnelli starts where her mother finished up: she works on our nerves. Good or bad, most of the musicals her mother was in had briskness and pace, and a sense of going somewhere; there's joy and hopefulness in the great Garland high-stepping "Get Happy." "Cabaret" is about living in the moment, Weimar being a metaphor for a futureless society. When Minnelli sings the title song, she's celebrating the fever of being alive. She does it with an energy that self-destructs: that's the Fosse style, and his jagged, quick camera angles intensify the performer's incandescence. But in Minnelli's TV appearances since "Cabaret" she doesn't seem to know how to do anything but finales, and at her worst she's so manic that when she does a number you think, What's she going to do for an encore—eat the audience? And "Funny Lady," which tries for the Fosse electricity, loses its medium-sized effects (to say nothing of small ones) because of the hectic activity and the belted-out climaxes where no climax is called for. The best number in the movie, Streisand's wittily campy white-tie-and-tails version of "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store," is smothered in the frenzy. Something fundamental goes wrong: Streisand's acting has no normal range here; it's all set at extremes of vulnerability and domineering confidence. And the decadence integral to the "Cabaret" style confuses the whole meaning of Fanny Brice's life. She's famous for honesty, not for venom—or for venality. Billy says, "We've a mutual interest deep inside—money." This must be meant to make the picture seem acrid enough for the post-Watergate era. The script uses some of Fanny Brice's actual remarks, and variations of others, but without her congeniality.

When Fanny marries Billy Rose, a friend of hers asks "Why him?" and Fanny replies "I fell in like with him." The main problem I had with "Funny Lady" is that I fell out of like with Barbra Streisand. The soft focus of that "Instruments" TV special gave her a pale-blond Pre-Raphaelite radiance. It was too much like a perfume ad—celestially romantic—but it was awfully pretty. One wouldn't want that look extended throughout a movie, but when she's easy in scenes—as in parts of "Up the Sandbox"—she has that softness without looking like a gauzy ad. It's called sensitivity. She doesn't show any here. And her volatility is gone; something rigid and overbearing and heavy seems to be settling into her manner. She may have gone past the time when she could play a character; maybe that's why she turns Fanny Brice into a sacred monster. Has Streisand lost sight of the actress she could be?

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

BAY OF RECOVERY

This water started it all, this sullen arm
of gray wound loose about the islands
whipped in patches by the north wind white.
The girl on the cliff exposed her body
to wind and whispered "whip me whip me."
I was less than bird, awkward on my bad leg,
half drunk from last night, and maybe
you don't think I'm telling it all.
All right.
There was this sullen girl in tight pants
on the shore who whispered "love me"
at the stumps of broken pile.
All right.
There was this girl I could barely make out
alone in moonlight on a passing ship.
Sequins, I am sure. Even now I see the sparkle
of her skin.
No. No. Let me try it again.
There was no girl and I was in good shape.
This water started it all, the dazzling arm
of blue blue promise and the dazzling gull.
Gull. Not girl. And it was less than dazzle,
it was more than being alone on the beach
young under the moon started it all.

—RICHARD HUGO

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BOOKS

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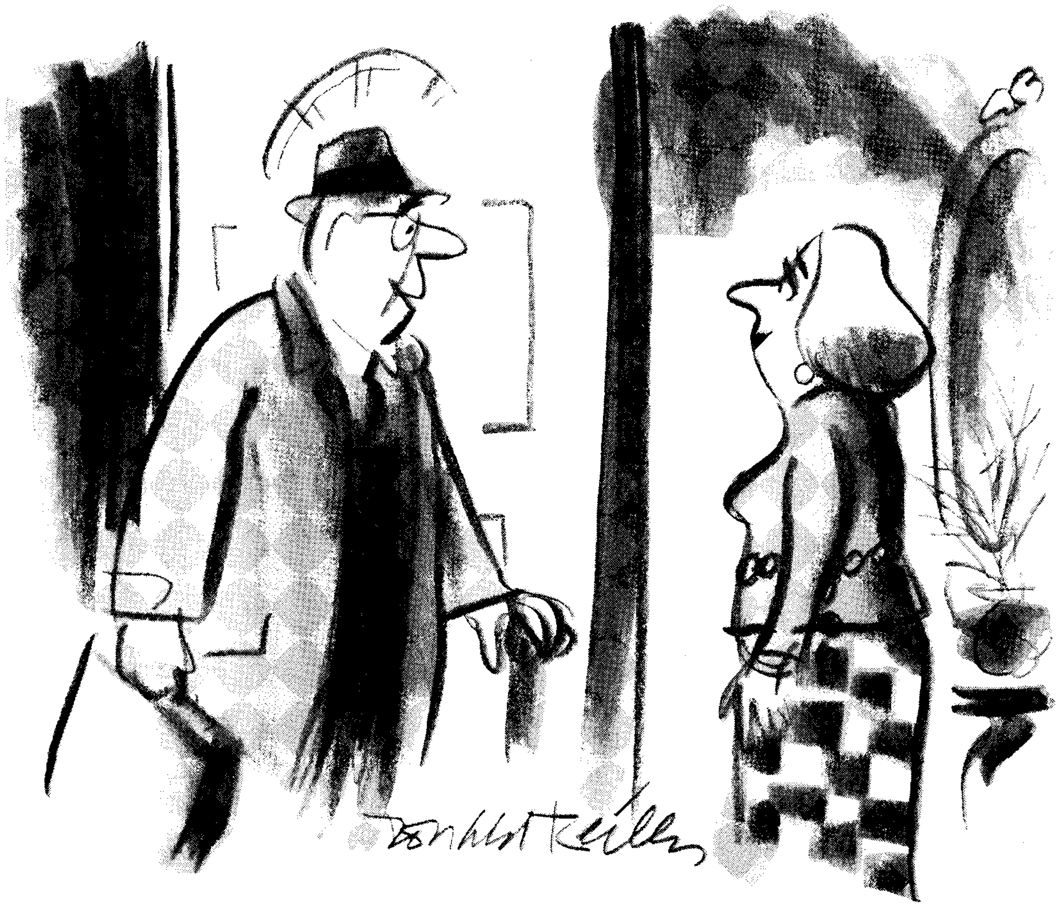
AMONG the great novelists of the nineteenth century, Henry James is the one whose bloodstream seems to be made entirely of sentences. He is the American monologue in person, and, indeed, he is the highest manifestation of it, not only in his fiction, not only in the long self-communings of his "Notebooks," but in the enormous letters he sat down to write to his family and friends when his day's work was done. Their length has been called inordinate even in a period given to long letters, but, once out of adolescence, James soon mastered the epistolary style that blended pictures of himself with a sight of the day's loot of opinions and things seen. Travel was a help, especially in his eagerly acquisitive early years, when he was building up his hoard of capital as an artist; but he never fell into the traveller's vice of total recall or the unrelenting detail of a "trip." Loneliness may have egged him on to one page more, but the real spell of the letters for his readers, and the real importance to him, was that they are virtuoso exercises in the adventures of a sensibility. Without conceit, he knew he was constructing a self, and so openly and cannily is this shown that in the introduction to the two-volume edition of James's letters, published in 1920, Percy Lubbock thought they would dish any future biographer, simply because James lived within "a cycle of vivid and incessant adventure, known only to himself." In most lives, Lubbock said, experience is taken as it comes and is left to rest in memory, but in James it was "the point of departure for a deliberate, and as time went on a more and more masterly, creative energy."

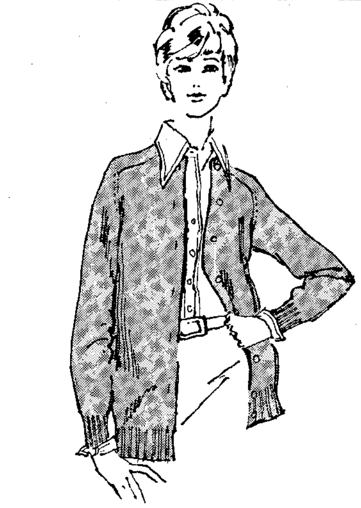
The first volume of Leon Edel's second edition of the letters ("Henry James Letters: 1843-75," published by Harvard) confirms the quite extraordinary and, I would say, very American deliberation of James's determination to "depart." To his young Newport friend Thomas Sergeant Perry, James wrote (from "frigid and arid Cambridge" and at the age of twenty-four) that he thought to be an American was in itself "an excellent preparation for culture. . . . We can deal freely with forms of civilization not our own, can pick and choose and assimilate and in short (aesthetically etc.) claim our property." The distinctive American gift would be found in "our moral consciousness, our unprecedented spiritual lightness and vigour. . . . Something original and beautiful" would "disengage itself from our ceaseless fermentation." Not very surprising words to come from one who was the son of a Cambridge Swedenborgian of the period and had been to school in Geneva, but what does strike the reader is the mixture of efficiency, shrewdness, humor, and visionariness in the very practical way he set about exposing himself to the European way. A comparable exposure in England is Ruskin's, and he, too, can be said to have been thriftily induced from childhood, as James was, to become a genius. Young men travel hopefully but carelessly: not so the Ruskins and Jameses of this world. The parents of Ruskin, because of their wealth (they were doing well out of sherry), and of James, because of their intellectual gifts, saw to it that their sons met the most influential guides available. What is astonishing is that—despite the inevitable psychological cost—the sons fulfilled their mission. It is perfect that, almost as soon as he arrived on the first adult European journey, Henry James should have been taken to see the middle-aged Ruskin in London: a meeting between two assiduous and cosseted prodigies in the art of writing exhaustive letters home and of leaving no stone of high culture unturned.

There the resemblance ends. James went on to pay his way as a reviewer, a writer of light travel sketches, a storywriter, skilled at brief portraits. Of Ruskin, then aged fifty, he writes to his mother:

> In face, in manner, in talk, in mind he is weakness pure and simple. I use the word not invidiously but scientifically. He has the beauties of his defects but to see him only confirms the impression given



"No kidding. On the 6:05, I heard a voice say, 'You've paid your dues, man. Buy the Cadillac.'"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by his writing, that he has been scared back by the grim face of reality into the world of unreason and illusion, and that he wanders there without compass and a guide—or any light save the fitful flashes of his beautiful genius.

The portrait of William Morris's Pre-Raphaelite wife is already a novelist's. To his sister, James writes, for he knows women want to know what other women look like and how they dress:

> Ah, *ma chère*, such a wife! *Je n'en reviens pas*—she haunts me still.... Imagine a tall lean woman in a long dress of some dead purple stuff, guiltless of hoops (or of anything else, I should say) with a mass of crisp black hair heaped into great wavy projections on each of her temples, a thin pale face, a pair of strange, sad, deep, dark Swinburnish eyes, with great thick black oblique brows, joined in the middle and tucking themselves away under her hair, a mouth like the "Oriana" in our illustrated Tennyson, a long neck, without any collar, and in lieu thereof some dozen strings of outlandish beads—in fine Complete.

James's letters show his passion for "settling" aesthetic matters finally, unresting until he has assayed the real value of the object to be stored in his mind. Like all good letterwriters, he changes the tone of his ecstasies to suit his correspondent. He plays up to his brother William, the philosopher, when he writes from Italy:

> Conclusions occasionally leap full-armed from my Jovine brain, bringing with them an immensely restful sense of their finality. This morning I think I definitively settled the matter with regard to Michael Angelo.

Michelangelo is superior to Raphael because he has energy:

> ... *enfin* this energy—positiveness—courage—call it what you will—is a simple, fundamental, primordial quality in the supremely superior genius. Alone it makes the real man of action in art and disjoins him effectually from the critic.... So far from perfection, so finite, so full of errors, so broadly a target for criticism as it sits there, the *Moses* nevertheless by the vigour with which it utters its idea, the eloquence with which it tells the tale of the author's passionate abjuration of the inaction of fancy and contemplation—his willingness to let it stand, in the interest of life and health and movement as his *best* and his only possible ... appeals most forcibly to the generosity and sympathy of the mind.

James, the storyteller, was disputing with Charles Eliot Norton about the importance of criticism at that time. Unlike James's own "settling," the critic's was not a point of departure. Writing to his father, James tactfully

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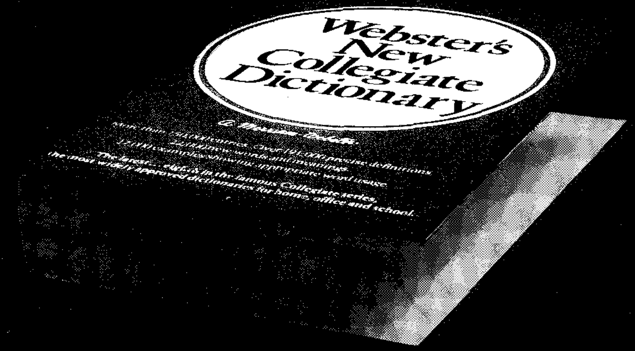
remembers that the question of the just society is important:

> I am not prepared perhaps to measure the value of your notions with regard to the amelioration of society, but I certainly have not travelled a year in this quarter of the globe without coming to a very deep sense of the absurdly clumsy and transitory organization of the actual social body. The only respectable state of mind, indeed, is to constantly express one's perfect dissatisfaction with it.

From London to Paris, from Switzerland to Italy, the romantic excitement flares up to its climax in Italy. The Italian journey was, as Leon Edel says, the transforming experience—indeed, the folly that could paralyze Calvinism, if not kill it. Like the young Ruskin, the young Henry stayed in the best hotels—only because, he says, he was often ill. He was a martyr to costiveness—that deeply retentive illness, the psychologists tell us. He could scarcely eat or drag himself down the streets as he gorged on sightseeing. He was often lonely, too hot, too cold. Except in the matter of hotels he was prudent about money: he knew his parents had made some sacrifices in backing his year abroad. On the other hand, he is politely determined, when his mother has obviously shown a gentle alarm at the expense, to stand firm about the intellectual necessity of the Italian journey. It is a capital investment. He had cost his father £379 in eleven months, but all his life he was a professional, writing for money, and there was a much larger balance available, and with his travel articles and stories he began slowly to cover the expense of his journeyings. Privileged though he was in his parents, the lapsing Calvinist correctly argued that Europe, in contrast to America, had no guilt about leisure; a writer thrived there because he was justified by the freedom for disinterested work which Europe gave him. James pined for letters. He was homesick not so much for America as for his deeply loved family.

Once back in Cambridge, life was restricted and dull. It was, he said, a kind of death. Minny Temple had died, and the letters to Grace Norton show him at the point of depression and spiritual crisis. But his health recovered and the second chance of Europe came, for it was now Alice James's turn to invest in the European treasure. He and she travelled with Aunt Kate and had a terrible crossing; later on he was to write that he "loathed and despised the sea." England, France, and Italy pleased the ladies, and they loved the shopping. (Earlier on, when he had joined Kate

rip-off



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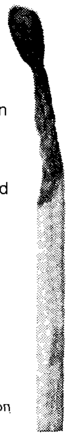

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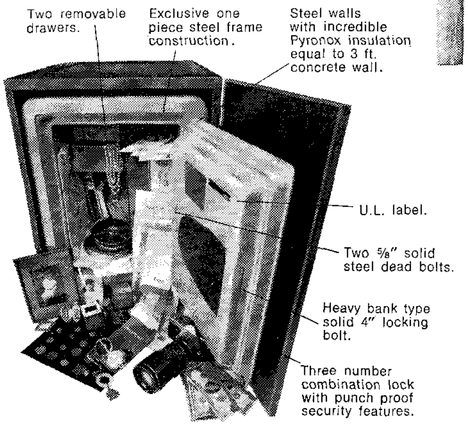
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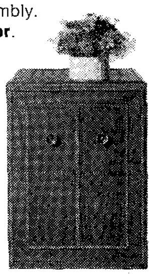

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and her travelling companions abroad, he congratulated himself that, despite the scarcity of men in their company, he was able to distract them from "their unbroken scrutiny of each other's characters.") After he sent Alice and Kate home from Liverpool, he went back to Paris for its "fine finish." It was 1872, the rain poured down, the Seine was in flood, there were absurd, angry political rows in the cafés; the city still smelled of the blood of the Commune. He was bored, and went on to Italy, where now Rome replaced the spell of Florence—he was "spoiled" for the picturesque—until he discovered there was no "society" in Rome, except Americans who gave dinner parties to other Americans: the old expatriate dilemma. Some clever ladies got him to go horseback-riding in the Campagna, and that kept him in a happy, half-philandering state and gave him some short stories. But Rome either froze him or brought on a languor bad for writing. His published articles, he complains, are full of wild misprints: "idle vistas and melancholy nooks" has been turned by some sexually disturbed printer into "idle sisters and melancholy monks." Eventually he goes north out of Italy, because of the heat, to Baden-Baden. Turgenev was able to write there, and James hopes to meet him—Turgenev had, in fact, left; the racketing days of the gambling hall have gone. The place is coquettish, peaceful, and dull—just the place for getting on with "Roderick Hudson" before he returns to Cambridge, tries New York, and finds it too expensive. One is driven to reviewing. And so, like many American writers since, he heads again for Europe, not only because his mission as an artist has become clear but because the place is cheap. He arrives in London and cries out triumphantly to the whole James family, "I *take* possession of the old world—I inhale it—I appropriate it!" And he asks his mother to pay a small bill to his Cambridge tailor, knocking off fifty cents, which represents an overcharge.

Many things in these letters will be familiar to readers of James's biographers and the "Notebooks;" but here they are at length, up till the time he was thirty-two. Their instantaneous ease and spry sparkle bring him to life even when he is ill or glum. They owe much to the intimacy of the family's affections—he speaks of the "deep still tremulous joy" of getting a letter from his mother—and the family would know what he felt when he said he went "reeling and moaning" in ecstasy through the streets of Rome. Emotion-

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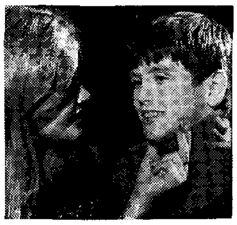

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ally, or rather in the pitch of emotion, he was not an expatriate: down to the very word "moan," which recalls the "wail" he so often gives to the excited social voice of many of the women in his novels, he is possessed by what he called "the dear American fuss." Still, he is uncomfortably aware that he never really gets to know the people of the country he is travelling in. Even in England, where the language comforts him, he will be the good-humored outsider, picking things over for all his long life there. There *is* an American moral consciousness, Calvinist and yet deeply generous in its pedantries, but the moral consciousness of any country—one reflects—does not permit one to "pick and choose" elsewhere without some loss of the famous "primordial quality." There is a sense in which James was a travelling detective of genius. The elder James used the word "detective" even of Emerson, and of Hawthorne he said that he had the look "of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives." "To baffle the detective gaze of a suspicious Calvinist Deity," Edel wrote in the "Life," and "to find a benign and friendly God" was a quest that left its mark on the gifted sons. Detectives of the Jamesian kind are spirited letter-writers.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BEAUTY AND SADNESS, by Yasunari Kawabata (Knopf). A dark flower from the delicate hand of the 1968 Nobel Prize winner—his last work before he committed suicide, in 1972. Gloomy, stiff, and suffused with an occasionally intolerably lush eroticism, this somewhat inaccessible (to Western readers, at least) novel perches like a butterfly on the undulations of emotion emanating from a famous middle-aged writer; his former mistress; a beautiful, amoral girl who is now the ex-mistress's protégée and lover; and, to a lesser extent, the writer's wife and daughter. There are many exquisitely visual passages, showing the continuing strong influence that Kawabata's early interest in painting had on his writing; sometimes it seems that a splendid pageant is taking place when all that is happening is that someone is lifting a teacup. More often, however, the endless spate of rich kimonos, serene mountains, elegant sunsets, and sombre stone gardens and temples tends to overwhelm the few tortured, lost souls

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that inhabit this strange, frozen book.

THE LIMNER, by Paul Darcy Boles (Crowell). A high-grade piece of escapism, rich in atmosphere but not so rich in meaning. If you accept the quaint figures of speech and the homey good feeling of Mr. Boles' prose, you'll have no trouble imagining yourself in the rolling hills of Pennsylvania and Virginia in the eighteen-seventies, when the country was unspoiled and an honest man could earn an honest dollar. You may also interest yourself in the predicament of Luke Applegate, free-lance portraitist, who is trying, not very frantically, to escape a mistaken charge of murder. The folks Luke meets in his travels are picturesque enough, including as they do a phrenologist, a balloonist, a medium, a highfalutin professor, a bulldogish marshal, and three of the willingest women east of the Mississippi. It's even possible to enjoy some of Mr. Boles' moral edification, such as the sight of a fancy-pants lawyer who outsmarts himself by obstructing justice. On the other hand, the question of whether Luke should go back to the woman he truly loves, even though her unborn child might not be his, is a cliché that Hollywood abandoned (or should have abandoned) long ago. But that is merely a minor flaw in a generous and delightful book.

GENERAL

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM. THE EQUITY FUNDING STORY: THE FRAUD OF THE CENTURY, by Ronald L. Soble and Robert E. Dallos (Putnam). Two Los Angeles *Times* reporters tell about an immense, astonishing, and damaging episode of business dishonesty. Equity Funding Corporation was a conglomerate whose ambitions outreached its assets, and whose officers, therefore, decided to invent assets—mainly by forgery. For a number of years, until their discovery in April, 1973, they were able to deceive state superintendents of insurance, state bank examiners, the S.E.C., and a good many professional investment managers. The book includes some moments of high drama as well as some eerie speculations—for example, how much worse fraud by computer may get—but perhaps the most nightmarish passages describe the office in which California clerical workers for the company alternated long stretches

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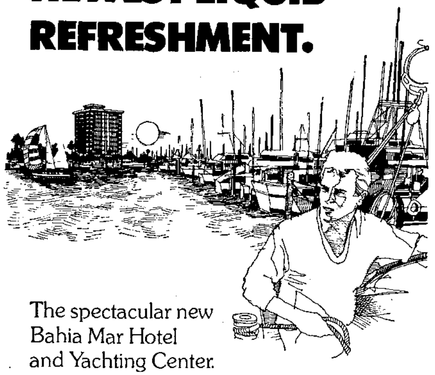

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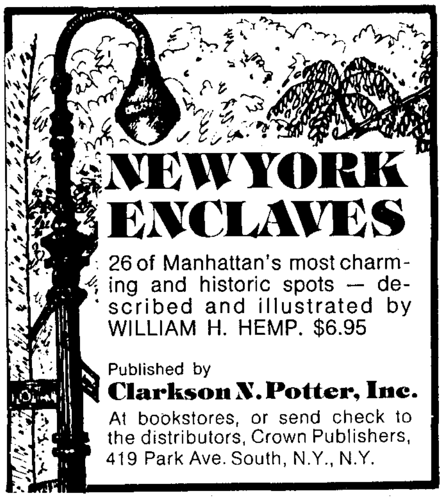

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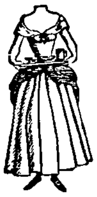

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the Silent woman
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of champagne, Quaaludes, and gossip with spasmodic stints of forging insurance policies that were among the company's fraudulent assets.

JONES: PORTRAIT OF A MUGGER, by James Willwerth (Evans). Jones (as the author calls him) is a mugger, all right, and a successful one, when he works (his area is the lower East Side), but he is much more than that baleful metaphor. In his middle twenties, he is the son of a doting Italian-American mother and a bewildered black father, the lover of two girls (one white, the other black, both pregnant), a jailbird, a former heroin addict (now getting by on cocaine and marijuana and Boone's Farm wine), a fly dresser (flashy cheap clothes take most of his earnings), a generous friend, an aggressive enemy, a boaster, a self-deluder, and a problem to everyone who knows him—irresponsible, floundering, a disgrace. He is also, in Mr. Willwerth's extremely talented hands, a man almost frighteningly alive. This is an excellent book, understanding and sympathetic but in no way admiring, and full of the dark feel of life in the streets, where, as Jones (who lives in fear of being mugged himself) says, "I mean street life is watching your back, you gotta *keep* looking."

YOU CAN GET THERE FROM HERE, by Shirley MacLaine (Norton). The actress recalls her experiences in politics (working for McGovern), on TV (another show that failed), and travel (a trip to China). The last occupies most of the book. Miss MacLaine was invited by the People's Republic to assemble a group of women for a tour of the brave Red world. The experience affected them differently; as a bunch, though, they sound like a pre-teen pajama party around 3 A.M.—crying, sulking, wanting to go home, quarrelling, and making up with some more tears. For Miss MacLaine herself, however, the journey was a thrilling (yet unsettling) revelation that several hundred million Chinese were trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent.

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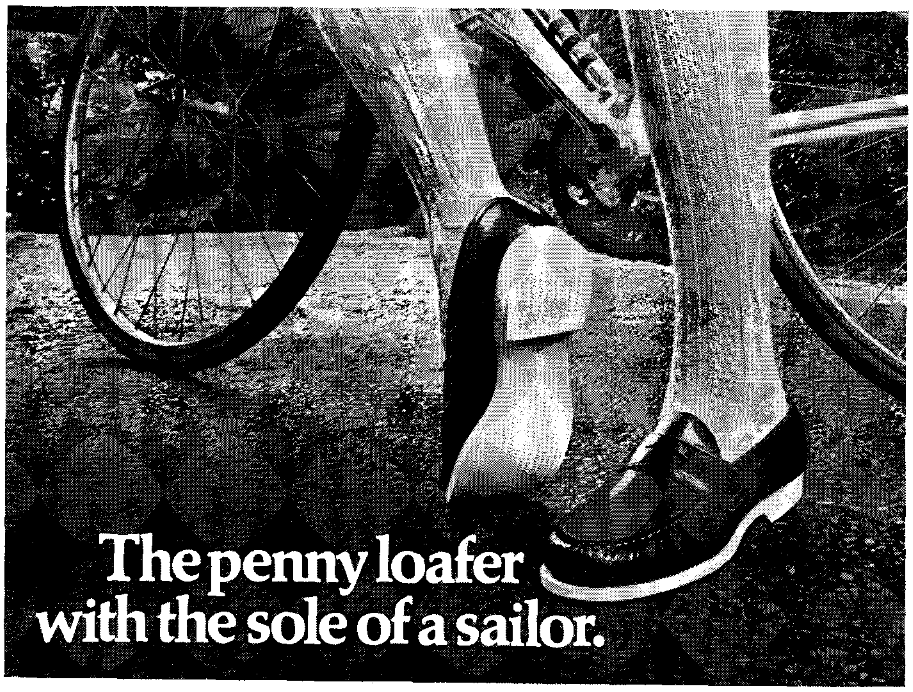

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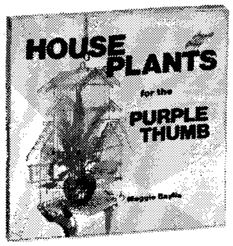
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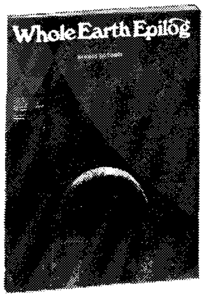
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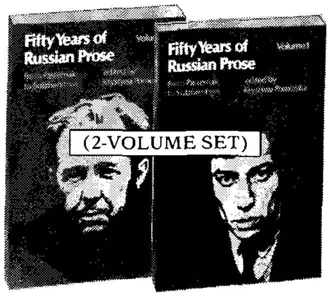
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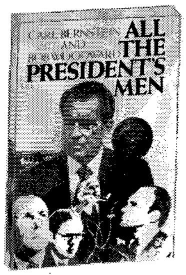
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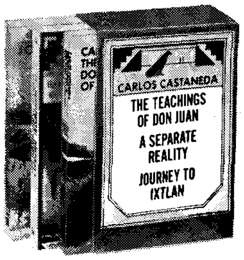
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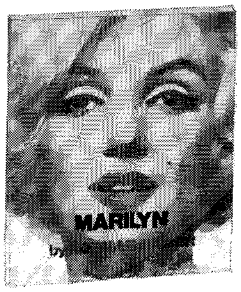

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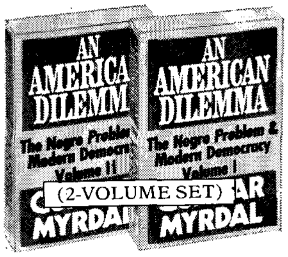
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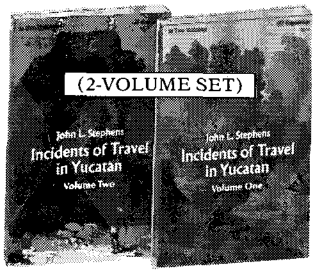
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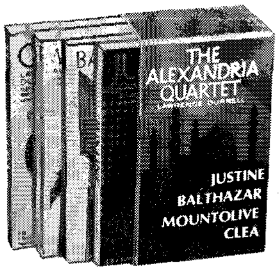
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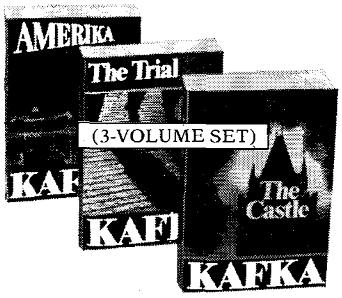
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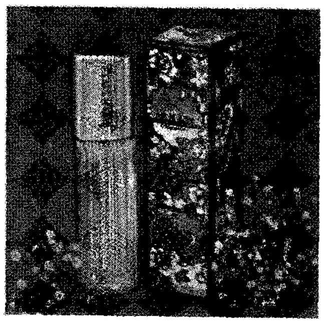

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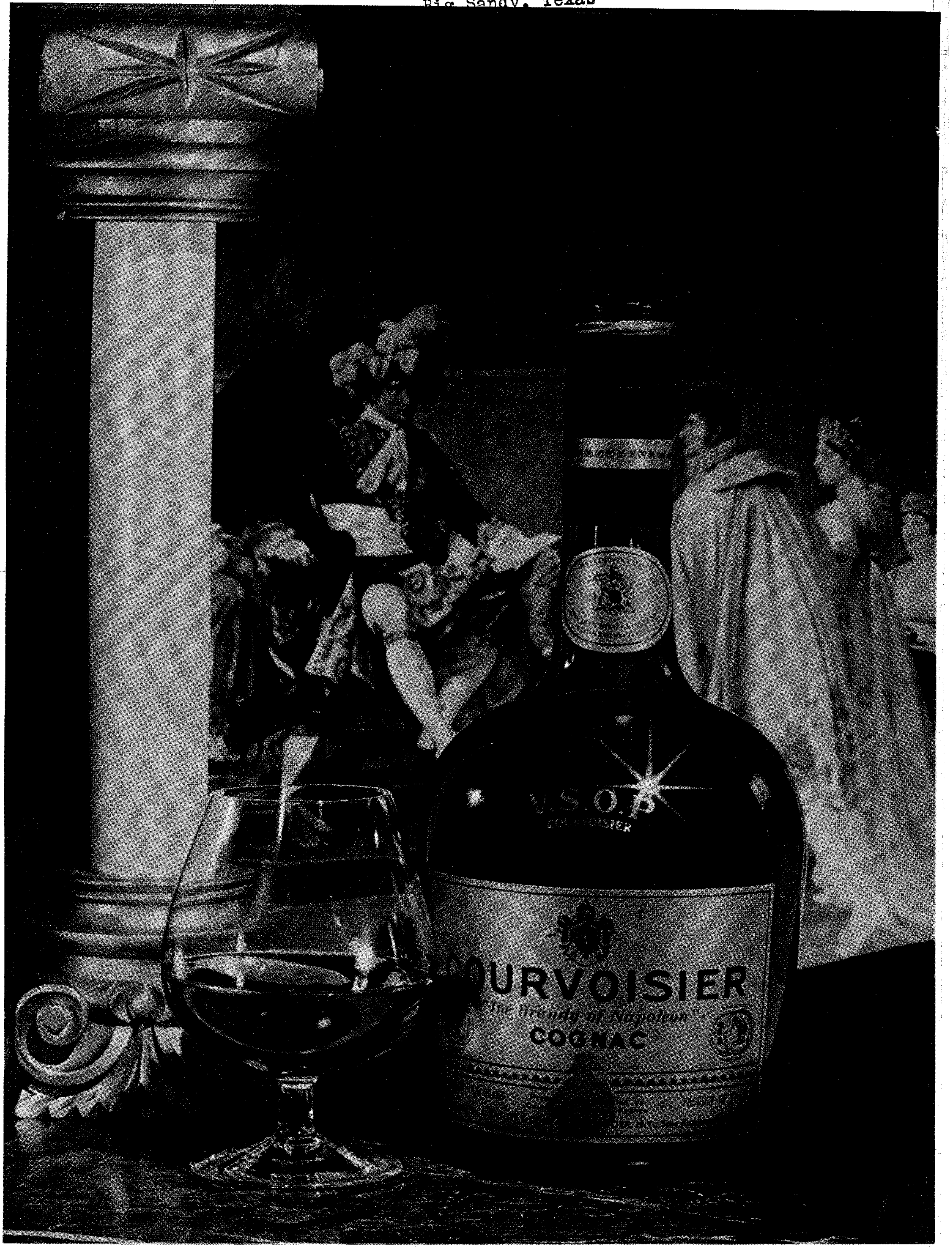
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